



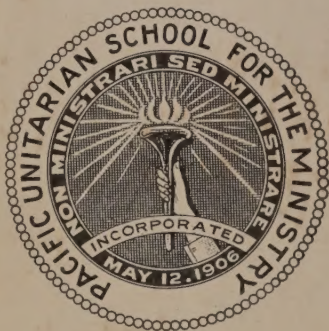
CHEERING
WORDS.



N. E. Boyd,

2823 Garber St.,

Berkeley, California



BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

THE GIFT OF

N. E. Boyd

Theresa O. Boyd,

From Mary J. C. Throop, '83

Dear Aunt Theresa

With Love & Affection

October 1883.

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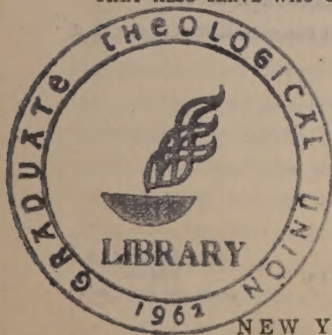
Theresa C. Boyd
CHEERING WORDS

FOR THE

MASTER'S WORKERS.

C. 185.

"THEY ALSO SERVE WHO ONLY STAND AND WAIT."



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20 N. WILLIAM ST., N. Y.

ROBERT RUTTER
BINDER,
64 BEEKMAN STREET, N. Y.

CHEERING WORDS are sometimes needed by "The Master's Workers," whether they be active, or enduring, Christians. Many a trusting child is cast down, because the little love-service which may be required *seems too small* to be counted for aught in the great harvest-field; forgetting that the dear Lord asks of His children only so much as He gives them ability to perform. Others may have made their peace with God, through the merits of His dear Son, and rest content, instead of going into the "Highways and Hedges," with prayerful wrestling, and earnest pleading, endeavoring to draw the wandering ones to the Master's feet. Others again may long to be workers in the Vineyard, but no *great* service presents itself, and they do not realise that precious souls are all around them, (even, it may be, in their own households) who are yearning for a word of encouragement, or even a loving look, to help them on their way. Many a patient sufferer fears, lest, lying with folded hands, because the Lord wills it, they are doing nothing for Him; while, all un-

consciously to themselves, the Refiner's fire is bringing out pure gold.

This little volume is designed to present, in the words of others, something which may stimulate and encourage such as these; and it is sent forth with a prayerful desire that each reader may gather some grains from the sheaf which is here bound, and lovingly inscribed to

MY TWO SISTERS.

A. C. T.

THE MASTER'S WORKMEN. X

"For God is not unrighteous, to forget your work and labor of love, which ye have showed toward His name, in that ye have ministered to the saints, and do minister."—HEB. vi. 10.

I PASSED by a shapeless marble,
And I wondered what beauty could be,
If the thought of an artist but touched it,
From the prisoning stone set free.

A Master, with spirit God-gifted,
Saw an angel imprisoned there,
And he shaped in the clay, a promise
Of beauty, exceeding fair.

The sculptor's fingers ne'er lifted
The hammer and chisel so keen,
But he called his *workmen* together
The deftest that ever were seen.

He showed them the shapeless marble,
And the model, wrought in clay,
And left them to carve the angel
From the thought which before them lay.

From its prison, so rough and unsightly,
It sprang in such perfect wise,
That the people their eyes veiled in wonder,
As from glimpses of Paradise.

And they all praised the Artist, whose power
Had thus carved a thought in the stone;
But the workmen were wholly forgotten;
The bays crowned the Master, alone.

As I pondered on marble, and statue,
This lesson was borne to me
Of high and holy import,
Which may never forgotten be.

Have *we* not a wonderful Master,
Whose thoughts are grand and deep;
In each soul, a possible angel
He sees, though it lies asleep.

Though the outward be rough and uncomely
Yet the beauty lies within;
And the Master calls on His children
To help break the fetters of sin.

We may aid the imprisoned angel
To escape in such wonderful guise;
We may see the white pinions float upward
Through the gates of Paradise.

All the angels are thoughts of the Master,
But we may help chisel the stone,
Set free, in earth-souls, the veiled beauty,
And hear His dear plaudit "Well done!"

And His workmen are never forgotten—
 He sees their labor and love;
 For each stroke of the chisel, a star-beam
 Is waiting for them above.

ANNA MONTAGUE.

"SON, GO WORK IN MY VINEYARD."

"Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it."—JOHN ii. 5.

Go work in my vineyard,
 I claim thee for mine,
 I bought thee with blood—
 Thou, and all that is thine—
 Thy time, and thy talents,
 Thy loftiest powers,
 Thy warmest affections,
 Thy sunniest hours.
 I willingly yielded
 My kingdom for thee,
 Left the songs of archangels
 To hang on the tree;
 In pain, and temptation,
 In anguish, and shame,
 I paid thy full price,
 And my purchase I claim.

Go work in my vineyard,
 There's plenty to do,
 The harvest is great,
 But the laborers are few:
 There is plowing, and sowing,
 And gathering the fruits;
 There is weeding, and fencing,
 And clearing of roots;

There are foxes to take,
 And wolves to destroy,—
 All ages and ranks
 I can fully employ.
 There are sheep to be tended,
 And lambs to be fed;
 The lost must be gathered,
 The weary ones led.

Go work in my vineyard,
 Oh, work while 'tis day,
 For the bright hours of sunshine
 Are hastening away,
 And night's gloomy clouds
 Are gathering fast,
 Then the laboring time
 Will forever be past.
 Blessed, thrice blessed,
 Are the diligent few
 Who finish the work
 That is given them to do.

THIS LIFE IS NOT ALL SADNESS.

"They cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and He delivered
 them out of their distresses."—PSALM cvii. 6.

THIS life is *not* all sadness;
 Its days are not all gloom;
 There are many hours of gladness
 'Twixt the cradle and the tomb.

There is no wave that rolleth
 On the bosom of the lake,

But hath some white foam near it,
When it may chance to break.

If we, in our life-sorrows,
But lift our eyes to God,
He will mingle countless blessings
With the chastening of His rod.

FORWARD. X

"See then that ye walk circumspectly . . . redeeming the time."—EPH. v. 16, 17.

SHALL this life of mine be wasted?
Shall this vineyard be untilled?
Shall true joy pass by untasted,
And this soul remain unfilled?

Shall this heart still spend its treasures
On the things that fade and die?
Shall it count the hollow pleasures
Of bewildering vanity?

Shall these lips of mine be idle?
Shall I open them in vain?
Shall I not, with God's own bridle
Their frivolities restrain?

Shall these eyes of mine still wander
Or, no longer turned afar,
Fix a firmer gaze, and fonder,
On the bright and morning star?

Shall these feet of mine, delaying
 Still in ways of sin be found
 Braving snares, and madly straying
 On the world's bewitching ground?

No! I was not born to trifle
 Life away in dreams of sin;
 No! I was not born to stifle
 Longings such as these within.

Where the cross, God's love revealing,
 Sets the fettered spirit free,
 Where it sheds its wondrous healing,
 There, my soul, thy rest shall be.

When, no longer idly dreaming,
 Shall I fling my years away.
 But, each precious hour redeeming,
 Wait for the eternal day.

HORATIUS BONAR.

OUR BURDEN-BEARER.

"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee.
 —PSALM lv. 22.

LET us not go stooping, groaning
 Underneath our load of care;
 There's a better way to journey,
 There's a lighter load to bear.

We are pilgrims, traveling homeward,
 Only pilgrims on our way;
 Surely we would make our going
 Just as lightsome as we may.

There are many, many crosses
To be lifted as we go;
We must climb the rugged mountains,
And the darksome valleys know.

Rocky steeps and fragrant meadows
Will be mingled in our way;
Sunny skies oft arch above us,
Darkness often hides the day.

But let all of us remember—
All who thus as pilgrims go,
There's an easier way to journey
Than we all have come to know.

There's an easier way of going,
There's a lighter load to bear
Than the grievous, grievous burden
That so many of us wear.

There's a voice forever sounding
In that weary pilgrim's ear,
Voice of tenderest compassion,
Framing sweetest words of cheer.

“Cast on Me your heavy burdens,
Cast on Me your load of care;
I invite you—I entreat you;
All your burdens I will bear.

“Give Me not a *part* to carry,
And go mourning with the rest;
All your cares now cast upon me:
I will bear them on my breast.

"Give no thought, no anxious looking
 To the coming morrow's sky;
 If the morning dawneth for thee,
 I shall still be standing nigh."

Gracious words of strength and sweetness!
 Oh, be mine their truth to know;
 Mine to trust, in fullest measure,
 Resting even as I go!

Thus sweet comforts will be springing
 In our hearts, from day to day;
 Light and sweet the precious burden
 Jesus gives us on our way.

Let us never, then, be groaning
 Underneath our load of care;
 There's a better way to journey,
 There's a lighter load to bear.

USE ME.

"Give ear to my prayer, O God! and hide not Thyself from my
 supplication."—PSALM lv. 1.

MAKE use of me, my God!
 Let me not be forgot,
 A broken vessel cast aside—
 One whom thou needest not.

I am Thy creature, Lord,
 And made by hands divine;
 And I am part, however mean,
 Of this great world of Thine.

Thou usest all Thy works,—
The weakest things that be;
Each has a service of his own,
For all things wait on Thee.

Thou usest the high stars,
The tiny drops of dew,
The giant peak, and little hill;
My God! oh, use me, too!

Thou usest tree and flower,
The rivers, vast and small,
The eagle great, the little bird
That sings upon the wall.

Thou usest the wide sea,
The little hidden lake,
The pine, upon the Alpine cliff,
The lily in the brake.

The huge rock in the vale,
The sand-grain by the sea,
The thunder of the rolling cloud,
The murmur of the lea.

All things do serve Thee here,—
All creatures, great and small:
Make use of me, my God,
The weakest of them all!

HORATIUS BONAR.

BROAD CAST THY SEED.

' Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters.'—ISAIAH xxxii. 20

BROAD cast thy seed!

Although some portion may be found
To fall on uncongenial ground,
Where sand or shade, or stone may stay
Its coming into light or day;
Or when it comes, some pestilent air
May make it droop and wither there;
Be not discouraged: some will find
Congenial soil and gentle wind—
Refreshing dew and ripening shower
To bring it into beauteous flower,
From flower to fruit to glad thine eyes,
And fill thy soul with sweet surprise.
Do good, and God will bless thy deed,
Broad cast thy seed!

 PER PACEM AD LUCEM.

"O send out thy light and thy truth: let them lead me."—
PSALM xlii. 3.

I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road;
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load;
I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead,
 Lead me aright—
 Though strength should falter, and tho' heart
 should bleed—
 Through Peace to Light.
 I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed
 Full radiance here;
 Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
 Without a fear.
 I do not ask my cross to understand,
 My way to see;
 Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand
 And follow Thee.
 Joy is like restless day; but peace divine
 Like quiet night;
 Lead me, O Lord—till perfect Day shall shine,
 Through Peace to Light.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

BEAR YE ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS.

“And so fulfill the law of Christ.”—GAL. VI. 2.

“PILGRIM, wait a little moment,
 Till I struggle to your side,
 Lend your hand to help me, brother,
 For the love of Him who died!
 You seem strong and full of courage,
 Kindly share with me your strength,
 I have come a weary journey,
 Now I hope for help at length.
 Do not hasten on so swiftly,
 Do not leave me on the road,
 Lest I faint beneath my burdens,
 Crushed by sorrow's heavy load.”

"Fainting soul, I hear thee calling,
 Jesus bids me turn to thee,
 But I cannot make thee stronger,
 For there is no strength in me.
 Do you think my burden lighter?
 (Heart of mine, God counts thy tears!)
 But, my brother, though we suffer,
 We will roll on Christ our fears.
 Why should anxious thoughts distress thee,
 Press thy foot upon the thorn,
 Let us keep our eye on Jesus,
 Till the hill-tops greet the dawn!"

G. W. H.

GOD'S ANVIL.

✕ "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."—JOB xlii 15.

PAIN's furnace-heat within me quivers,
 God's breath upon the fire doth blow,
 And all my heart in anguish shivers,
 And trembles in the fiery glow;
 And yet I whisper, "As God will!"
 And in His hottest fire hold still.

He comes, and lays my heart, all heated,
 On the bare anvil, minded so
 Into His own fair shape to beat it,
 With His great hammer, blow on blow;
 And yet I whisper, "As God will!"
 And in His heaviest blows hold still.

He takes my softened heart and beats it;
 The sparks fly off at every blow:

He turns it o'er and o'er and heats it,
 And lets it cool, and makes it glow
 And yet I whisper, "As God will!"
 And in His mighty hand hold still.

Why should I murmur? for the sorrow
 Thus only longer-lived would be;
 Its end may come, and will to-morrow,
 When God has done His work in me:
 So I say trusting, "As God will!"
 And, trusting to the end, hold still.

He kindles, for my profit purely,
 Affliction's glowing, fiery brand;
 And all His heaviest blows are surely
 Inflicted by a master-hand;
 So I say, praying, "As God will!"
 And hope in Him, and suffer still.

———— JULIUS STURM.

NOTHING TO DO?

"Remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them; and them which suffer adversity, as being yourselves also in the body."—HEB. xiii. 3.

"NOTHING to do?" Oh, pause, and look around
 At those oppressed with want and sorrow, too!
 Look at the wrongs, the sufferings that abound,
 Ere yet thou sayest there's naught for thee to do.

"Nothing to do?" Are there no hearts that ache,
 No care-worn breasts that heave an anguished
 sigh,
 No burdens that thy hands might lighter make,
 No bitter tears thy sympathy might dry?

Are there no hungry that thy hand may feed?
 No sick to aid, no naked to be clad?
 Are there no blind, whose footsteps thou mayst
 lead?
 No mourning heart that thou couldst make less
 sad?

“Nothing to do?” Hast thou no store of gold,
 No wealth of time, that thou shouldst well em-
 ploy?
 No hidden talent that thou shouldst unfold?
 No gift that thou shouldst use for other’s joy?

“Nothing to do?” Ah, look without, within.
 Be to thyself and to thy duties true;
 Look on the world, its troubles, and its sin,
 And own that thou hast *much* indeed to do.

THE RIGHT WAY.

“And thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is
 the way, walk ye in it.”—ISAIAH XXX. 21.

LORD, is it still the right way, though I cannot
 see Thy face,
 Though I do not feel thy presence, and Thine
 all-sustaining grace?
 Can even this be leading through the bleak
 and sunless wild
 To the City of Thy holy rest, the mansions un-
 defiled?

Lord, is it still the right way? A while ago I
passed
Where every step seemed thornier and harder
than the last;
Where bitterest disappointment and inly ach-
ing sorrow
Carved day by day a weary cross, renewed with
every morrow.

The heaviest end of that strange cross I knew
was laid on Thee,
So I could still press on secure of Thy deep
sympathy;
Our upward path may well be steep, or how
were patience tried?
I knew it was the right way, for it led me to
Thy side.

But now I wait alone amid dim shadows dank
and chill;
All moves and changes round me, but I seem
standing still;
Or every feeble footstep I urge towards the light,
Seems but to lead me farther into the silent
night.

I cannot hear Thy voice, Lord! Dost Thou still
hear my cry?
I cling to Thine assurance that Thou art ever
nigh;
I know that Thou art faithful; I trust but can-
not see
That it is still the right way by which Thou
ledest me.

I think I could go forward with brave and joy-
ful heart,
Though every step should pierce me with un-
known fiery smart,
If only I might see Thee, if I might gaze above
On all the cloudless glory of the sunshine of
Thy love.

Is it really leading onwards? When shadows
flee away,
Shall I find this path hath brought me more
near to perfect day?
Or am I left to wander thus, that I may stretch
my hand
To some still wearier traveler in this same sha-
dow land?

Is this Thy chosen training for some future
task unknown?
Is it that I may learn to rest upon Thy word
alone?
Whate'er it be, oh, leave me not! fulfill Thou
every hour
The purpose of Thy goodness, and the work of
faith with power.

I lay my prayer before Thee! and, trusting in
Thy word,
Though all is silence in my heart, I know that
Thou hast heard.
To that blest City lead me, Lord (still choosing
all my way),
Where faith melts into vision as the starlight
into day.

FRANCIS RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

WHAT IS CHARITY?

"If ye fulfill the royal law according to the Scripture, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself, ye do well."—JAMES ii. 8.

It is not the gift ostentation bestows,
Nor the tear that from sentiment languidly
flows,
Nor the cushion that's spread for a purple-robed
guest,
Nor the bidding the wealthy and proud to a
feast:

But ask of the Gospel,—its pages have said,
It is *love* to the creatures your Maker has made:
And if in the heart the good tree taketh root,
It will shed o'er the life its most beautiful fruit.

'Tis the "little address" in the wiping a tear;
'Tis the whisper of hope in the desolate ear;
'Tis the smile of encouragement, given to one
Whom malign degradation had marked for her
own;

'Tis the answer that turns away anger and
wrath;
'Tis the hand that strews roses in misery's path,
'Tis the foot that treads softly the chamber of
pain;
'Tis the gift that the giver expects not again;

'Tis the word that is said in an absent one's
praise,
Or to save from dishonor, distrust or disgrace;

'Tis the thought that would wound never uttered in jest;
The apology urged: the fault frankly confessed.

'Tis the hiding what others would not wish revealed;

'Tis a friend's secret error forever concealed:
And, in every transaction that's open to view,
'Tis to act as you'd wish others acted by you.

LEAVES ONLY.

"And when He saw a fig-tree in the way, He came to it, and found nothing thereon, but leaves only, and said unto it, Let no fruit grow on thee henceforward for ever. And presently the fig-tree withered away,"—MATT. xxi, 19.

THE Master will look at His trees to-day
As He walks by the white road side,
While the music of pleasure is in the air
Of the brilliant summer-tide;
And, as upward He raises those tender eyes,
With solicitous love made sad,
What shall be seen on the strong young trees
To render the Master glad?

He planted them all in their sunny homes
With loving and skillful care,
And round about them He caused to breathe
The warmth of the scented air;
Sunshine and shade have been freely given,
And dews, and gentle rains,
And what have the trees to show to-day
For the Master's loving pains?

Tender green of the dancing leaves,
And strength of branch and limb,
A home for many a singing bird,
And a gentle shade for Him?
But the Master is looking for fruit to-day,
Hidden by shining leaves,
For the harvest joy is upon the earth,
And the fields of golden sheaves.

Alas! for the trees that are straight and tall,
And covered with leaves of green,
Lifting their faces evermore
To be kissed by the silver sheen,
But who only live to be beautiful,
And have nothing but leaves to-day
For the lips that are parched in the summer's
heat,
For the weary who pass that way.

Alas! for the trees that have only leaves
For the Master's piercing gaze,
Who have lived, and flourished, and bloomed in
After these many days! [vain
What if the Master should say to them,
"Never shall fruit be seen
On the trees that cumber the useful ground,
And have nothing to show but green?"

Patient Master, be patient still,
Smite not the trees to-day
With the blighting word or a stern rebuke,
Bringing the swift decay.
Let them linger a season yet,
If perchance there soon may be

Not leaves alone for Thy searching glance,
But ripened fruit for Thee.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

DORCAS: "A DISCIPLE."

"I commend unto you, Phebe, our sister; . . . That ye receive her in the Lord, as becometh saints, and that ye assist her in whatsoever business she hath need of you; for she hath been a succour of many, and of myself also."—Rom. xvi. 1, 2.

WHEN ministering women went
With Christ through Galilee,
On Him their eager service spent,
Their substance lavished free,
We know not if thou wert with these,
Discipleship to claim;
Enough, we know thy ministries
Did win for thee the name.

"Woman!" "Disciple!" for good deeds
Wrought by thy loving hands,
That ministered to lowly needs,
Thy name on record stands
Embalmed in fragrant love and tears,
And everlasting praise,
That down to our far distant years
Doth fresh memorials raise.

"Woman!" "Disciple!" still the same,
Christ claims your minist'ring;
Still tender, fearless, over shame
Your love's fair garment fling;

Still let your helpful hands be swift
 To bless and beautify;
 The lowest services doth lift
 Up to His throne on high.

CHERISH KINDLY FEELINGS.

“Be kindly affectioned one to another, with brotherly love.”—
 Rom. xii. 10.

CHERISH kindly feelings, children;
 Nurse them in your heart;
 Don't forget to take them with you,
 When from home you start;
 In the school-room, in the parlor,
 At your work or play,
 Kindly thoughts and kindly feelings,
 Cherish every day.

Cherish kindly feelings, children,
 Toward the old and poor,
 For you know they've many blighting
 Hardships to endure;
 Try to make their burden lighter,
 Help them in their need,
 By some sweet and kindly feeling,
 Or some generous deed.

Cherish kindly feelings, children,
 While on earth you stay,
 They will scatter light and sunshine
 All along your way;

Make the path of duty brighter,
 Make your trials less,
 And whate'er your lot or station,
 Bring you happiness.

M. A. KIDDER.

"WHAT WILT THOU HAVE ME DO?"

"Acquaint now thyself with God, and be at peace: thereby good shall come unto thee. Receive, I pray thee, the law from his mouth, and lay up his words in thine heart."—JOB xxii. 21, 22.

"DEAR Lord, behold I humbly wait,
 And seek Thy presence still;
 Oh, deign to hear my earnest prayer
 And make me know Thy will.

"What wilt Thou have me, Lord, to do?
 What offering shall I bring?
 What service here for Thee perform,
 My God, my Heavenly King?"

Thus, long I prayed, until at last
 The wished-for answer came;
 And in a dream, a gentle voice
 Seemed calling me by name.

I rose, obedient to the call,
 When, lo! in mortal guise,
 My Saviour seemed to stand revealed
 Unto my wondering eyes.

And then, methought He spoke to me
 In accents low and sweet,
 While filled with love and joy I fell
 Adoring at His feet.

“My child, behold, thy prayer is heard,
’Tis this that thou must do;
Determined, run the heavenly race;
My grace shall bear thee through.

“No splendid service do I ask,
No deeds of might, or fame,
No testimony sealed with blood,
No tortures, stripes, or shame.

“I only ask a yielded heart,
The martyrdom of sin;
The constant struggle to subdue
All that is wrong within.

Sin is the deadly, hateful thing
That nailed me to the tree;
A hatred of its every guise
I ask, my child, of thee.

Thy work no other hands may do,
Marked out alone for thee;
If thou shalt do this faithfully
Thou doest it unto Me.”

I woke, but never may forget
The truth which I had learned,
That many deeds which from the world
The meed of praise have earned,

Are not the deeds that please the Lord;
He looketh at the heart,
And grants His smile alone to those
Who choose the “better part.”

E'en in the common tasks of life,
 He may be glorified
 If all is done with love for Him,
 For Him, the "Crucified."

"THE LORD WILL PROVIDE."

"And Abraham called the name of the place Jehovah-jireh."—
 GENESIS xxii. 14.

IN some way or other the Lord will provide:
 It may not be *my* way,
 It may not be *thy* way;
 And yet in His *own* way
 "The Lord will provide."

At some time or other the Lord will provide:
 It may not be *my* time,
 It may not be *thy* time;
 And yet in His *own* time
 "The Lord will provide."

Despond, then, no longer, the Lord will provide:
 And this be the token—
 No word He hath spoken
 Was ever yet broken—
 "The Lord will provide."

March on, then, right boldly, the sea shall divide:
 Thy pathway made glorious,
 With shoutings victorious,
 We'll join in the chorus,
 "The Lord will provide."

M. A. W. C.

COULD WE BUT KNOW.

* Having compassion one of another; love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous."—1 PETER iii. 8.

COULD we but see what hidden lies
Beneath the outward form;
Could we but hear the deep felt sighs
Which from the heart are drawn;

Or did we see what sorrows hang,
Like a dark curtain round
The heart, that late so sweetly sang,
With such a cheerful sound;

Or knew we what the motives are
Which govern every deed;
Or the various things which mar
The winding path we lead;

Or did we know the secret wish
The effort to do right,
And the temptation they resist,
Unknown to other sight;

Knew we the *whole* of every mind,
And *all* that dwells within,
Oh, could we ever be unkind,
Or cause a soul to sin?

But would we not more earnest be
To cheer the lonely one,
And ever strive to do and speak
That which would trouble none?

ONE STEP MORE.

"The just shall live by his faith."—HABAKKUK II. 4.

WHAT though before me it is dark,
Too dark for one to see?
I ask but light for one step more;
'Tis quite enough for me.

Each little humble step I take,
The gloom clears from the next;
So, though 'tis very dark beyond,
I never am perplexed.

And if sometimes the mist hangs close,—
So close, I fear to stray,—
Patient I wait a little while,
And soon it clears away.

I would not see my further path,
For mercy veils it so;
My *present* steps might harder be
Did I the future know.

It may be that my path is rough,
Thorny and hard and steep;
And knowing this, my strength might fail,
Through fear and terror deep.

It may be that it winds along
A smooth and flowery way;
But, seeing this, I might despise,
The journey of *to-day*.

Perhaps my path is very short,
My journey nearly done,
And I might tremble at the thought
Of ending it so soon.

Or, if I saw a weary length
Of road that I must wend,
Fainting, I'd think, "My feeble powers
Will fail me ere the end."

And so I do not wish to see
My journey, or its length;
Assured that, through my Father's love,
Each step will bring its strength.

Thus step by step I onward go,
Not looking far before;
Trusting that I shall always have
Light for just "one step more."

TWO PAINTINGS.

"CHRIST REJECTED."

CHRIST RECEIVED.

"And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."—REV. xiv. 13.

I GAZED upon the canvass wrought
With wondrous care and skill,
The impress of a mighty thought,
Stamped at the artist's will.

Calm, pure, but human was the face,
With patience in each line,
Yet in that form of gentlest grace
I saw not Christ Divine.

I turned to where a Christian trod
Each day in lowly guise,
Walking as heaven-bound Pilgrims should,
No home beneath the skies.

I saw her paint with patient love,
So slowly, day by day,
A picture which through endless years
Shall never fade away.

Her canvass, even human hearts,
The Master did prepare,
And placed in her uplifted hands
The pencil—fervent prayer.

For weary-hearted—this design
The Master said was best,
One who with loving, out-stretched arms,
Said, "*Come to Me and rest.*"

And sin-sick souls the healing touch
Of love could understand,
As this good servant bade them note
The Great Physician's hand.

And children, leaving all their games
Her well-known face to see,
Returned, deep graven on their hearts
The sweet "*Come unto Me.*"

The wanderer learned redeeming love,
His erring path beside,
In pleading words and thorn-crowned brow
Of Jesus crucified.

And by the lonely mourner's hearth
She left, with bended knee,
A picture of the living Christ,
Who wept at Bethany,

These paintings side by side shall share
God's scrutinizing eye;
He noted every touch with care,
From the great throne on high.

When they have laid life's burdens down,
And entered into rest,
Which, think ye, will the Master own
Hath painted Christ the best?

ANNA B. TROTH.

“GO WORK TO-DAY.”

“Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.”—1 COR. xv. 58.

THERE is work for all in the Gospel Field,
And, if the mind be willing,
The place for labor will stand revealed,
And the fruitage rich and the harvest yield
Will surely crown the tilling.

The seed is the truth of the living LORD,
 Each grain well worth the sowing;
 Seed given to scatter and not to hoard,
 To be sown in faith, for Jehovah's word
 Ensures, by pledge, its growing.

The field is near us, the seed at hand,
 And time its course is winging—
 Go forth to labor, no longer stand;
 The reapers' triumph will yet be grand,
 Each one his full sheaves bringing:—

A glorious harvest of sinners won—
 A harvest worth securing—
 Rest for the toilers, their life-work done—
 Crowns for the victors, and near the throne
 Peace, joy, and life enduring.

MARSHALL B. SMITH.

A WORKING WOMAN'S MORNING THOUGHTS.

“They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength:
 they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and
 not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint.”—Is. xl. 31.

I go among unloving hearts;
 But go Thou with me there,
 And let me breathe Thy love all day,
 Just as I breathe the air.

Let this day's hard and thankless task,
 Be temple-work for Thee,
 And every meal a eucharist,
 And feast of love to me.

Let e'en the garments that I wear,
 In symbol-language say,
 "'The robe of Jesus' righteousness
 Encircles thee to-day."

In all my long and weary walk,
 To town and back to-day,
 Talk Thou, as when at Einmaus
 Thy words beguiled the way.

May I through all the noisy streets,
 In thine own peace rejoice,
 And hear above the noise and din,
 Thy Spirit's "still, small voice."

And help, if, when my body tires,
 My spirit too should sink;
 Thou who didst sit in weariness,
 On Sychar's lonely brink.

Since Thou Thyself hast dwelt in flesh,
 My frame is known to Thee ;
 And as a brother pitieth,
 I know thou pitiest me.

I do not stand in those bright ranks,
 Where the strong Gabriel stands;
 I have but now slow, weary feet,
 And feeble, trembling hands.

I cannot serve Thee, though I would,
 Like those strong ones above;
 Yet bless this day's poor, feeble work,
 And view it through Thy love.

And bring me early home to-night,
 That I my rest may find—
 As Thou found'st rest at Bethany,
 For Thine own weary mind.

And there keep my companion's love,
 Just like 'Thine own to me;
 And keep my reverent love to him,
 Just like my love to Thee.

So keep us both this day—each day,
 Through all the changing year;
 So sanctify our blended life
 To glorify Thee here.

Yea, cleanse it all, cleanse thoroughly—
 Who can be clean in part?
 "Wash" us, but not our "feet" alone,
 Our "hands," our "head," our heart.

And then when we are wholly pure,
 Kinsman—Redeemer, come,
 And take us to our higher work
 Within our Father's home!

ROD AND STAFF.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
 I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff
 they comfort me."—Ps. xxiii. 4.

SPARE not Thy rod, O blessed Lord!
 I need it every day,
 To keep my erring footsteps in
 The straight and narrow way.

Spare not Thy rod, for Thou dost smite
In mercy, not in wrath,
To urge my feet, so prone to halt,
And loiter in the path.

But give Thy staff, to comfort me,
As blow succeeds to blow
And I shall mark where Christ has trod,
As step by step I go.

But give Thy staff, and I shall walk
Without a thought of pain:
For every bruise the rod inflicts
The staff will heal again.

If rod and staff united be,
Until my journey's done,
I'll fearless pass the vale of death,
And sing the victories won.

THE LOST DAY.

"So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts
unto wisdom."—Ps. xc. 12.

Lost! lost! lost!
A gem of countless price,
Cut from the living rock,
And graved in Paradise:
Set round with three times eight
Large diamonds, clear and bright,
And each with sixty smaller ones,
All changeful as the light.

Lost—where the thoughtless throng
In Fashion's mazes wind,
Where trilleth folly's song,
Leaving a sting behind.
Yet to my hand 'twas given,
A golden harp to buy,
Such as the white-robed choir attune
To deathless minstrelsy.

Lost! lost! lost!
I feel all search is vain;
That gem of countless cost
Can ne'er be mine again:
I offer no reward—
For till these heart-strings sever,
I know that Heaven's entrusted gift
Is reft away for ever.

But when the sea and land,
Like burning scroll have fled,
I'll see it in His hand
Who judgeth quick and dead;
And when of scathe and loss
That man can ne'er repair,
The dread inquiry meets my soul,
What shall it answer there?

L. H. SIGOURNE^r.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

"Come, ye children, hearken unto me; I will teach you the fear of the Lord."—Ps. xxxiv. 11.

COME stand by my knee, little children,
Too weary for laughter or song,
The sports of the day are all over,
And evening is creeping along.
The snow fields are white in the moonlight,
The winds of the winter are chill,
But under the sheltering roof-tree,
The fire shineth ruddy and still.

You sit by the fire, little children,
Your cheeks are ruddy and warm;
But out in the cold of the winter
Is many a shivering form.
There are mothers that wander for shelter,
And babes that are pining for bread;
Oh, thank the dear Lord, little children,
From whose tender hand you are fed!

Come look in my eyes, little children,
And tell me, through all the long day,
Have you thought of the Father above us,
Who guarded from evil your way?
He heareth the cry of the sparrow,
And careth for great and for small;
In life and in death, little children,
His love is the truest of all.

Now go to your rest, little children,
And over your innocent sleep

Unseen by your visions, the angels
Their watch through the darkness shall keep.
Then pray that the Shepherd, who guideth
The lambs that He loveth so well,
May lead you, in life's rosy morning,
Beside the still waters to dwell.

ONLY BELIEVE.

"Jesus said unto him, If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth."—MARK ix. 23.

ONLY believe that thy Father
Is guiding thy lonely way,
Guiding thee out of the darkness,
To the light of eternal day.

Believe that the path thou art treading,
Though dreary, and dark, and cold,
Is the same path that was trodden
By martyrs and saints of old.

Believe the shadows that darken
Around thy spirit now,
Will be dispersed by the brightness,
That beams from thy Saviour's brow.

Believe the hopes thou hast cherished,
Though seeming bright and fair,
Take not their light from heaven,—
They'll find no fruition there.

Only believe it is needful
Thy daily cross to bear,

Needful to endure the suffering
If thou wouldst the glory share

Only believe that thy Father
Is noting each sorrow and pain
And will not let thee suffer
A single pang in vain.

Only believe, though in darkness,
The sun is still shining above,
And the cup of bitterest sorrow
Is mixed with drops of love.

Only believe, though the thorn
Is piercing thy inmost heart,
Infinite grace is sufficient
To heal thy severest smart.

Only believe the promise
The Saviour has given to thee,
"In the world ye have tribulation,
But infinite peace in me."

Believe that the heavenly mansions
Are preparing for thee above;
And all things for good are working
To them who the Saviour love.

“THE POOR YE HAVE ALWAYS WITH
YOU.”

“For the poor shall never cease out of the land; therefore, I command thee, saying, Thou shalt open thine hand wide unto thy brother, to thy poor, and to thy needy, in thy land.”—DEUT. xv. 11.

NEAR us they pass, with ever downcast eyes,
Upon their sombre ways;
Their's all the shadows, our's the sunny skies,
And all the happy days.

Near us they pass. We, doubtless, throw a
Of pity at their lot, [glance
Then turn away and on our paths advance,
And they are all forgot.

Near us they pass, and as we, busy, go,
We feel a moment's smart,
And we look in and see the secret woe,
The needy, barren heart;

And pitying thoughts may come as thus we
Perchance our tears may flow, [view.
But to console them we must know them, too,
And little do we know!

Know of the sorrows which their lot betide,
Their joyless fireside hours,
Although their sombre way lies side by side
With our own path of flowers.

We call them brothers oft upon our knees,
 Before the Father's throne,
 O false and cruel world! His pure eye sees
 How cold our hearts have grown.

I fear that God is weary, brethren mine,
 Of this our worship vain,
 And that no image of His love divine,
 Our selfish hearts retain.

Oh, not for us to speak of gospel balms,
 Of God's compassion high,
 When we have for them but the facile alms
 We throw as we pass by:

When never, pressed in ours, their hand has
 With throbs we, too, could feel, [stirred
 And we have measured out the icy word,
 Which knows not how to heal:

If never did we of *ourselves* impart—
 What we have felt and known,
 And if they know not that their wounded heart
 Is sister of our own.

Not such, O Jesus! Thy consoling word,
 Not such Thy pitying eye,
 Not such the heavenly tidings which they heard
 When Thou wert passing by.

Thou didst not look upon them far apart,
 But followed where they stepped,
 They saw Thee suffer, felt the brother's heart,
 And at thy dear feet wept.

Poor, outcast, blinded, guilty sons of woe,
They dared Thy face to see.

Ah, who that untold pity will bestow,
They ever found in Thee?

Ah, who these lonely, wounded hearts shall
And give the good they crave? [reach,
And who, O Jesus, our cold lips shall teach
The blest word which shall save?

Who light within our souls that sacred fire,
Which burns by night and day,
That love which nothing can repress or tire,
Of Thine own love a ray?

When shall we know Thee, Thou sole helping
Love tender, strong and true? [Friend,
When shall we love enough to comprehend,
Enough to suffer too?

When shall we love enough, ye sons of night,
Who in your darkness fall,
To fold you in that pity infinite,
One Father feels-for all?

"FOLLOW THOU ME."

"Other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold, and one Shepherd."—JOHN x. 16.

HAVE ye looked for sheep in the desert,
For these who have missed their way?
Have ye been in the wild waste places,
Where the lost and wandering stray?

Have ye trodden the lonely highway
 The foul and darksome street?
 It may be ye'd see in the gloaming
 The print of my wounded feet.

Have ye folded home to your bosom
 The trembling, neglected lamb?
 And taught to the little lost one,
 The sound of the Shepherd's name?
 Have ye searched for the poor and needy,
 With no clothing, no home, no bread?
 The Son of Man was among them,
 He had nowhere to lay His head!

Have ye carried the living water
 To the parched and thirsty soul?
 Have ye said to the sick and wounded,
 "Christ Jesus makes thee whole!"
 Have ye told my fainting children
 Of the strength of the Father's hand?
 Have ye guided the tottering footsteps
 To the shores of the "Golden Land?"

Have ye stood by the sad and weary,
 To smooth the pillow of death?
 To comfort the sorrow-stricken,
 And strengthen the feeble faith?
 And have ye felt, when the glory
 Has streamed through the open door
 And flitted across the shadows,
 That I had been there before?

Have ye wept with the broken-hearted
 In their agony of woe?

Ye might hear me whispering beside you;
 'Tis a pathway I often go!
 My disciples, my brethren, my friends,
 Can ye dare to follow me?
 Then, wherever the Master dwelleth,
 There shall the servant be! C. P.

SCATTER SEED.

"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."—Ps. cxxvi. 6.

IN the furrows of thy life
 Scatter seed!
 Small may be thy spirit field,
 But a goodly crop 'twill yield;
 Sow the kindly word and deed—
 Scatter seed!

Sun and shower aid thee now,
 Scatter seed!
 Who can tell where grain may grow!
 Winds are blowing to and fro;
 Daily good thy simple creed—
 Scatter seed!

Up! the morning flies away—
 Scatter seed!
 Hand of thine must never tire,
 Heart must keep its pure desire;
 While thy brothers faint and bleed,
 Scatter seed!

Though thy work should seem to fail,
Scatter seed!
Some may fall on stony ground;
Flower and blade are often found
In the clefts we little heed—
Scatter seed!

Spring-time always dawns for thee;
Scatter seed!
Ope thy spirit's golden store,
Stretch thy furrows more and more,
God will give thee all thy need—
Scatter seed!

GEORGE COOPER.

HE KNOWETH ALL.

"He knoweth the way that I take."—JOB xxiii. 10.

THE twilight falls, the night is near,
I fold my work away,
And kneel to One who bends to hear
The story of the day.

The old, old story; yet I kneel
To tell it at thy call,
And cares grow lighter as I feel
That Jesus knows them all.

Yes, all! The morning and the night,
The joy, the grief, the loss,
The roughened path, the sunbeam bright
The hourly thorn and cross.

Thou knowest all—I lean my head,
 My weary eyelids close;
 Content and glad awhile to tread
 This path, since Jesus knows!

And he has loved me! All my heart
 With answering love is stirred,
 And every anguished pain and smart
 Finds healing in the Word.

So here I lay me down to rest,
 As nightly shadows fall;
 And lean confiding on His breast,
 Who knows and pities all!

"GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD."

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."—MARK xvi. 15.

THUS Messiah's mandate ran:

Lo! the harvest whitening stands;
 Love to God and love to man
 Calls for action at our hands.

Ye who feel a Saviour's love,
 Who have known your sins forgiven,
 On whose spirits from above
 Gently falls the dew of heaven;

Faith and love your hearts should fill,
 And your meek petition be,
 In submission to His will,
 "Here am I, Lord, send Thou me."

Gird the armor, and go forth;
 To your work success be given;
 Wide the field, as wide as earth;
 The harvest, souls! the garner, heaven!

Go, where by Alabama's waters
 The broken chains in fragments lie,
 The Union's sable sons and daughters
 Shall *heed* the message from on high.

Go where the hosts of India gather
 Around some idol, dark and grim;
 Tell them about the Eternal Father,
 And point "The Way" that leads to Him.

Go, and to Afric's swarthy nations
 Make known the message from the skies;
 For even there shall sweet oblations
 From many hearts as incense rise.

Where burns a heathen funeral pyre,
 Or man bows down to wood and stone,
 There, as your lips are touched with fire,
 Proclaim—The Lord is God alone!

And sow the seed beside all waters,
 For God will bless His spoken word;
 Sons from afar, and gentle daughters,
 Shall gather unto Christ the Lord.

India shall own His gentle sway;
 China a grateful song shall raise;
 And e'en the heart of Africa
 Shall vocal be with prayer and praise.

Egypt shall hear Messiah's voice;
The fount of life eternal flowing
Shall make the desert to rejoice,
And there the rose in beauty growing

Shall lift its blushing head on high,
A dewdrop sparkling on its stem,
A tear perchance from Mercy's eye,
More pure and bright than earthly gem.

And Madagascar's leafy isle
For Christ shall bloom, for Him shall smile;
And He, whose right it is to reign,
Shall rule o'er island, sea and main:

His sceptre love, his kingdom peace,
Both peace without, and peace within,
For war with all its crimes shall cease,
And Grace shall triumph over sin.

And Faith shall see in coming time
The Gospel banner wide unfurled
O'er every land, in every clime;
Triumphant o'er a ransomed world. **B. H.**

LITTLE BARBARA'S HYMN.

"For God has not appointed us to wrath, but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ, who died for us, that whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with Him."—1 THESS. v. 9, 10.

A MOTHER stood by her spinning-wheel,
Winding the yarn on an ancient reel;

As she counted the threads in the twilight dim,
She murmured the words of a quaint old hymn:
*"Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake."*

Little Barbara, watching the spinning-wheel,
And keeping time with her toe and heel
To the hum of the thread and her mother's
 song,
Sang, in her own sweet voice, ere long,
*"Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake."*

That night, in her dreams, as she sleeping lay,
Over and over the scenes of the day
Came back, till she seemed to hear again
The hum of the thread and the quaint old
 strain:
*"Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake."*

Next morning, with bounding heart and feet,
Little Barbara walked in the crowded street;
And up to her lips, as she passed along,
Rose the tender words of her mother's song:
*"Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake."*

A wanderer sat on a wayside stone,
Weary and sighing, sick and alone;
But he raised his head with a look of cheer
As the gentle tones fell on his ear:
*"Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake."*

Toiling all day in a crowded room,
A worker stood at her noisy loom;
A voice came up through the ceaseless din,
These words at the window floated in:
*"Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake."*

A mourner sat by her loved one's bier,
The sun seemed darkened, the world was drear;
But her sobs were stilled, and her cheek grew
As she listened to Barbara, passing by: [dry,
*"Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake."*

A sufferer lay on his bed of pain,
With burning brow and throbbing brain;
The notes of the child were heard once more,
As she chanted low at his open door:
*"Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake."*

Once and again, as the day passed by,
And the shades of the evening time drew nigh,
Like the voice of a friend, or the carol of birds,
Came back to his thoughts those welcome
words:
*"Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake."*

Alike in all hearts, as the years went on,
The infant's voice rose up anon,
In the grateful words that cheered their way,
Of the hymn little Barbara sang that day:
*"Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake."*

Perhaps, when the labor of life is done,
And they lay down their burdens, one by one,
Forgetting forever these days of pain,
They will take up together the sweet refrain:
*"Whether we sleep, or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake."* L. C

YOUR MISSION.

"But to do good and to communicate forget not: for with such sacrifices God is well pleased."—HEB. xiii. 16.

If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain steep and high
You can stand within the valley,
As the multitude go by;
You can chant in happy measure,
As they slowly pass along,
Though they may forget the singer
They will not forget the song.

If you have not gold and silver,
Ever ready to command;
If you cannot toward the needy
Reach an ever open hand—
You can visit the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep,
You can be a true disciple
Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

If you cannot in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true;
If where fire and smoke are thickest
There's no work for you to do—

When the battle-field is silent,
 You can go with silent tread,
 You can bear away the wounded
 You can cover up the dead.

Do not then stand idly waiting,
 For some greater work to do;
 Fortune is a lazy goddess,
 She will never come to you.
 Go and toil in any vineyard,
 Do not fear to do or dare,
 If you want a field of labor,
 You will find it anywhere.

WHY DOST THOU WAIT.

"The Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that hear
 eth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whoso-
 ever will, let him take the water of life freely."—REV. xxii. 17.

POOR, trembling lamb! Ah, who outside the fold
 Has bid thee stand, all weary as thou art,
 Dangers around thee, and the bitter cold
 Creeping and growing to thine inmost heart!
 Who bids thee wait till some mysterious feeling,
 Thou knowest not what—perchance mayst
 never know—
 Shall find thee where in darkness thou art
 kneeling,
 And fill thee with a rich and wondrous glow
 Of love and faith; and change to warmth and
 light
 The chill and darkness of thy spirit's night?

For miracles like this, who bids thee wait?

Behold, "The Spirit and the Bride say,
'Come.'"

The tender Shepherd opens wide the gate,
And in His love would gently lead thee home.
Why shouldst thou wait? Long centuries ago,
Thou timid lamb, the Shepherd paid for
thee.

Thou art His own. Wouldst thou His beauty
know,
Nor trust the love which yet thou canst not
see?

Thou hast not learned this lesson to receive:—
More blessed are they who see not, yet believe.

Still dost thou wait for feeling? Dost thou say,
"Fain would I love and trust, but hope is
dead.

I have no faith, and without faith, who may
Rest in the blessing which is only shed
Upon the faithful? I must stand and wait."
Not so. The Shepherd does not ask of thee
Faith in thy faith, but only faith in Him.

And this He meant in saying, "Come to Me."
In light or darkness, seek to do His will,
And leave the work of faith to Jesus still.

THE LORD HEAR THEE.

“The Lord fulfill all thy petitions.”—Ps. xx. v.

WHENE’ER thou bendest silently in fervent
thought of wordless prayer,
And dare not even breathe aloud the impassioned wish which none may share—
The want which burns as secret fire—God grant
to thee thy heart’s desire.

Whene’er from thy blanched lips shall come
the startled cry of human pain,
Of grief that cannot be controlled, of tears and
labor spent in vain,
The Lord come very near to thee, and hear and
bless and answer thee.

When thou art weary and alone amid the dark
and silent night,
And no loved voice shall bid thee hope, no kind
hands lead thee in the light,
God listen to thy whispered prayer, and make
thee happy in His care.

When a dear name is on thy lips, and thy great
love has made thee bold
To ask God’s richest, rarest gifts, His hidden
wealth of gems and gold,
Oh, not in vain thy prayer shall be, for God
THY FRIEND, will answer thee.

When, knowing best the highest joys, thou dost
not ask for wealth or fame,
But, with strong heart and earnest eyes, pray,
“Father, glorify Thy name!”
God hear thee when thou thus shalt call, and
grant thee this best boon of all.

And, though the answer come by fire, in storm,
and darkness, and unrest,
In strife of life, and pain of soul, O child of God!
thou shalt be blest,
No matter what may else betide, if God by thee
is glorified.

So in His mightiness of love, God thy petitions
all fulfill,
And (we would not dictate to Him) in ways ac-
cording to His will,
Give thee always thy heart's request, until in
Him thy soul shall rest.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

THE GOLDEN SIDE.

“Now, the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believ-
ing, that ye may abound in hope, through the power of the Holy
Ghost.”—ROM. xv. 13.

THERE is many a rest in the road of life,
If we only would stop to take it;
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querulous heart would make it.

To the sunny soul, that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green, and the flowers are bright,
Though the wintry storm prevaieth.

Better to hope though the clouds hang low
And to keep the eyes still lifted,
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through,
When the ominous clouds are rifted!
There was never a night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning;
And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jeweled crown.
Or the miser's hoarded treasure;
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayers to heaven,
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart,
And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the delicate, minute threads
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame Heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit and grieve and wonder.

M. A. KIDDER.

MY CRY.

"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."—Ps. cxxvi. 6.

I HAVE toiled at my work all day, Father,
Toiled at my work all day;
And now as evening shadows fall
I humbly kneel to pray.

Thou gavest me the work, Father,
And bad'st me patient be;
So now the story of the day
I bring and tell to Thee.

Let not my toil be vain, Father,
Some fruitage may I see;
Something to tell my drooping faith
That 'twill accepted be.

I toil in weakness oft, Father,
In weariness and pain;
Oh, grant that all my earthly loss
May prove eternal gain!

Oft when I catch the gleam, Father,
Of fair, wide harvest-fields,
And hear the reaper's song of joy,
To grief my spirit yields.

For I long to join their ranks, Father,
And swell their happy song,

To bring my sheaves at eventide
With the rejoicing throng.

My work is in the vale, Father,
Not on the busy plain;
Yet though I glean but one poor sheaf,
Oh, say 'tis not in vain!

And help me work with joy, Father,
In high or low estate;
Content with all Thy love appoints,
To "labor and to wait."

WE ALL MIGHT DO GOOD.

"As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men."—GAL. vi. 10.

We all might do good
Where we often do ill—
There is always the way
If there be but the will;
Though it be but a word
Kindly breathed or suppressed,
It may guard off some pain,
Or give peace to some breast.

We all might do good
In a thousand small ways —
In forbearing to flatter,
Yet yielding due praise;
In spurning ill rumor,
Reproving wrong done,
And treating but kindly
The heart we have won.

We all might do good
Whether lowly or great,
For the deed is not gauged
By the purse or estate;
If it be but a cup
Of cold water that's given;
Like the widow's two mites,
It is something for heaven.

THE HEAVENLY SOWING.

* Behold, the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and latter rain."—JAMES V. 7.

SOWER divine!
Sow the good seed in me,
Seed for eternity.
'Tis a rough, barren soil,
Yet by Thy care and toil,
Make it a fruitful field
An hundred fold to yield.
Sower divine!
Plough up this heart of mine!

Sower divine!
Quit not this wretched field,
Till Thou hast made it yield.
Sow Thou by day and night,
In darkness and in light.
Stay not Thy hand, but sow;
Then shall the harvest grow.
Sower divine!
Sow deep this heart of mine!

Sower divine!
Let not this barren clay
Lead Thee to turn away;
Let not my fruitlessness
Provoke Thee not to bless;
Let not this field be dry;
Refresh it from on high.
Sower divine!
Water this heart of mine!

HAVE FAITH AND STRUGGLE ON.

"And Jesus, answering, saith unto them, Have faith in God."
—MARK XI. 22.

A SWALLOW in the Spring
Came to our granary, and 'neath the eaves
Essayed to make a nest, and there did bring
Wet earth and straw and leaves.

Day after day she toiled,
With patient art, but ere her work was crowned,
Some sad mishap the tiny fabric spoiled,
And dashed it to the ground.

She found the ruin wrought,
But, not cast down, forth from the place she
flew,
And with her mate fresh earth and grasses
brought
And built her nest anew.

But scarcely had she placed
The last soft feather on its ample floor,

When wicked hand, or chance, again laid waste,
And wrought the ruin o'er.

But still her heart she kept,
And toiled again; and last night, hearing calls,
I looked, and lo! three little swallows slept
Within the earth-made walls.

What Truth is here, O Man!
Hath Hope been smitten in its early dawn?
Hath cloud o'ercast thy purpose, trust, or plan?
Have FAITH, and struggle on!

TRANSMITTED FAULTS.

"Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines; for our vines have tender grapes."—CANT. ii. 15.

LITTLE foxes spoiling
The beloved vine,
Trusted to my tending
By the One Divine;
Little foxes, wherefore
Have ye entrance found
To the vine so precious,
Growing in my ground?

Have ye leaped the fences—
Have ye climbed the wall?
Were there tiny openings?
Ye are very small;
And ye can creep so slyly
Through a crevice space;
But I thought I closed up
Every open place.

And I watched by daylight,
And I watched by night;
For the vine that you are spoiling
Is my heart's delight.
I have kept the earth worm
From its precious root;
I have trimmed its branches,
But it bears no fruit!

For the little foxes
Have assailed the vine,
Trusted to my tending,
By the One Divine.
But though I've been faithful
Since its birthday morn,
They were in the garden
When the babe was born.

For they are the failings
That I could not see,
When they were *my* failings,
When they dwelt in me.
Little faults unheeded,
That I now despise;
For my baby took them,
With my hair and eyes.

And I chide her often,
For I know I must;
But I do it always,
Bowed down to dust.
With a face all crimsoned
With a burning blush,
And an inward whisper
That I cannot hush.

O, my Father, pity!
 Pity and forgive ;
 Slay the little foxes
 I allowed to live
 Till they left the larger
 For the smaller vine;
 Till they touched the dear life,
 Dearer far than mine.

O, my Father, hear me!
 Make my darling thine;
 Though I am so human,
 Make her all divine.
 Slay the little foxes,
 That both vines may be
 Laden with fruit worthy
 To be offered Thee.

M. C.

AS ONE WHOM HIS MOTHER COM-
 FORTETH.

“As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you
 and ye *shall* be comforted.”—Is. lxi. 13.

LORD, a little tired child
 Comes to Thee this day for rest!
 Take it—fold it in Thine arms—
 Soothe its head upon Thy breast.

Through a night of wind and storm,
 By a dark and lonely sea,
 Beaten back by breakers strong,
~~Has~~ its pathway seemed to be.

Weary, breathless, battered, bruised,
Lo! it leans on Thee for rest;
Take it—fold it in Thine arms,
Soothe its head upon Thy breast!

Whisper, as it sleepeth there,
Tenderest, sweetest lullabies;
Till it smiles, as infants do,
Dreaming of the happy skies.

Then, dear Lord, thus comforted,
Rested with Thy perfect rest,
It shall sing to weary hearts
What it learned upon Thy breast.

NOT IN VAIN.

“Then I said, I have labored in vain. I have spent my strength for nought, and in vain; yet surely my judgment is with the Lord and my work with my God.”—Is. xlix. 4.

“I HAVE labored in vain,” a teacher said,
And her brow was marked by care;
“I have labored in vain.” She bowed her head,
And bitter and sad were the tears she shed,
In that moment of dark despair.

“I am weary and worn, and my hands are weak,
And my courage is well nigh gone;
For none give heed to the words I speak,
And in vain for a promise of fruit I seek,
Where the seed of the Word is sown.”

And again with a sorrowful heart she wept,
For her spirit with grief was stirred;
Till the night grew dark—and at last she slept,
And silent and calm o'er her spirit crept,
And a whisper of "peace" was heard.

And she thought in her dreams that the soul
took flight,
To a blest and bright abode;
She saw a throne of dazzling light,
And harps were ringing, and robes were white,
Made white in a Saviour's blood.

And she saw such a countless throng around,
As she never had seen before;
And their brows with jewels of light were
crowned,
And sorrow and sighing no place had found,
For the troubles of time were o'er.

Then a white-robed maiden came forth and
said,
"Joy! joy! for thy trials are past!
I am one that thy gentle words have led
In the narrow pathway of life to tread—
I welcome thee home at last!"

And the teacher gazed on the maiden's face;
She had seen that face on earth,
When, with anxious heart, in her wonted place
She had told her charge of a Saviour's grace,
And their need of a second birth.

Then the teacher smiled, and an angel said,
"Go forth to thy work again;
It is not in vain that the seed is shed;

If only *one* soul to the cross is led,
Thy labor is not in vain."

And at last she woke, and her knee she bent,
In grateful child-like prayer—
And she prayed till an answer of peace was sent,
And faith and hope as a rainbow blent,
O'er the clouds of her earthly care.

And she rose in joy, and her eye was bright,
Her sorrow and grief had fled—
And her soul was calm and her heart was light,
For her hands were strong in her Saviour's
 might,
As forth to her work she sped.

Then rise, fellow-teacher, onward go!
Wide scatter the precious grain—
Though the fruit may never be seen below,
Be sure that the seed of the Word shall grow;
Toil on in faith, and thou soon shalt know
 "Thy labor is not in vain!"

"WHAT MATTER?"

"Wherefore, let them that suffer according to the will of God
commit the keeping of their souls to him in well-doing, as unto
a faithful Creator."—1 PETER iv. 19.

WHAT matter, friend, though you and I
May sow, and others gather?
We build, and others occupy,
Each laboring for the other?

What though we toil, from sun to sun,
 And men forget to flatter
 The noblest work our hands have done—
 If God approves, What matter?

What matter, though we sow in tears,
 And crops fail at the reaping?
 What though the fruit of patient years
 Fast perish in our keeping?
 Upon our hoarded treasures, floods
 Arise, and tempests scatter—
 If faith beholds, beyond the clouds,
 A clearer sky, What matter?

What matter, though our castles fall,
 And disappear while building;
 Though "strange handwriting on the wall"
 Flame out amid the gilding?
 Though every idol of the heart
 The hand of death may shatter,
 Though hopes decay, and friends depart,
 If Heaven be ours, What matter?

H. W. TELLER.

REST.

"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God." -
HEB. iv. 9.

THERE remaineth, it is written,
 For the people of our God,
 Rest, a peaceful rest in heaven,
 When we sleep beneath the sod.

When these fragile forms are resting
In their low and quiet bed,
And the beauteous flowers are springing
From the turf above our head,
And the holy angels keeping
Watch above our sleeping dust,
Then our ransomed souls are resting
With the God in whom we trust.
Now, each fleeting hour is bearing
Down to death's cold, sullen stream,
Souls immortal, souls unransomed,
Rouse thee, 'tis no time to dream!
Christian, gird thee with thine armor,
Soon, oh, soon, thou'lt lay it down!
And thy sword and shield and helmet,
Change for an immortal crown.
Let thy crown be glittering brightly
With the souls whom thou hast won,
Then thy ransomed soul will sweetly
Rest in heaven when life is done.

EFFIE JOHNSON.

THE UNPROFITABLE SERVANT.

redeeming the time, because the days are evil."—EPI. v. 16

In a napkin smooth and white,
Hidden from all mortal sight,
My one talent lies to-night.

Mine to hoard, or mine to use,
Mine to keep, or mine to lose;
May I not do what I choose?

Ah! the gift was only lent.
With the Giver's known intent,
That it should be wisely spent.

And I know He will demand
Every farthing at my hand,
When I in His presence stand.

What will be my grief and shame,
When I hear my humble name,
And cannot repay His claim!

One poor talent—nothing more!
All the years that have gone o'er
Have not added to the store.

Some will double what they hold,
Others add to it ten-fold,
And pay back the shining gold.

Would that I had toiled like them!
All my sloth I now condemn:
Guilty fears my soul o'erwhelm.

Lord, O teach me what to do!
Make me faithful, make me true,
And the sacred trust renew.

Help me, ere too late it be,
Something yet to do for Thee,
Thou who hast done all for me.

IS YOUR LAMP BURNING?

' Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.'—
MATT. v. 16.

A party of young friends rambling through "The Glen" at Newport on a rural excursion, found the following lines, 8th mo. 31st, 1869:

"Say, is your lamp burning, my brother?
I pray you look quickly and see;
For if it were burning, then surely
Some beams would fall bright upon me.

"Straight, straight is the road, but I falter,
And oft I fall out by the way;
Then lift your lamp higher, my brother,
Lest I should make fatal delay.

"There are many and many around you
Who follow wherever you go;
If you thought that they walked in the shadow,
Your lamp would burn brighter, I know.

"Upon the dark mountains they stumble,
They are bruised on the rocks, and they lie
With their white pleading faces turned upward
To the clouds and the pitiful sky.

"There is many a lamp that is lighted,
We behold them anear and afar,
But not many among them, my brother,
Shine steadily on like a star.

"I think, were they trimmed night and morning,
 They would never burn down or go out,
 Though from the four quarters of heaven
 The winds were all blowing about.

"If once all the lamps that are lighted
 Should steadily blaze in a line,
 Wide over the land and the ocean,
 What a girdle of glory would shine!

"How all the dark places would brighten!
 How the mists would roll up and away!
 How the earth would laugh out in her gladness
 To hail the millennial day!

"Say, is your lamp burning, my brother?
 I pray you look quickly and see,
 For if it were burning, then surely
 Some beam would fall bright upon me."

A S E E D .

"And he said, So is the kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed into the ground; and should sleep, and rise night and day, and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how."—MARK IV. 26, 27.

I HELD a seedling in my hand
 When sowing time had flown,
 And with one loving, passing wish,
 I dropped it by a stone.

I went my way, nor heeded more
 The hasty, trifling thing;
 I scarcely deemed from such a soil
 A living plant could spring

The spring had ripened and had died,
The sweet mid-summer shone,
When from my window I espied,
A beauty by the stone.

A shape, a lovely hue; I guessed
Some little prancing lass,
Had shaken from her merry curls
A ribbon to the grass.

Yet day by day it sparkled there,
By sun unchanged or dew:
And then the brilliance strange and fair
Enticed a closer view.

A blossom in whose satin cup
Heaven's radiance seemed to shine!
"O brave, sweet flower!" I softly said,
And stooped as to a shrine:

"How camest thou here?" And then my thought
On memory's simple track,
Brought with a smile of tender joy
My careless sowing back.

"O heart," I cried, "that loves to sow,
Though rare the chance to reap,
How know'st thou where thy seed may grow
When thou shalt work or sleep!

"Have faith henceforth in every good;
In slightest word or deed;
For nought thy hand may sow for God
Shall prove a wasted seed!"

RIPE WHEAT.

"Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season."—JOB v. 26.

We bent to-day o'er a coffined form,
And our tears fell softly down;
We looked our last on the aged face,
With its look of peace, its patient grace,
And hair like a silver crown.

We touched our own to the clay-cold hands,
From life's long labor at rest;
And among the blossoms, white and sweet,
We noted a bunch of golden wheat,
Clasped close to the silent breast.

The blossoms whispered of fadeless bloom,
Of a land where fall no tears;
The ripe wheat told of toil and care,
The patient waiting, the trusting prayer,
The garnered good of the years.

We knew not what work her hands had found,
What rugged places her feet;
What cross was hers, what blackness of night;
We saw but the peace, the blossoms white,
And the bunch of ripened wheat.

As each goes up from the fields of earth,
Bearing the treasures of life,
God looks for some gathered grain of good,
From the ripe harvest that shining stood,
But waiting the reaper's knife.

Then labor well, that in death you go
 Not only with blossoms sweet,—
 Not bent with doubt, and burdened with fears
 And dead, dry husks of the wasted years,—
 But laden with golden wheat.

S O W I N G .

“Be not deceived, God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.”—GAL. vi. 7.

ARE we sowing seeds of kindness?
 They shall blossom bright ere long.
 Are we sowing seeds of discord?
 They shall ripen into wrong.
 Are we sowing seeds of honor?
 They shall bring forth golden grain.
 Are we sowing seeds of falsehood?
 We shall yet reap bitter pain.
 Whatsoe'er our sowing be,
 Reaping, we its fruits must see.

We can never be too careful
 What the seed our hands shall sow;
 Love from love is sure to ripen.
 Hate from hate is sure to grow.
 Seeds of good or ill we scatter
 Heedlessly along our way;
 But a glad or grievous fruitage
 Waits us at the harvest day.
 Whatsoe'er our sowing be,
 Reaping, we its fruits must see.

'A LITTLE WHILE.'

"A little while, and ye shall not see me: and again a little while, and ye shall see me; because I go to the Father."—JNO. xvi. 16.

"A LITTLE while,"
 Lone pilgrim, hear the word
 Of thy dear absent Lord;
 He said thou shouldst not see him for a while,
 The dark defile
 Of life doth briefly hide his tender smile.

"A little while,"
 The veil may intervene,
 And darkness hang between
 The form thou lovest and thy weary eyes;
 The mists will rise,
 And that will be a sweet and strange surprise

"A little while,"
 And life's dark passing storm,
 Shall change to sunlight warm,
 And all with these shall be eternal calm,
 And angel psalm
 Shall on thy spirit pour its healing balm.

"A little while,"
 And thou shalt strangely hear,
 The accents soft and clear,
 Of olden voices ring familiarly,
 And O to thee,
 How sweet will those glad words of welcome be

“A little while,”
And softly gliding out
From this dark sea of doubt,
Thy thought will rise and wing its easy flight
Through paths of light,
And thou shalt look upon the Infinite.

“A little while,”
Thy weary pilgrim feet
Upon the golden street
Will stand, and down the shining avenue,
With radiance new,
Thine own eternal mansion thou shalt view.

“A little while,”
Pursue the way of faith,
Though toilsome be the path;
Some day the darksome haze will vanish quite,
And on the sight,
Celestial morn will drop its changeless light.

REV. DWIGHT WILLIAMS.

CHRIST'S SYMPATHY.

“I, even I, am he that comforteth you.”—Is. li. 12.

If Jesus came on earth again,
And walked and talked in field and street,
Who would not lay his human pain
Low at those heavenly feet?
And leave the loom, and leave the lute,
And leave the volume on the shelf,
To follow Him, unquestioning, mute,
If 'twere the Lord himself?

How many a brow with care o'erworn,
How many a heart with grief o'erladen,
How many a man with woe forlorn,
How many a mourning maiden,

Would leave the baffling earthly prize,
Which fails the earthly weak endeavor,
To gaze into those holy eyes,
And drink content forever!

His sheep along the cool, the shade,
By the still watercourse He leads;
His lambs upon His breast are laid:
His hungry ones He feeds.

And I, where'er He went would go,
Nor question where the path might lead,
Enough to know that here below
I walked with God, indeed!

If it be thus, O Lord of mine,
In absence is Thy love forgot,
And must I when I walk repine,
Because I see Thee not?

If this be thus, if this be thus,
Since our poor prayers yet reach Thee, Lord!
Since we are weak, once more to us
Reveal the living Word!

O nearer to me, in the dark
Of life's low hours, one moment stand,
And give me keener eyes to mark
The moving of Thy hand.

A PLEA FOR HOME MISSIONS.

"My sheep wandered through all the mountains, and upon every high hill: yea, my flock was scattered upon all the face of the earth, and none did search or seek after them."—EZEK. xxxiv. 6.

FROM every court and by-way,
Where sin and sorrow meet;
From every lane and highway,
From every crowded street;
From every town and city,
From every hill and vale,
Comes up a cry for pity,
A never-ending wail!

O ye who serve the Master,
Enlisted in His cause,
Would ye speed on the faster
The triumph of His laws?
Go, then, with succor speedy,
And stand up for the right;
Go to the poor and needy,
And bring them to the light.

To every heathen nation
We tell the Saviour's love,
While full and deep salvation
Comes to them from above.
But, while with strong endeavor,
We strive to make *them* free,
Let us relinquish never
Heathen this side the sea.

High floats the Gospel banner,
In every land unfurled,
And loud the glad hosanna
Rings back from all the world.
But while these cares enslave us
To lead *these* near the Throne,
God, in His mercy, save us
From passing by our own!

F. FOXCROFT.

OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

“For precept must be upon precept, precept upon precept; line upon line; here a little, and there a little.”—Is. xxviii. 10.

OVER and over again,
No matter which way I turn,
I always find in the Book of Life
Some lesson I have to learn.
I must take my turn at the mill,
I must grind out the golden grain,
I must work at my task with a resolute will,
Over and over again.

We cannot measure the need
Of even the tiniest flower,
Nor check the flow of the golden sands
That run through a single hour.
But the morning dews must fall;
And the sun and the summer rain
Must do their part, and perform it all
Over and over again.

Over and over again

The brook through the meadow flows,
And over and over again

The ponderous mill-wheel goes.
Once doing will not suffice,
Though doing be not in vain,
And a blessing, failing us once or twice,
May come if we try again.

The path that has once been trod

Is never so rough to the feet;
And the lesson we once have learned
Is never so hard to repeat.
Though sorrowful tears may fall,
And the heart to its depths be riven
With storm and tempest, we need them all
To render us meet for Heaven.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

A STRAY LAMB.

“For thus saith the Lord God, Behold, I, even I, will both search my sheep, and seek them out.”—EZEK. xxxiv. 11.

O, TENDER Shepherd, gather my lamb
Into Thy fold!
How can I sleep while he is astray
On the mountains cold?

Behold, I watch through the perilous night
With dreary fears;
Seeking my lamb with longing eyes
That are dim with tears.

O, infinite Heart! that for such as he
 Bore mortal woe,
Is he not dearer to Thee than to me,
 Though I love him so?

Seeking my lamb on the mountain-side
 And wastes forlorn,
I meet Thee, Shepherd, with bleeding feet
 And crown of thorn.

And while, thus watching, I hope and pray
 The long night through,
It is comfort and rest to feel and know
 Thou art watching too.

And surely Thou, with Thy rod and staff,
 Will fold him in
Safe, safe at last from the snares of the foe,
 And the wilds of sin.

Oh, if he came not, my soul would stand
 At the pearly gate—
Missing my lamb from the heavenly fold—
 And weep and wait.

Speak to me, comfort me, Lord of Life!
 Make me sure of this—
That he will be with me before Thy throne
 In the world of bliss.

GOD'S WAYS.

"O Lord, Thou hast searched me and known me. Thou knowest my down-sitting and mine up-rising; Thou understandest my thought afar off."—Ps. cxxxix. 1, 2.

How manifold the ways
 (Wisdom with love allied)
God takes with us to make us know
 Our weakness and our pride!

I said, "I will commit
 My future to my Lord;
Dear Father, what I give Thee keep,
 According to Thy word."

Ah, then I felt secure,
 Since wherefore should I doubt?
Would He not bless me, keep me, guide,
 And guard my way about?

For, surely, He would own
 Such royal faith as mine;
Would nourish me with heavenly fruits
 And comfort me with wine;

And I should sail with Him
 O'er seas serenely calm;
Had He not cordials if I ailed,
 Or, if I languished, balm?

I conned the promise o'er—
 "Who trusts the Lord alone

Shall want no good thing," till I deemed
The universe my own.

And claimed, by right of gift,
All pleasant things and fair;
Was I not partner with His Son,
Christ's brother and God's heir?

And so I hugged my greed,
And called it faith and trust;
Forgetting who his life would save
His life must first be lost.

Unmindful, too, of this:
"Who my true child would be
Must count it joy to suffer loss
And bear the cross for me."

And this: "Whom I do love
I scourge and chasten sore;
Whom I love most I chasten most,
That such may love me more."

Oh, ignorant and vain!
Oh, blind and impotent!
I woke to find my riches gone
And all my treasure spent.

For he did hedge me round,
My God did press me sore;
I looked, and there was none to help,
Behind me, nor before.

Then my rebellious heart
Grew callous as a stone.

"God is not Love," I said; "He sits
A tyrant on His throne!"

And still He pressed me hard,
And still He held the rod;
'Till, softened and subdued, I cried:
"Thy will be done, O God!"

"Take what Thou wilt away,
Only give Thou Thyself!"
And now I serve my God for love,
And not for sordid pelf.

And yet too oft my heart
Forgetful proves, and strays
From duty's plain and pleasant paths,
Into forbidden ways.

But He as oft recalls,
By kindness or by smart,
And makes me trust Him more the while
I more distrust my heart.

And so He leads me on:
Oh, may He lead me still,
'Till, sanctified and saved at last,
I do His perfect will.

CAROLINE A. MASON.

"IN THE MORNING SOW THY SEED."

"Go, husbandman and sow."—Eccl. xi. 6.

Go, husbandman and sow!
The dew is on the lawn,
The rosy-tinted dawn

Invites thy coming—go;
Give to the bosom of the earth thy grain:
The harvest-reaping will restore again.

Go, gentle mother, sow!
Celestial soil is thine,
And Life's young morning time
In all its joyous glow; [spring
Plant seeds of love and truth from which will
Flowers that will know eternal blossoming.

Go, faithful teacher, sow!
Gather the outcasts in
From haunts of vice and sin,
When baleful evils grow;
Gather them gently—lift their hearts above
And ope the wonders of a Saviour's love.

Go, humble preacher, sow!
Spread that which God has given
Fresh from the stores of heaven,—
No other garner know;
Go scatter broadcast, plenteous and free,
The seed which freely was dispensed to thee.

Go, earnest thinker, sow!
That which is just and good
Should not a solitude
Within thy bosom know;
It hath a mission—let the worker forth
To course its orbit 'mong the spheres of earth.

Go every one, and sow!
To the *immortal mind*
God never has assigned

A life supine below,
Talents must be improved, however few,
To meet approval at the great review.

The field is large and wide,
And each must act a part,
For He who knows the heart
Has proffered us a guide:
And his unerring index in the breast
Will designate the work that suits him best.
M. A. B.

NEW-YEAR RETROSPECT.

“Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart
be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Re-
deemer.”—Ps. xix. 14.

RETRACE the months,—what hast thou done
The youth around thee to improve?
What, through the year whose course has run,
To win them to a Saviour's love!

Has kind instruction been distilled
From morning's dawn till evening's shade?
Were hours of relaxation filled
With usefulness that ne'er betrayed?

Has discipline held fast the rein,
With prudent, firm, yet gentle hand,
Those infant vices to restrain,
That sought thy counsel to withstand?

And hast thou thine own weakness felt,
Thy constant need of help divine?

And when in secret thou hast knelt,
Has faith declared each promise thine?

Hast thou besought the Lord to bring
The tender children to His feet,
That they might own their Sovereign King,
Confessing that His love is great?

Hast felt that they were not too young
His pard'ning mercy to receive,
And mingle in the convert's song?
And feeling, couldst thou still believe?

Look back, my soul, impartial trace
The scenes of the departed year;
Implore forgiveness, seek for grace,
And heaven in mercy heed thy prayer.

A GERMAN TRUST SONG.

"Blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city."—REV. xxii. 14.

JUST as God leads me I would go;
I would not ask to choose my way;
Content with what He will bestow,
Assured He will not let me stray.
So as He leads, my path I make,
And step by step I gladly take,
A child in Him confiding.

Just as God leads, I am content;
I rest me calmly in His hands;
That which He has decreed and sent—

That which His will for me commands,
I would that He should all fulfill,
That I should do His gracious will
In living or in dying.

Just as God leads, I all resign,
I trust me to my Father's will;
When reason's rays deceptive shine,
His counsel would I yet fulfill;
That which His love ordained as right,
Before He brought me to the light,
My all to Him resigning.

Just as God leads me, I abide
In faith, in hope, in suffering, true;
His strength is ever by my side—
Can aught my hold on Him undo?
I hold me firm in patience, knowing
That God my life is still bestowing—
The best in kindness sending.

Just as God leads, I onward go,
Oft amid thorns and briers keen;
God does not yet His guidance show—
But in the end it shall be seen
How by a loving father's will,
Faithful and true He leads me still
Thus anchored, faith is resting.

LAMPERTUS, 1735.

A LESSON.

“ Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning ”—Ps. xxx. 5.

WE daily walk the crowded street,
Nor heed the sky above us:
We seldom say to those we meet
That there is *One* to love us.
With toil and care our days are rife,
Made sad by fears and sighing;
This struggle is what we call *Life*,
And yet we shrink from dying!

We mourn earth's early broken ties,
As if naught could restore them,
And with tear-dimmed and hopeless eyes
We scatter pale flowers o'er them.
The faith that should be strong to bless
Is scarcely self-sustaining;
And in the hour of deep distress
No refuge is remaining.

Oh, weak in trust, and dim in sight!
When will ye heed the teaching,
That heaven is never out of sight,
Nor God beyond our reaching?
The years roll on with loss and gain,
And joy comes after sorrow:
To-day we plant in grief and pain,
And gladly reap to-morrow.

And yet perchance our faith to try,
God sendeth waiting weary,
And we grope on, 'neath clouded sky,
In pathways lone and dreary.

It matters not, for soon or late,
Life's lesson will be ended;
And we shall enter heaven's gate,
By angel forms attended!

KATE CAMERON.

DEBBY WARE.

"And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily, I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."—MATT. x. 42

DEBBY was such a queer old thing
I scarce can tell what she was;
She squinted her eyes, and mumbled her lips,
And twirled her thumbs from knuckles to tips,
And her voice was shrill and cross.

Debby lived in a queer old house,
As gloomy and rough as she;
Weeds and briars ran wild in the yard,
And the garden soil was barren and hard,
With its half lifeless tree.

Nobody cared for Debby much,
Nobody tried to care,
Till one sweet maiden whose heart bestowed
Such riches of love they overflowed,
Had found poor Debby Ware.

Debby at first was shy and cold,
For love was so strange to her,
But never a heart is wholly bad,
And never a life but may be glad
If its waves an angel stir.

And Debby learned for a coming friend
With a joyful watch to gaze;
She trimmed the thistles from gate to door,
And brushed her garments, and sanded her
With thrifty, womanly ways. [floor

Debby was such a queer old thing,
But when the sweet maiden spoke,
The mumbling mouth and the squinting eyes,
Answered with gentle and wise replies,
As her heart's long silence broke.

The maiden with Christly love had brought
The pitying Christ to her;
And peace unwonted illumined her mien,
Like one whose dwelling of old had been
But a vacant sepulchre.

Life's highways have many a tomb,
With tenant of grief or sin;
Where are the angels, through briers and weeds,
To find the door of their glooms and needs,
And wait upon Jesus in?

A little love for the Master's sake
Is a trifling thing to spare;
But if poor Debby should stand at last,
With the white robe over her queerness cast,
Would it be a trifle there? E. L. E.

WHO SHALL ROLL AWAY THE STONE ?

“ And they said among themselves, Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre ? And when they looked, they saw that the stone was rolled away.”—MARK xvi. 3, 4.

WHAT poor weeping ones were saying
 Eighteen hundred years ago,
 We, the same weak faith betraying,
 Say in our sad hours of woe ;
 Looking at some trouble lying
 In the dark and dread unknown,
 We, too, often ask with sighing,
 “ Who shall roll away the stone ? ”

Thus with care our spirits crushing,
 When they might from care be free.
 And in joyous song outgushing,
 Rise, with rapture, Lord, to Thee—
 For before the way was ended.
 Oft we’ve had with joy to own,
 Angels have from heaven descended,
 And have rolled away the stone.

Many a storm-cloud sweeping o’er us,
 Never pours on us its rain ;
 Many a grief we see before us,
 Never comes to cause us pain ;
 Ofttimes in the feared to-morrow
 Sunshine comes—the cloud has flown—
 Ask not then in foolish sorrow,
 “ Who shall roll away the stone ? ”

Burden not thy soul with sadness,
 Make a wiser, better choice;
 Drink the wine of life with gladness—
 God doth bid thee, man, rejoice.
 In to-day's bright sunshine basking,
 Leave to-morrow's fears alone;
 Spoil not present joys by asking,
 "Who shall roll away the stone?"

"HIGHWAYS AND HEDGES."

"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled."—LUKE xiv. 23.

"HIGHWAYS and hedges!" And what do they mean?—
 Something more than a road, and a rampart of green,
 Though the thousands that traverse the old beaten road,
 As they pass to and from their sweet daily abode;
 Or who on a summer's eve thread the green lane,
 Where Peace loves t' abide, and sweet Flora to reign,
 See nothing of sorrow, of sin, or of woe,
 While a smile on the road or the lane they bestow.
 But *are* there no heart-throbs in street or in lane—
 No sorrows to lighten, no trophies to gain—
 No children to rescue, no children to save,
 As through highway and byway they pass to the grave?

Say, art thou a merchantman, seeking for
pearls?

Oh, seek them not where the blue wave sports
and curls?

'Tis true they *are* pretty, those white little
globes,

Which deck the fair maiden, her hair and her
robes;

But oh, what are they to those pearls, without
price,

Which lie hid from the eye in the ocean of vice!

Say, art thou a merchantman? Trade for a
heart!

No jewel, no pearl, such a thrill will impart
To thy soul, to thy frame, as when safe on the
shore

A pearl thou hast landed, neglected before.

Ten thousand such pearls may be met with to-
day,

In the alley, the by-lane, the dusty highway.

Go seek them, ye merchantmen; buy them and
save,

No price is too great, be it *all* that you have.

A Merchantman once left His home in the skies,
Came seeking such pearls, but He sought in
disguise;

He found them in hedges, in highways, and lanes,
All crusted with dirt, all disfigured with stains.
But when He had found them, He bore them
away;

His bosom the casket, their rescue His pay.

One pearl He discovered. It lay at His feet.
 They told Him to spurn it—all vile and unmeet
 For a Merchant so wealthy, so princely as He.
 But say, *did* He spurn it? Come, merchant, and
 see!

What pearl is that set in the garland he wears?
 Ask Mary, "Who dried up her fountain of
 tears?"

What pearl is that other I see on His brow?—
 He found it: He bought it. Say where? Tell
 me how?

It was close to His side, when He hung on the
 cross,

Despising its shame—counting all things but
 dross,

That such pearls as these He might rescue and
 wear

Go seek them to save them—no jewels so rare!
 And when they are found, lay them down at His
 feet.

The prize, O how costly! the search, O how
 sweet!

CHARLOTTE SHIPMAN.

DRAWING WATER.

"Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of
 salvation."—Is. xli. 3.

I HAD drank with lip unsated
 Where the founts of pleasure burst;
 I had hewn out broken cisterns,
 And they mocked my spirit's thirst.

And I said, Life is a desert,
Hot and measureless and dry;
And God will not give me water,
Though I pray, and faint, and die!

Spoke there then a friend and brother,
"Rise and roll the stone away!
There are founts of life unspringing
In the pathway every day."

Then I said, my heart was sinful,—
Very sinful was my speech—
"All the wells of God's salvation
Are too deep for me to reach."

And he answered: "Rise and labor!
Doubt and idleness is death;
Shape thou out a goodly vessel
With the strong hands of thy faith!"

So I wrought and shaped the vessel,
Then knelt lowly, humbly there;
And I drew up living water,
With the golden chain of prayer.



SOWING IN HOPE.

"Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass."—Ps. xxxvii. 5.

"My words are poor and weak," I said, "they
pass
Like summer wind above the summer grass.

“To utter them seems idle and in vain;
I cannot hope to gather them again;

“And yet, impelled by some deep inward voice,
I must work on: I have no other choice.

“But oh, my words are poor and weak,” I said;
“The truth is quick, the utterance cold and
dead.”

“Nay, nay, not so,” He answered, “sow thy seed
Unquestioning, God knoweth there is need.

“For every grain of truth in weakness sown,
He watches over who protects His own.

“Though buried long, it shall spring up at length,
And shake like Lebanon its fruitful strength.”

He said, and left me, while I pondered o’er
The holy truths so often heard before.

And while I pondered, unawares there stole
A strange, sweet, subtile strength through all
my soul.

I rose and went my way, and asked no more
If words of mine had any fruit in store;

Content to drop my patient seed, although
My hands shall never gather where they strow;

Leaving the harvest, be it great or small,
In His dear keeping, who is all in all.

"GIVE THY STRENGTH UNTO THY
SERVANT."

"Give thy strength unto thy servant, and save the son of thine
handmaid."—Ps. lxxxvi. 16.

GIVE thy strength unto thy servant,
Weak and trembling in his way;
Let thy matchless grace imparted
Be sufficient for his day;
Let thy mighty hands uphold him,
Let thy truth engird him round;
Till at last, when Thou appearest,
May he in thy peace be found.

Give thy strength unto thy servant,
Standing in the battle's van;
Where his many foes are thronging,
Stronger than the arm of man;
Be his shield in hours of conflict,
Be his armor in the fight;
Be his Captain and deliverer,
Be his glory and his light.

Give thy strength unto thy servant,
When, in dark temptation's hour,
Human strength becomes as weakness
At the tempter's cruel power,
Then, O Master, ever faithful,
Let thy help supply my need;
Till I sing the song of triumph,
From temptation ever freed.

Give thy strength unto thy servant,
When my heart and flesh shall fail;
When the hopes of earth shall perish,
In death's dim and shadowy vale.
Trusting in thy sacred promise,
Let me on thine arm recline;
Knowing that, alive or dying,
I am still forever Thine.

Give thy strength unto thy servant,
In that dread approaching day;
When the King shall come to judgment,
And the world shall pass away;
When the youths are faint and weary,
And no hand can help afford;
Let me mount on wings as eagles,
And be ever with the Lord.

Heart oppressed with griefs, and broken,
Vainly longing for a rest,
Lo! to you the Lord has spoken,
He hath said the sad are blest,
Thou hast prayed and longed in sadness,
And hast sighed to see His face;
Oh, lift up thy heart with gladness,
For thy tears are of His grace.

All thy longings and thy pleadings
Are the voice of God within,
By His Spirit's intercedings
Breaking off the yoke of sin.
All thy seeking for thy Saviour
Is the Saviour *seeking* thee,
And thy longings for His favor
Are His yearnings deep o'er thee.

Then take courage, sad and mourning,
Though thy hope be long delayed;
'Tis God's Spirit gives thy longing,
In this trust be undismayed.
To His throne thy sighings gather;
For in these His Spirit mild,
As thy heart cries, "O my Father!"
Answers back, "My child! my child!"

ABIDING WITH GOD.

"And hereby we know that He abideth in us, by the Spirit, which He hath given us."—1 JOHN iii. 24.

CHILD of the Kingdom, born into Christ!
Follow the path your Master has trod;
Fear not, nor falter; press on with haste—
Abiding with God!

Take up your warfare! no duty shun;
Armor all buckled, feet firmly shod,
Fighting with zeal till the battle is won—
Abiding with God!

Suffering hunger, burning with thirst;
Homeless, defenceless, under the rod;
If it be His will, bearing the worst—
Abiding with God!

Fainting for love, and longing for rest;
Crushed by the weight of sin's heavy load;
Lay it all down, and lean on his breast—
Abiding with God!

He alone knows the way that He takes:

Would you not rather walk in the road,
Marked by the love that never forsakes—
Abiding with God!

Far o'er the mountain standeth your home;
Lonely, and dreary, seemeth the road;
Hark, to the voice that calleth you: "Come!
Abiding with God!"

Clear as the sapphire's wonderful rays,
Beauty and Light shall fill that abode;
Walking with Him—the Ancient of Days!
Abiding with God!

MARIE MASON.

THE WAYSIDE WATCHER.

"Blessed are those servants, whom the Lord, when He cometh, shall find watching: Verily, I say unto you, that he shall gird himself, and make them sit down to meat, and will come forth and serve them."—LUKE xii. 37.

"ALL the day you sit here idle,
And the Master at the door:
And the fields are white to harvest,
And our labor almost o'er.
You are dreaming, you are dreaming!
Time is gliding fast away;
See! the eventide is waning,
Soon shall break eternal day.'

"Brother, my hand is feeble,
My strength is well-nigh spent;
I saw you all at noon day,
And I marked the way ye went

I cried, 'God's blessing on them,
What a favored band they be,'
But I'll watch upon the highway,
God may find a work for me!"

"Yet you tarry, yet you tarry,"
Said the laborer again;
"You may idle on the highway,
And wait all day in vain.
'Tis easy labor 'waiting',
On the dusty road *we* tread,
To toil within the vineyard;
Go out and work instead."

The watcher smiled and answered,
"My brother, 'is it so,
Who waiteth on the Master,
The Master's will shall know?
He hath taught me one sweet lesson,
I have learnt it not too late,
There is service for the feeblest
That only stand and wait."

I sat me by the hedge-row,
No burden could I bear,
But I often thought how blessed
In the field to have a share!
The loving Master whispered,
Through the often lonely day,
"Still wait on Me thou weak one,
The lame shall take the prey."

Not long I tarried watching,
A wayfarer drew nigh,

He was weary, sad and hungry,
For the glowing sun was high.
His foot lagged faint and fainter,
His eyes were down and cast,
That laborer by my lattice
At early morn had passed.

I drew him 'neath the trellis
Of the vine's inviting shade,
Down by the soft green pasture
Our Shepherd's love hath made.
I fetched him from the streamlet
Fresh water for his feet;
I spread the bread before him,
And bade him rest and eat.

He bathed in the bright fountain,
And then refreshed and strong,
He journeyed on rejoicing,—
You could hear his happy song.
Where on the dusty wayside,
The traveler had been,
Stood One, in heavenly beauty,
With more than regal mien.

"I thank thee," said the stranger,
"For all thy cares afford,
For rest and food and welcome,
Beside thy simple board."
"Nay, Lord," I said, "what succor
Have I bestowed on Thee?"
"Thy service to my servant
Hath all been done to Me."

Oh, it was well worth watching,
A summer's day alone;

Well worth the weary waiting
To hear His sweet "Well done!"
Is it too small a matter
That in man's foolish pride
He scorns *one* heart to gladden,
For which the Saviour died?

O ever blessed Master!
The harvest field is fair,
And Thou hast better servants
Than thy weak one, everywhere.
Thou never hast forsaken,
One walking by the way;
Still meet me with a promise,
"The lame shall take the prey."

From the tangled thicket near me,
I heard a mournful cry;
A little child had wandered
From the sunny path hard by;
His hands were torn with briers,
His hot tears fell like rain,
And he wept lest he should never
See his Father's face again.

Close to my heart I drew him,
And pointed to the sky;
I showed him how the dark clouds,
So slowly sailing by,
But veiled the bright sun's radiance
From valley and from hill,
For the faithful sun was shining
In all his glory still!

He ceased to weep, and listened;
I soothed his childish woe;

Then on the way I led him,
And soon beheld him go
Back through the green fields singing;
Sweet was the joyful sound,
That told the Father's welcome,
And the little wanderer found.

Then on the highway near me,
I saw the Stranger stand,—
Stranger no more! He guided
The fair child by the hand.
"I thank thee," said He, softly,
"Thou hast not watched in vain;
Behold my child returning
Safe to my arms again."

What grace is Thine, O Master!
For work so poor and scant;
How glorious is the guerdon
My living Lord doth grant!
I only saw a nursling
Was wandering astray;
Oh, it is worth cross-bearing,
To wait for Thee one day.

Have ye known the shadows darken
On weary nights of pain!
And hours that seem to lengthen
Till the night comes round again?
The folded hands seem idle;
If folded at *His* word,
'Tis a holy service, tried one,
In obedience to the Lord.

We know the joy of labor,
Within the busy field:

But there are deeper pleasures,
 A faithful heart may yield
 To willing ones that suffer,
 And listen at His feet;
 From the far-off land God giveth
 The fruit of life to eat.

Brief is my hour of labor;
 My Lord my lot has cast;
 He giveth royal wages,
 To the first called as the last.
 I have seen Him in His beauty,
 While waiting here alone,—
 I know Him ever near me,
 For He cannot leave His own.

None e'er shall lack a service,
 Who only seek His will;
 And He doth teach His children
 To suffer and be still.
 In love's deep fount of treasures,
 Such precious things are stored,
 Laid up for you, oh, blessed,
 That wait upon the Lord!

ANNA SHIPTON.

"O LORD, THOU KNOWEST!"

"For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust."—Ps. ciii. 14.

THOU knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow
 Of the sad heart that comes to Thee for rest.
 Cares of to-day, and burdens for to-morrow,
 Blessings implored, and sins to be confest,

I come before Thee at Thy gracious word,
And lay them at Thy feet—thou knowest, Lord!

Thou knowest all the past—how long and
blindly

On the dark mountains the lost wanderer
strayed—

How the good Shepherd followed, and how
kindly

He bore it home upon his shoulders laid,
And healed the bleeding wounds and soothed
the pain,

And brought back life, and hope, and strength
again.

Thou knowest all the present—each temptation,

Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear;

All to myself assigned of tribulation,

Or to beloved ones, than self more dear!

All pensive memories, as I journey on,

Longings for vanished smiles, and voices gone!

Thou knowest all the future—gleams of glad-
ness,

By stormy clouds too quickly overcast—

Hours of sweet fellowship, and parting sadness,

And the dark river to be crossed at last.

O, what could confidence and hope afford

To tread that path, but this—THOU KNOWEST,
LORD!

Thou knowest, not alone as God, all-knowing—

As MAN, our mortal weakness Thou hast
proved;

On earth, with purest sympathies overflowing,
 O Saviour! Thou hast wept and Thou hast
 loved!

And love and sorrow still to Thee may come.
 And find a hiding place, a rest, a home.

Therefore, I come, Thy gentle call obeying,
 And lay my sins and sorrows at Thy feet,
 On everlasting strength my weakness staying,
 Clothed in the righteousness of faith complete;
 Then, rising and refreshed, I leave Thy throne,
 And follow on to know as I am known.

JANE BORTHWICK.

A FIELD.

“The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few; pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into his harvest.”—**MATT. ix. 37, 38.**

HAVE you ever been in our mission-school,
 When the worn old benches were crowded full?
 Have you looked on the childish faces there,
 That are crossed already by lines of care?

Sabbath by Sabbath the sunlight falls
 In brightening streaks on the gray old walls,
 And, under the window, the river free
 Sings on its way to its home in the sea.

The ripples chime, as the waves rush on,
 To the echoing chorus of childish song;
 Or the prayers of penitence, soft and low,
 More sweetly blend with its silver flow.

In front of the door, the narrow street
Is trodden hard by the children's feet;
And every nook of the dim old room
Is bright with their faces; and still they come.

Far in the depths of their wistful eyes
A questioning thought like a shadow lies,
A shadow of hunger, and cold and pain,
And childish hopes that were hoped in vain.

O, white is the field, and the laborers few,
But it calls for a love that is warm and true;
Shall we win these lambs to the Saviour's fold
By a careless lesson, or precept cold?

To-day a beseeching cry goes forth,
From end to end of the wailing earth,—
A cry from the children, tender and sweet,
The homeless children that throng the street.

Shall we dare to-day to have heard in vain,
That passionate cry of wrong and pain?
Shall we dare *hereafter* in shame to say,
“We knew the need—and we turned away?”



WHAT HAST THOU DONE?

WHAT hast thou done to show thy love,
To Him who left His throne above;
His glorious throne in yonder sky,
And came to earth for thee to die?
Tell me, my soul!

What hast thou done in all these years,
Since Christ in love dispelled thy fears,
And in their place gave peace of mind,
And access to His throne to find?

Tell me, my soul!

Hast thou the world renounced entire;
And for its praise felt no desire?
From every folly turned away,
To seek for joys that last alway?

Tell me, my soul!

Whene'er a brother in his need,
Appealed to thee to clothe or feed;
Did'st thou with generous soul reply,
And for Christ's sake, thyself deny?

Tell me, my soul!

Hast thou e'er dried the widow's tear?
Or sought the orphan's path to cheer?
Hast thou e'er raised the fallen up,
And bidden him once more to hope?

Tell me, my soul?

Or hast thou lived in selfish ease,
Seeking alone THYSELF to please,
Forgetful that thy God would claim
Thy service, if thou bare His name?

Tell me, my soul!

Forget not, soul, that by and by,
A reckoning comes in yonder sky,
When Christ, as Judge, will ask of thee,
"O soul! WHAT HAST THOU DONE FOR ME?"

Remember, soul!

WOMAN'S WORK.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest."—ECCLES. ix. 10.

DARNING little stockings
For restless little feet;
Washing little faces
To keep them clean and sweet;
Hearing Bible lessons;
Teaching catechism;
Praying for salvation
From heresy and schism—
Woman's work.

Sewing on the buttons;
Overseeing rations;
Soothing with a kind word
Others' lamentations;
Guiding clumsy Bridgets,
And coaxing sullen cooks;
Entertaining company,
And reading recent books—
Woman's work.

Burying out of sight
Her own unhealing smarts;
Letting in the sunshine
On other clouded hearts;
Binding up the wounded,
And healing of the sick;
Bravely marching onward,
Through dangers dark and thick—
Woman's work.

Leading little children,
And blessing manhood's years;
Showing to the sinful
How God's forgiveness cheers;
Scattering sweet roses
Along another's path;
Smiling by the wayside,
Content with what she hath—
Woman's work.

Letting fall her own tears,
Where only God can see;
Wiping off another's
With tender sympathy;
Learning by experience;
Teaching by example;
Yearning for the gateway,
Golden, pearly, ample—
Woman's work.

Lastly cometh silence,
A day of deep repose—
Her locks smoothly braided,
Upon her breast a rose;
Lashes resting gently
Upon the marble cheek;
A look of blessed peace
Upon the forehead meek!

Pale hands softly folded,
The kindly pulses still;
The lips know no smiling,
The noble heart no thrill:

Her couch needs no smoothing,
She craveth for no care;
Love's tenderest entreaty
Wakes no responses there.

Fresh grave in the valley—
Tears, bitter sobs, regret;
One more solemn lesson
That life may not forget.
Face forever hidden,
Race forever run—
“Dust to dust,” a voice saith,
And woman's work is done.

A VISION.

“As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you
and ye shall be comforted.”—Is. lxi. 13.

SLOWLY had passed the hours of day,
And on a couch of pain I lay,
Longing for health and strength again,
Feeling that life was lived in vain,
Grieving that there was here no spot
That sin and sorrow entered not;
And praying that the Lord would send
To me, so lonely, one true friend.

At last the shades of night came on,
And, lying in my room alone,
In that strange state when half in dream,
Half waking, all our senses seem,

A soft, clear light around me shone:
I felt that I was *not alone*.
A radiant form stood by my bed,
An angel hand lay on my head,
And, looking up with glad surprise,
I met my mother's mild dark eyes.
The love-light had not passed away,
But shone on me with clearer ray
Than when earth's shadows dimmed their sight,
And clouded oft with tears their light.
She laid my head upon her breast,
Her lips upon my forehead pressed,
And while within her arms I lay,
Beseeching her with me to stay,
Or take me back with her to rest
In the bright home where all are blest,
She soothed me as in days of old,
With loving words, until I told
How since she left me all my life
Had been a constant scene of strife;
How I had sought for love, and found
Reproach instead, until the sound
Of loving words to me was like
The notes of joy the angels strike.
I told her how I'd tried in vain
To cleanse my heart and life from **sin**,
And, failing, all my nature cried
For God himself, unsatisfied
Until, with His great fullness filled,
My restless longing should be stilled!
I asked of her to tell me why
He seemed regardless of my cry,
And, taking all I loved away,
My sun had set while yet 'twas day.

She answered: "Child of many prayers.
For thee the heavenly Watcher cares,
And in the future thou shalt know
What he has wisely hidden now.
That all of earthly good or ill
Happens according to his will,
And will work out for good to those
Who calmly in his love repose.
But wouldst thou find a balm for grief.
And from thy sorrow sweet relief,
Forget *thyself*, speak words of cheer
To toiling ones, who wander here
Through darker ways with weary feet
And aching hearts, whom thou wilt meet.
If like the Master, doing good
Becomes thy spirit's daily food,
Then, should'st thou falter, and thy way
Sometimes seem lone while far away
Thy home appears, thy heavenly Friend
Unseen is near, and he will send
Ministering ones to guard thy path,
And lead thee through the gates of death
To Heaven's clear light, where thou shalt see
How love has ordered all for thee."

Her gentle voice dispelled my fears,
Her loving hand dried all my tears.
She prayed, "Oh, Father, bless my child!
And lead her, pure and undefiled,
Through earthly snares, and give her strength
To overcome and wear at length
The victor's crown, which shall be given
To all through Christ who enter heaven."

I wakened at the words of prayer;
No sound I heard, no form was near,
Yet the sweet dream was not in vain.
No more I ask relief from pain,
But with each token of God's love
I pray that wisdom from above
May guide me to those realms of light,
To wear Christ's gift—a robe of white!

SENT OF GOD.

"When he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them,
and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice."—JNO. x. 4

I TRAVEL'D once a rocky road—
A weary road it was to go—
With burdens, too, a heavy load,
And where it led, I did not know.

A weary road with rivers high;
Wild beasts were standing on the rocks;
And clouds came drifting through the sky,
Fill'd deep with fires and thunder shocks.

But through the clouds, and through the flame,
And foaming floods, as on I went,
A voice of hope and cheering came,
"Fear not to go where God hath sent."

That voice is ringing in my ears;
Let mountains rise, let oceans flow;
It matters not. Away with fears.
IF GOD DOTH SEND ME, LET ME GO.

WHERE IS REST?

"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God." -
HEB. iv. 9.

REST is not here, but pain, and toil, and woe
Though mercies many mark the path we go,
We are but pilgrims to a land above;
There is our home of everlasting love.

Rest is not here. The weary-stricken heart
Feels it hath here no sure abiding part;
Sunshine and storm is all at best that's here;
Eternal radiance gilds a higher sphere.

Rest is not here. But Jesus can bestow,
Faith, patience, hope, while yet we toil below;
Faith to believe he doeth all things right,
Patience and hope, to lend our pathway light.

Rest is not here. Each has its own due share
Of suffering and sorrow here to bear;
Yet each may lighten somewhat of the load
Of those that travel near him on the road.

Rest is not here. So may we softly speak
To cheer a brother, weary, worn, and weak;
Sweet Christian kindness, for our Master's love,
May smooth the rugged road to rest above.

Rest is in heaven; and e'en the weakest saint
May safely struggle on, nor feeble faint—
May wage and win the war in Jesus' strength,
In "certain hope" through him of rest at length.

Rest is in heaven, where comes no grief nor care;
And pilgrims of the cross must seek it there;
Who that hath reached that safe, bright shore
at last,
Would count the stormy billows he had passed?

JUDGE NOT!

“Let us not, therefore, judge one another any more; but judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling-block or an occasion to fall, in his brother's way.”—Rom. xiv. 13.

JUDGE not! The workings of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see;
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar, brought from some well-won field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

The look, the air, that frets thy sight,
May be a token, that below
The soul has closed in deadly fight
With some infernal, fiery foe,
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling *grace*,
And cast thee shuddering on thy face.

The fall thou darest to despise—
Perchance the slackened angel's hand
Has suffered it, that he may rise
And take a firmer, surer stand;
Or, trusting less to earthly things,
May henceforth learn to use his wings.

A. A. Porter

THE "LITTLE WHILE."

"For we are strangers before thee, and sojourners, as were all our fathers; our days on the earth are as a shadow, and there is none abiding."—1 CHRON. xxix. 15.

OH! for the peace that floweth like a river,
Making life's desert places bloom and smile!
Oh, for the faith to grasp Heaven's bright "for-
ever,"
And the shadow of earth's little while.

"A little while" for patient vigil keeping,
To face the storm, to wrestle with the strong;
"A little while" to sow the seed with weeping,
Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest
song!

"A little while" to wear the robe of sadness,
To toil with weary steps through miry ways,
Then to pour forth the fragrant robe of gladness,
And clasp the girdle round the robe of praise.

"A little while," 'mid shadow and illusion,
To strive by faith love's mysteries to spell,
Then read each dark enigma's bright solution,
While meekly owning, "He doeth all things
well."

"A little while," the earthly pitcher taking
To wayside brooks, from far-off fountains fed,
Where the cool lip, its thirst forever slaking,
May taste the fullness of the Fountain Head.

A little while to keep the oil from failing,
A little while faith's flickering lamp to trim,
And then the Bridegroom's coming footsteps
hailing,
To haste to meet him with the bridal hymn.

And He, who is himself the Gift and Giver,
The future glory, and the present smile,
With the bright promise of the blest "forever,"
Will light the shadows of the "little while."

JANE CREWDSON.

THE HARVEST-HOME.

"That both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together."—JOHN IV. 36.

FROM the far-off fields of earthly toil
A goodly host they come,
And sounds of music are on the air,—
'Tis the song of the Harvest-home.
The weariness and the weeping—
The darkness has all passed by,
And a glorious sun has risen—
The sun of Eternity?

We've seen those faces in days of yore,
When the dust was on their brow,
And the scalding tear upon their cheek—
Let us look at the laborers now!
We think of the life-long sorrow,
And the wilderness days of care;
We try to trace the tear-drops,
But no scars of grief are there.

There's a mystery of soul-chastened joy
Lit up with sun-light hues,
Like morning flowers, most beautiful,
When wet with midnight dew.
There are depths of earnest meaning
In each true and trustful gaze,
Telling of wondrous lessons
Learned in their pilgrim days;

And a conscious confidence of bliss,
That shall never again remove,—
All the faith and hope of journeying years
Gathered up in that look of love.
The long waiting days are over;
They've received their wages now;
For they've gazed upon their Master
And His name is on their brow.

They've seen the safely garner'd sheaves,
And the song has been passing sweet,
Which welcomed the last in-coming one
Laid down at the Saviour's feet.
Ah! well does His heart remember,
As those notes of praise sweep by
The yearning, plaintive music
Of earth's sadder minstrelsy.

And well does He know each chequered tale,
As He looks on the joyous band—
All the lights and shadows that crossed their
path,
In the distant pilgrim land;—
The heart's unspoken anguish—
The bitter sighs and tears—

The long, long hours of watching—
The changeful hopes and fears!

One had climbed the rugged mountain-side—
'Twas a bleak and wintry day;
The tempest had scattered his precious seed,
And he wept as he turned away.
But a stranger-hand had watered
That seed on a distant shore,
And the laborers now are meeting
Who had never met before.

And *one* —he had toiled amid burning sands,
When the scorching sun was high;
He had grasp'd the plough with a fevered hand
And then laid him down to die.
But another, and yet another,
Had filled that deserted field,
Nor vainly the seed they scattered,
Where a brother's care had tilled.

Some with eager step went boldly forth,
Broad casting o'er the land;
Some watered the scarcely-budding blade,
With a tender, gentle hand.
There's *one*—her young life was blighted,
By the withering touch of woe:
Her days were sad and weary,
And she never went forth to sow;

But there rose from her lonely couch of pain,
The fervent, pleading prayer;
She looks on many a radiant brow,
And she reads the answers there!

Yes! sowers and reapers are meeting;
 A rejoicing host they come!
 Will you join that echoing chorus?—
 'Tis the song of the Harvest-Home!

CHARLES PENNEFATHER.

GUIDE ME, LORD!

"Cause me to know the way wherein I should walk: for I lift
 up my soul unto thee."—Ps. cxliii. 8.

GUIDE me, Lord, in all I do,
 Keep me now, to-morrow too;
 Help me always to be true,
 In this world below.
 Change my thoughts to prayer and praise,
 Through the remnant of my days;
 Then, O Lord, my spirit raise
 To that world above.

Bid, O Lord, thy rivals flee,
 Show me what to do for Thee,
 That I may Thy follower be
 In this world below.
 Guard me, as I journey on,
 Guide me, Lord, and keep me strong,
 Till I reach my happy home,
 In that world above.

To my prayers, Thine ear, Lord, lend,
 And Thy Holy Spirit send;
 Be my everlasting Friend,
 In this world below.

Every thought and every tone,
All my deeds and words are known
To the Lord upon His throne,
In that world above

Teach me, Lord, to read, that I
May learn to live, may learn to die,
Through the power of Christ on high,
In this world below.
Help me, Lord, to watch and pray,
To live nearer Thee each day;
Lead me in Thine own right way,
To that world above.

MAGGIE E. MARSHALL.

"FATHER, TAKE MY HAND."

"I will bring the blind by a way that they know not: I will lead them in paths that they have not known: I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them."—Is. xlii. 16.

THE way is dark, my Father! Cloud on cloud
Is gathering thickly o'er my head, and loud
The thunders roar above me. See, I stand
Like one bewildered! Father, take my hand,
And through the gloom
Lead safely home Thy child!

The day goes fast, my Father! and the night
Is drawing darkly down. My faithless sight
Sees ghostly visions. Fears, a spectral band,
Encompass me. O Father! take my hand,
And from the night
Lead up to light Thy child!

The way is long, my Father! and my soul
 Longs for the rest and quiet of the goal:
 While yet I journey through this weary land,
 Keep me from wandering. Father, take my
 Quickly and straight [hand:
 Lead to heaven's gate Thy child!

The path is rough, my Father! Many a thorn
 Has pierced me; and my weary feet, all torn
 And bleeding, mark the way. Yet Thy command
 Bids me press forward. Father, take my hand;
 Then safe and blest,
 Lead up to rest Thy child!

The throng is great, my Father! Many a doubt
 And fear and danger compass me about;
 And foes oppress me sore. I cannot stand
 Or go alone. O Father! take my hand,
 And through the throng
 Lead safe along Thy child!

The cross is heavy, Father! I have borne
 It long, and still do bear it. Let my worn
 And fainting spirit rise to that blest land
 Where crowns are given. Father, take my hand.
 And, reaching down,
 Lead to the crown Thy child!

ANONYMOUS.

THE GRACIOUS ANSWER.

The way is dark, my child! but leads to light,
 I would not always have thee walk by sight;

My dealings now thou canst not understand,
I meant it so; but I will take thy hand,
And through the gloom
Lead safely home my child!

The day goes fast, my child! But is the night
Darker to me than day? In me is light!
Keep close to me, and every spectral band
Of fears shall vanish. I will take thy hand,
And through the night
Lead up to light my child!

The way is long, my child! But it shall be
Not one step longer than is best for thee,
And thou shalt know, at last, when thou shalt
stand,
Safe at the goal, how I did take thy hand,
And quick and straight
Lead to heaven's gate my child!

The path is rough, my child! But, oh! how
sweet
Will be the rest, for weary pilgrims meet,
When thou shalt reach the borders of that land
To which I lead thee, as I take thy hand,
And safe and blest
With me shalt rest my child!

The throng is great, my child! But at thy side
Thy Father walks: then be not terrified!
For I am with thee; will thy foes command
To let thee freely pass; will take thy hand,
And through the throng
Lead safe along my child!

The cross is heavy, child! Yet there was one
Who bore a heavier for thee: my Son,
My well beloved. For Him bear thine; and
stand
With Him at last; and from thy Father's hand,
Thy cross laid down,
Receive a crown, my child!

H. N. COBB.

OFFERINGS.

"Offer the sacrifices of righteousness, and put your trust in the Lord."—Ps. iv. 5.

LORD, I had planned to do Thee service true—
To be more humbly watchful unto prayer;
More faithful in obedience to Thy word;
More bent to put away all earthly care.

I thought of sad hearts comforted and healed,
Of wanderers turned into the pleasant way,
Of little ones preserved from sinful snare,
Of dark homes brightened with a heavenly ray,

Of time all renovated to Thy will,
Of strength spent gladly for Thee day by day,
When suddenly the heavenly mandate came
That I should give it all at once away.

Thy blessed hand came forth and laid me down,
Turned every beating pulse to throbs of pain,
Hushed all my prayers into one feeble cry,
Then bade me to believe that loss was gain.

And *was* it loss to have indulged such hopes?

Nay, they were gifts from out the inner shrine,
Garlands that I might hang about Thy cross,
Gems to surrender at the call divine.

chiseled image unresisting lies

In niche, by its own sculptor's hand designed;
So to my unemployed and silent life
Let me in quiet meekness be resigned.

If works of faith, and labors sweet of love

May not be mine, yet patient hope can be
Within my heart, like a bright censer's fire,
With incense of thanksgiving, mounting free.

Thou art our pattern to the end of time,

O Crucified! and perfect is Thy will.
The workers follow Thee in doing good,
The helpless think of Calvary and are still.

THE WEB OF LIFE.

"Fulfill your works, your daily tasks."—EXODUS v. 12.

At my leisure I am sitting,

Gazing at the carpet fair

At my feet, so rich and brilliant,

Wove in colors bright and rare—

Graceful tulips, full-blown roses,

Lilies, pansies—every thing

That can tell us of the breezes

And the balmy hours of spring.

It is lovely—and I'm thinking
Of how grateful we should be
To the hand who wove these flowers,
All so fair for you and me.

As the warp, that holds together
All these flashing, brilliant dyes,
Is a thread of sombre dullness
To our beauty-loving eyes;

So the warp of life, too often,
Seems a dark, repulsive thread,
Taking in but duller filling,
From the weary heart and head.

If the warp be love and duty,
And we throw the shuttle right,
We may weave a web of beauty,
Filled with cheerful hues, and bright

Come, then, let us to our weaving,
Faithful through the passing hours,
And with earnest hands and cheerful
Overlay life's warp with flowers.

That the web we leave behind us
Like this carpet on the floor
May remain a thing of beauty—
But, unlike, fade never more—

That the weary feet, that follow
Us adown the sands of life,
May tread lighter for our living,
And have less of toil and strife.

RETURN UNTO THY REST, O MY SOUL!

"Return unto thy rest, O, my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee."—Ps. cxvi. 7.

O WEARY, sorrowing soul,
Perplexed, cast down, distressed;
There is for thee a goal,
Where thou may forever rest.

Lift up thy sinking head,
Strengthen thy fainting heart:
Christ suffered in thy stead,
Now bear for Him thy part.

Know, thou art led by Him,
Who is thy life, thy rest,
He holds thee, though unseen,
Close pillowed on His breast.

And when thy work is done,
With all His children blessed,
He'll take them to thy home,
His sweet eternal rest! E. N. M.

"TELL JESUS."

"Hitherto have ye asked nothing in my name: ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full."—Jno. xvi. 24.

Go to Jesus, child of sorrow,
Kneel, and watch, and humbly pray;
Sin hath brought a darkened morrow
To thy brightly opened day.

Dry those fastly flowing tears,
That no mortal eye doth see;
Throw aside all worldly fears,
Jesus died and bled for thee.

Ere the weary day is past,
And the evening shadows fall,
At the cross thy burdens cast,
Jesus will receive them all.
With the morning's earliest breath,
Bow the head and bend the knee;
From the toils of sin and death,
Jesus stands to set thee free.

When the day's long tasks are done,
And its cares and toils are o'er,
Count thy errors, one by one,
Then arise, and sin no more.
O'er the tide of human woe,
Beams the eastern star for thee;
Turn thy gaze from all below
To the cross of Calvary.

NEVER MIND.

"Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you."—
PET. v. 7.

WHAT'S the use of always fretting,
At the trials we shall find
Ever strewn along our pathway?
Travel on, and never mind.

Travel onward; working, hoping
Cast no lingering look behind
At the trials once encountered;
Look ahead, and never mind.

What is past is past forever;
Let all the fretting be resigned;
It will never help the matter—
Do your best, and never mind.

And if those who might befriend you,
Whom the ties of nature bind,
Should refuse to do their duty,
Look to heaven, and never mind.

Friendly words are often spoken
When the feelings are unkind;
Take them for their real value,
Pass them on, and never mind.

Fate may threaten, clouds may lower,
Enemies may be combined;
If your trust in God is steadfast,
He will help you, never mind.

AN EARLY MISSIONARY.

“Come, see a man which told me all things that ever I did: is not this the Christ?”—Jno. iv. 29.

SHE left her pitcher at the well, and to her
home returned,
The welcome words of life to bear, that in her
full heart burned.

Her kindred and the strangers' ear alike the
news receive,
Of water from a hidden spring the Saviour
waits to give.
With joyful haste and zealous love she turns
to seek her home;
The ceaseless burden of her theme, behold, the
Christ is come!
He waits—Messiah waits to bless, as none e'er
blessed before;
Come drink ye of the living stream, believe and
thirst no more!
Come! and behold Messiah's face, of whom the
people tell!
Oh! come and hear His holy voice! He waiteth
by the well.
Oh, come to Christ? Samaria's hills echo His
name aloud,
And tidings of Messiah fly amid the wond'ring
crowd.
Like her of Sychar, hast thou drank of that
blest fount? Then go,
Let others learn the priceless gifts that from
the waters flow.
Go forth! and in thy Saviour's strength thy
voice shall yet be heard,
And wandering hearts shall turn, and bless a
feeble woman's word.

"NOT AS OUR WAYS."

"For my thoughts are not your thoughts; neither ~~are your~~
~~ways my ways~~, saith the Lord."—Is. lv. 8.

THE Spring hath birds, however late,
And June must bring her roses
To faintest hearts that trustful wait
For what God's love discloses.

We look along the shining ways,
To see the angels' faces;
They come to us in darkest days,
And in the bleakest places.

We learn our weakness of our pride,
Our strength from out our weakness;
Sweet Patience brings, for gifts denied,
The greater gift of meekness.

The strongest hearts have strongest need;
For them the fiery trial:
Who walks a saint in word and deed
Is saint by self-denial,

We ask of God the sunniest way,
He answers with a sorrow;
We faint beneath the cross to-day,
We wear the crown to-morrow.

E. B. C.

THE HAPPIEST LIFE.

"If thou draw out thy soul to the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted soul; then shall thy light rise in obscurity, and thy darkness be as the noonday; and the Lord shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in drought, and make fat thy bones; and thou shalt be like a watered garden."—Is. lviii. 10, 11.

My heart was sad and weary, because life's toil
and care
Brought so much disappointment and heart-
ache everywhere.
Alas! how few among us contented with our
lot,
How many of us wishing to be what we are not.

To me life seemed to have no object any more,
To one so mean, so humble, nothing, worth
living for.
Why had I not some talent, some way, some
means to fame,
That I, like many others, might make for me
a name?

Methought, life would be happy, with joys that
could not fail,
Were I a Rosa Bonheur, or a Florence Night-
ingale.
Then far in distant nations my name would find
its way,
And all would have some homage, some word
of praise to say.

But, thanks to Christian training, my better
thoughts came back,

And told me that a life of fame much happiness
will lack.

There was a Prima Donna—the world has
learned her name—

Who watched a peasant kiss her babe, and
wept to own the same.

Thus things that God ordaineth the human
heart to love,

Alone can fill the yearning, and satisfaction
prove.

To share the joys and sorrows of some one
while we live,—

This is the sweetest peace and joy that love can
ever give.

No one is there among us but some warm heart
may win;

No home, how small soever, but love can enter
in.

But if this be denied thee—some home, some
heart to share,

Go forth among the needy, and seek it every-
where.

To sit beside the pillow of some sick, suffering
one;

To cheer some little orphan, that feels itself
alone;

In hospital, in prison, to be a Howard there;

To teach the broken-hearted that Christ will
hear their prayer.

To take a fellow-feeling, to speak in tones of
love,

Ah! what a marvellous power it hath the har-
dened heart to move;

There's more heroic action, more deeds of honor
done,

In quiet, humble walks of life, than ever bat-
tles won.

And thus each day shall gather some goodly
pearls for thee;

If thou, in patient waiting, work out God's will
in thee;

And then at last the evening shall close in
peacefully,

And bring that angel's whisper, "The Master
calleth thee!"

I HAVE NOTHING TO GIVE.

"Moreover, it is required in stewards, that a man be found
faithful."—1 COR. iv. 2.

IF you'd be a faithful steward,

You will never thus refuse,

You will give a true percentage

To the Lord for all you use;

You will set apart the firstlings

Of the flocks within your field,

And the vineyard's first rich fruitage,

Will to the Master yield.

If you love the blessed Giver,
You will give a little time;
If you cannot give a dollar,
You will gladly give a dime;
And although, not very able,
Some poor Lazarus will be fed
By the fragments from your table,
By your crusts, and crumbs of bread.

Small gifts of self-denial,
These lowly widow-mites,
In the book of God's remembrance
The recording angel writes;
It is lent unto the Master,
Who has promised to repay;
And the bread cast on the water.
Will return again some day.

If we give cool cups of water
To the thirsty ones we meet,
If we feed and clothe the hungry,
If we wash each other's feet,
We shall drink from living fountains,
And on sweetest manna fare,
Bathe in seas of bliss immortal,
Spotless robes of glory wear.

EMMA C. NASON.

THE BURDEN-BEARER.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."—MATT. XI. 28.

O! the blessed promise, given on the hills of
Galilee,

To the weary, heavy-laden, still is made to you
and me.

Many a heart has thrilled to hear it—many a
tear been wiped away;

Many a load of sin been lifted, many a midnight
turned to day;

Many a broken, contrite spirit, lonely, sorrow-
ing and sad,

Felt the mighty consolation—heard the heav-
enly tidings glad;

And the dying gazed with rapture, trusting in
the Saviour's name,

On the land of rest and refuge, when the Bur-
den-bearer came.

Lazarus lies unfed and fainting—Peter sinks
beneath the wave;

Loving Mary lingers sadly, near the Saviour's
guarded grave.

Blind Bartimeus, by the wayside, begs his
bread disconsolate;

For the moving of the waters, at the pool the
suffering wait;

In the wilderness the lepers wander, outcast, in
their pain;

Paul and Silas, in the prison, bear the fetter
and the chain;

Mary Magdalene is weeping, friendless in her
sin and shame,

But their burdens *all* were lifted when the Bur-
den-bearer came.

Every phase of human sorrow fills the path we
tread to-day,

Harps are hanging on the willows—souls are
 fainting by the way;
 But there still is balm in Gilead, and though
 here on earth, we weep,
 God, within the many mansions, giveth His be-
 loved sleep.
 On the cloud His rainbow glitters—shines the
 star of Faith above—
 God will not forsake nor leave us—let us trust
 His truth and love;
 And beyond the shining river we shall bless
 His holy name,
 That to bear our sins and sorrows, Christ, the
 Burden-bearer came.

BLESSED IS THE MAN WHOM THOU
 CHASTENETH.

“Blessed is the man whom thou chastenest, O Lord, and teach-
 est him out of thy law.”—Ps. xciv. 12.

O SAVIOUR, whose mercy, severe in its kindness,
 Has chastened my wanderings and guided
 my way,
 Adored be the power which illumined my blind-
 ness,
 And weaned me from phantoms that smiled
 to betray.

Enchanted with all that was dazzling and fair,
 I followed the rainbow, I caught at the toy;
 And still in displeasures, Thy goodness was
 there,
 Disappointing the hope, and defeating the
 joy.

The blossom blushed bright, but a worm was
 below,
The moonlight shone fair—there was blight
 in the beam;
Sweet whispered the breeze, but it whispered
 of woe;
And bitterness flowed in the soft-flowing
 stream.

So, cured of my folly, yet cured but in part,
I turned to the refuge Thy pity displayed;
And still did this eager and credulous heart
Weave visions of promise, that bloomed but
 to fade.

I thought that the course of the pilgrim to
 heaven
Would be bright as the summer, and glad
 as the morn;
Thou show'dst me the path—it was dark and
 uneven,
All rugged with rock, and all tangled with
 thorn.

I dreamed of celestial reward and renown;
I grasped at the triumph which blesses the
 brave;
I asked for the palm-branch, the robe, and the
 crown;
I asked—and Thou show'dst me a cross, and
 a grave.

Subdued and instructed, at length, to Thy will,
My hopes and my longings I fain would resign;

O give me the heart that can wait and be still,
Nor know of a wish nor a pleasure but Thine.

There *are* mansions exempted from sin and from
woe,

But they stand in a region by mortals untrod;
There are rivers of joy—but they roll not below;
There is rest—but it dwells in the presence
of God.

SIR ROBERT GRANT

CASTING ALL ON JESUS.

"I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me."
—PHIL. iv. 13.

I LEFT it all with Jesus
Long ago;
All my sin I brought Him,
And my woe.
When by faith I saw Him
On the tree,
Heard His small, still whisper,
" 'Tis for thee,"
From my heart the burden
Rolled away,
Happy day!

I leave it all with Jesus,
For He knows
How to steal the bitter
From life's woes;
How to gild the tear-drop
With His smile,
Make the desert garden
Bloom awhile.

When my weakness leaneth
On His might
All seems light.

I leave it all with Jesus
Day by day;
Faith can firmly trust Him,
Come what may.
Hope has dropped her anchor,
Found her rest
In the calm, sure haven
Of His breast;
Love esteems it heaven
To abide
At His side.

Oh, leave it *all* with Jesus,
Drooping soul;
Tell not *half* thy story,
But the whole.
Worlds on worlds are hanging
On His hand;
Life and death are waiting
His command;
Yet His tender bosom
Makes *thee* room:
O come home!

SOME MOTHER'S CHILD.

"And of some have compassion, making a difference."—JUDAS
v. 22.

At home or away, in the alley or street,
Wherever I chance in this wide world to meet

A girl that is thoughtless, or boy that is wild,
My heart echoes softly, "'Tis some mother's
child."

And when I see those o'er whom long years
have rolled,
Whose hearts have grown hardened, whose spir-
its are cold,
Be it woman all fallen, or man all defiled,
A voice whispers sadly, "Ah, some mother's
child."

No matter how far from the right she hath
strayed;
No matter what inroads dishonor hath made:
No matter what elements cankered the pearl—
Though tarnished and sullied, she is some
mother's girl.

No matter how wayward his footsteps have
been;
No matter how deep he is sunken in sin;
No matter how low is his standard of joy—
Though guilty and loathsome, he is some mo'th-
er's boy.

That head hath been pillowed on tenderest
breast;
That form hath been wept o'er, those lips have
been pressed;
That soul hath been prayed for, in tones sweet
and mild;
For *her* sake deal gently with some mother's
child.

FRANCIS L. KEELER.

LIVING BY THE MOMENT.

"Take, therefore, no thought for the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."—MATT. vi. 34.

THE morrow, when it comes shall know
Its daily task, its daily care ;
But not till then it deigns to show
Its needed act, its needed prayer.

Then to the PRESENT be thou true;
To that let thought and act be given;
And thou shalt find a vigor new,
To take the next great step to heaven.

Each moment's task and duty done,
As ceaseless each to each succeeds;
'Tis thus goes down life's setting sun,
Serene and bright with worthy deeds.

'Tis thus that heavenly bands shall greet
Thine entrance to the realms of bliss;
Thy trials past, thy work complete,
And crown'd with endless happiness.

T. C. U

WHAT NEED OF THEE!

"The Lord is my portion, saith my soul; therefore will I hope in Him. The Lord is good unto them that wait for Him, to the soul that seeketh Him."—LAM. iii. 24, 25.

THOU knowest, O my Saviour dear,
What need I have of Thee!

Each secret sigh Thy heart doth hear,
Each hidden grief doth see.

My weight of ill I could not bear,
My duties could not do,
If thou didst not the sorrow share,
And bear the burden too.

I'm glad it honors Thee to lay
My head upon Thy breast,
And with a child's assurance say
This is my chosen rest;

For pain if borne to that retreat
Has something of repose,
And bitter cups have drops of sweet
No other portion knows.

But, Saviour, I am ill content,
My wants alone to bring,
I long in service to be spent,
As love's best offering.

It seems so small and weak and poor,
To pour my cares on Thee,
With no return for all the dower
Thy grace bestows on me.

Not that Thy greatness lacks the mite
My littleness could give;
Thy strength, Thy fullness infinite,
Could nought from me receive.

Thou hast no less, whate'er to me
Thy goodness may impart;
I have but more for rendering Thee
The fullness of my heart.

My heart would toil for love's dear sake,
For love the only prize,
So on love's altar life should make
Perpetual sacrifice.

Yet still methinks I hear Thy voice,
"Let love and longing rest.
Who waits nor urges other choice,
May serve me most and best."

"Who waits! Thou knowest, O Saviour dear,
What need I have of Thee!
I faint and waste with waiting here,
This is Thy cross to me.

Life wears in weariness; my heart
Sore 'neath its burden lies;
Waiting for God my only part,
My all of sacrifice.

But since Thou dost command me so,
Like duty's full employ,
I'll wait, nor ask to come or go,
But make my cross my joy.

Waiting for God my heart shall sing,
And in its silence praise;
Praise the sole offering I may bring.
Through all the earthly days.

Thou knowest, O my Saviour dear,
 What need I have of Thee!
 Waiting is sweet if thou art here
 To bear the cross with me.

E. L. E.

THE CASTAWAY.

"And He said to the woman, Thy faith hath saved thee, go in peace."—LUKE vii. 50.

THERE was once a castaway,
 And she was weeping, weeping bitterly;
 Kneeling and crying with a heart-sick cry,
 That choked itself in sobs, "O my good name!
 O my good name!" and none did hear her cry.
 Nay; and it lightened, and the storm-bolts fell,
 And the rain splashed upon the roof, and still
 She, stormed-tossed as the stormy elements,
 She cried with an exceeding bitter cry,
 "O my good name!" And then the thunder-
 cloud
 Stooped low and burst in darkness overhead,
 And rolled and rocked her on her knees, and
 shook
 The frail foundations of her dwelling-place;
 But she--if any neighbor had come in,
 (None did)—if any neighbor had come in
 He might have seen her crying on her knees,
 And sobbing, "Lost, lost, lost!" beating her
 breast—
 Her breast forever pricked with cruel thorns.

* * * * * *

O ye good woman! it is hard to leave
 The pat'ls of virtue and return again.

What if this sinner wept, and none of you
Comforted her—and what if she did strive
To mend, and none of you believed her strife,
Nor looked upon her!

But I beseech
Your patience. Once in old Jerusalem
A woman kneeled at consecrated feet,
Kissed them and washed them with her tears,
What then?
I think that yet our Lord is pitiful;
I think I see the castaway e'en now!
And she is not alone; the heavy rain
Splashes without, and sullen thunder rolls,
But she is lying at the sacred feet
Of One transfigured.

And her tears flow down,
Down to her lips—her lips that kiss the print
Of nails, and love is like to break her heart,
Love and repentance—for it still doth work
Sore in her soul to think, to think that she,
Even she, did pierce the sacred, sacred feet,
And bruised the thorn-crowned head.

O Lord, our Lord,
How great is Thy compassion! JEAN INGELow.

THE VALUE OF A LITTLE.

“Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost.”—
JOHN vi. 12.

Do thy little, do it well,
Do what right and reason tell;

Do what wrong and sorrow claim,
Conquer sin and cover shame.

Do thy little, though it be
Dreariness and drudgery;
They whom Christ apostles made,
“Gathered fragments” when he bade.

Do thy little; never mind
Though thy brethren be unkind;
Though the men who ought to smile,
Mock and taunt thee for a while.

Do thy little; never fear
While thy Saviour standeth near;
Let the world its javelins throw,
On thy way undaunted go.

Do thy little; God hath made
Million leaves for forest shade;
Smallest stars their glory bring,
God employeth everything.

Do thy little, and when thou
Feelest on thy pallid brow,
Ere has fled the vital breath,
Cold and damp the sweat of death —

Then the little thou hast done,
Little battles thou hast won,
Little masteries achieved,
Little want with care relieved,
Little words in love expressed,
Little wrongs at once confessed,

Little favors kindly done,
Little toils thou didst not shun,
Little graces meekly worn,
Little slights with patience borne—

These shall crown the pillowed head,
Holy light upon thee shed;
These are treasures that shall rise
Far beyond the smiling skies.

WEIGHING THE BABY.

“Take this child away, and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages.”—Ex. ii. 9.

“How many pounds does the baby weigh,
Baby who came but a month ago?
How many pounds from the crowning curl
To the rosy point of the restless toe?”

Grandfather ties the 'kerchief's knot,
Tenderly guides the swinging weight,
And carefully over his glasses peers
To read the record, “only eight.”

Softly the echo goes around;
The father laughs at the tiny girl,
The fair young mother sings the words,
While grandmother smooths the golden curl

And stooping above the precious thing,
Nestles a kiss within a prayer,
Murmuring softly, “Little one,
Grandfather did not weigh you fair.”

Nobody weighed the baby's smile,
Or the love that came with the helpless one;
Nobody weighed the threads of care,
From which a woman's life is spun.

No index tells the mighty worth
Of little baby's quiet breath,
A soft, unceasing metronome,
Patient and faithful unto death.

Nobody weighed the baby's soul,
For here on earth no weight there be
That could avail: God only knows
Its value in eternity.

Only eight pounds to hold a soul
That seeks no angel's silver wing,
But shines in it this human guise,
Within so small and frail a thing!

Oh, mother, laugh your merry note;
Be gay and glad, but don't forget
From baby's eyes looks out a soul
That claims a place in Eden yet.

GO FORTH AND REAP!

"He that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal."—JOHN IV. 36.

WHEN thou hast sown the precious seed
Of truth and love by word and deed,
In patience then the Master heed,
Go forth and reap!

When thou hast viewed the whitened field,
Burdened with its abundant yield,
Prepare the harvest blade to wield,—
Go forth and reap!

Alas! alas! the precious grain
Is trodden by the hoof of gain.
O saint, let love of Christ constrain!
Go forth and reap!

When thou hast prayed, and waited long,
For truth hast suffered shame and wrong,
Take up the hopeful reaper's song,—
Go forth and reap!

The reaper wages full receives,
And garners up immortal sheaves;
Let him this promise who believes,
Go forth and reap!

R E S T .

“There remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of God.”—
HEB iv. 9.

OH, toilers in life's vineyard,
Who sigh for perfect rest,
Whose dim eyes, peering upward
With weight of tears oppressed,
Look for the blissful slumber
God gives to his beloved;
Wait till the day is over,
And He the task has moved.

Here, where the long, long morning
Melts into busy noon,
The hours are all unrestful,
But evening cometh soon;
Lo, on the upreared mountain
The first faint shadow lies,
And God will draw His curtains
Over the far-off skies.

Short slumbers has the pilgrim,
His ready staff in hand;
The soldier may but linger
Till the foe is in the land;
The child must hasten homeward,
O'er hill and field and dell;
And the golden gates are open,
Where they each in rest shall dwell

Oh, weary heart, take courage!
Oh, feet, march on awhile!
Oh, busy hands, still labor!
Tired eyes shall see Him smile,
Who has within His keeping,
Still waiting for your claim,
The perfect rest of heaven,
The gladness of His name.

No storm disturbs the waters,
No wind shakes that repose;
No trumpet calls to battle,
Nor triumph then the foes.
Though season follow season,
And year fade into year,
That rest is still remaining,
That heaven shall still appear

Take up the burden, Christian,
 And bear or labor on:
 Only a little sorrow,
 And the kingdom shall be won.
 Only a few more footsteps,
 And then the tranquil rest;
 Only a few more longings,
 And then the sheltering breast

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM

THE CHANGED CROSS.

"I know the thoughts that I think toward you, saith the Lord,
 thoughts of peace, and not of evil, to give you an expected end."
 —JER. xxix. 11.

It was a time of sadness, and my heart,
 Although it knew and felt the better part,
 Felt wearied with the conflict and the strife,
 And all the needful discipline of life.

And while I thought on these as given to me—
 My trial tests of faith and love to be—
 It seemed as if I never could be sure
 That faithful to the end I should endure.

And thus, no longer trusting to His might,
 Who says, "We walk by faith, and not by
 sight,"

Doubting and almost yielding to despair,
 The thought arose—my cross I cannot bear

For heavier its weight must surely be
 Than those of others which I daily see;
 Oh, if I might another burden choose,
 Methinks I should not fear my crown to lose!

A solemn silence reigned on all around--
E'en Nature's voices uttered not a sound;
The evening shadows seemed of peace to tell,
And sleep upon my weary spirit fell.

A moment's pause, and then a heavenly light
Beamed full upon my wondering, raptured sight,
Angels on silvery wings seemed everywhere,
And angels' music thrilled the balmy air.

Then One, more fair than all the rest to see--
One to whom all the others bowed the knee--
Came gently to me, as I trembling lay,
And, "Follow me," He said, "I am the way."

Then speaking thus, He led me far above;
And there, beneath a canopy of love,
Crosses of divers shape and size were seen,
Larger and smaller than my own had been.

And one there was most beauteous to behold--
A little one with jewels set in gold:
Ah, this methought, I can with comfort wear,
For it will be an easy one to bear.

And so the little cross I quickly took
But all at once my frame beneath it shook;
The sparkling jewels, fair were they to see,
But far too heavy was their *weight* for me.

"This may not be," I cried, and looked again,
To see if there was any here could ease my pain,
But one by one I passed them slowly by,
Till on a lovely one I cast my eye.

Fair flowers around its sculptured form entwined;
And grace and beauty seemed in it combined;
Wondering, I gazed, and still I wondered more
To think so many should have passed it o'er.

But oh, that form, so beautiful to see!
Soon made its hidden sorrows known to me:
Thorns lay beneath those flowers and colors
fair,
Sorrowing, I said, "This cross I may not bear."

And so it was with each and all around:
Not one to suit my *need* could there be found;
Weeping, I laid each heavy burden down,
As my Guide gently said, "No cross, no crown!"

At length to Him I raised my saddened heart:
He knew its sorrows, bid its doubts depart.
"Be not afraid," He said, "but trust in me—
My perfect love shall now be shown to thee."

And then, with lightened eyes and willing feet,
Again I turned, my earthly cross to meet,
With forward footsteps, turning not aside,
For fear some sudden evil might betide.

And there, in the prepared, appointed way—
Listening to hear, and ready to obey—
A cross I quickly found of plainest form,
With only words of love inscribed thereon.

With thankfulness I raised it from the rest,
And joyfully acknowledged it the best—

The only one of all the many there
That I could feel was good for me to bear.

And while I thus my chosen one confessed,
I saw a heavenly brightness on it rest;
And as I bent my burden to sustain,
I recognized my own old cross again!

But oh, how different did it seem to be
Now I had learned its preciousness to see!
No longer could I unbelieving say,
Perhaps another is a better way.

Ah, no! henceforth my own desire shall be,
That He who knows me best should choose for
me;
And so whate'er His love sees good to send,
I'll trust it's best, because He knows the end.

YOUR MISSION.

"Withhold not good from them to whom it is due, when it is
in the power of thine hand to do it."—Prov. iii. 27.

HARK! the voice of Jesus crying,
Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, and harvests waiting,
Who will bear those sheaves away?
Loud and long the Master calleth,
Rich reward he offers free:
Who will answer, gladly saying:
"Here am I, send me, send me?"

If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door.
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite.
And the least you give to Jesus
Will be precious in his sight.

If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say he died for all.
If you cannot rouse the wicked
With the judgment's dread alarms,
You can lead the little children
To the Saviour's waiting arms!

Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do."
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.
Take the task He gives you gladly,
Let His work your pleasure be:
Answer quickly when He calleth:
"Here am I, send me, send me!"

REV. DR. MARCH

AN EVENING PRAYER.

"Let my prayer be set forth before thee as incense, and the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice."—Ps. cxli. 2.

I COME to Thee to-night,
In my lone closet, where no eye can see,

And dare to crave an interview with Thee,
Father of love and light.

Softly the moonbeams shine
On the still branches of the shadowy trees,
While all sweet sounds of evening on the
breeze,
Steal through the slumbering vine.

Thou gav'st the calm repose
That rests on all—the air, the bird, the flower,
The human spirit in its weary hour—
Now at the day's bright close.

'Tis Nature's time for prayer;
The silent praises of the glorious sky,
And the earth's orisons profound and high,
To Heaven their breathings bear.

With them my soul would bend,
In humble reverence at Thy holy throne,
Trusting the merits of Thy Son alone,
Thy sceptre to extend.

If I this day have striven
With Thy blest spirit, or have bowed the knee
To aught of earth in weak idolatry,
I pray to be forgiven.

If in my heart has been
An unforgiving thought, or word, or look,
Though deep the malice which I scarce could
brook

Wash me from this dark sin,

If I have turned away
From grief or suffering which I might relieve,
Careless the "cup of water" e'en to give,
Forgive me, Lord, I pray—

And teach me how to feel
My sinful wanderings with a deeper smart,
And more of mercy and of grace impart,
My sinfulness to heal.

Father, my soul would be
Pure as the drops of eve's unsullied dew;
And as the stars whose nightly course is true,
So would I be to Thee.

Nor for myself alone,
Would I these blessings of Thy love implore,
But for each penitent the wide earth o'er,
Whom Thou hast called Thine own.

And for my heart's best friends,
Whose steadfast kindness o'er my painful years,
Has watched to soothe affliction's griefs and
My warmest prayer ascends. [tears,

Should o'er their path decline
The light of gladness, or of hope or health,
Be Thou their solace and their joy and wealth,
As they have long been mine.

And one—O Father! guide
The youthful traveler in the dangerous hour;
Save him from evil and temptation's power,
And keep him near Thy side.

Watch o'er his couch to-night,
 And draw him sweetly by the cords of love
 To blest communion with Thee, far above
 Earth's withering cares and blight.

And now, O Father! take
 The heart I cast with humble faith on Thee,
 And cleanse its depth from each impurity,
 For my Redeemer's sake.

E. L. E.

ONE BODY IN CHRIST.

"And every one *members* one of another. The eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee; nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you."—1 Cor. xii 21

WHAT tho' the gifts and calling of the Lord
 Differ in those who live upon His word,
 Yet the same spirit animates the frame;
 One is the Head, and Jesus is His name.
 Jesus, the Head, who now enthroned on high,
 Has, for His own, of gifts a rich supply.

Of gifts and graces, which, from heaven distill
 On each, on all proportioned to His will;
 For oh, the Church is one—one in the Heart
 Of Him who feels, who cares for every part;
 To whom each member's wants are fully known;
 Who makes each sorrow as each joy is his own.

Tho' not the Head, yet should each member be
 As sympathetic with the Church as He;—
 One belt of love should girdle all around;
 Within that belt no palsied nerve be found.

For every gift and grace His hands bestow,
Is breathed in love, to make the body grow.

To THESE He gives the power TO PREACH THE
WORD;

On THOSE the skill to TEACH is largely poured;
One knows the art to mix the oil and wine,
That healing art—that alchemy divine.

The “son of Thunder” speaks with trumpet-
voice;

Of “consolation,” whispers “RISE—Rejoice!”

Not all apostles, prophets, elders, scribes;
But each the spirit of the whole imbibes;
In faith's proportion seeks to act his part,
And what he CAN he DOES, with earnest heart.
Is he the HAND? he ministers with skill;
The foot? he runs to do the Master's will.

Has he the searching eye? he sees for all—
Or ear? He listens for the midnight call.
Has he a tongue to speak in words of fire?
Or is he skilled to sweep the sacred lyre?
Each word he utters is for all to hear;
Each minstrel-note the Bride of Christ to cheer.

For oh, that Bride—the body is but one!
One with the Head—His love the circling zone;
Each living member by the Spirit prized,
Into our body blended and baptized.
Then say not, brother, “I am not the eye,
What aid have I to tender or supply?”

Or “I am not the Hand—the Foot—the Ear.”
Whate'er thou art, to Jesus thou art dear;

Whate'er thou art, the Church has NEED of thee
Hast thou no gift? Who gave that bending
knee?

Who told thee of the lonely closet, where
Thy God, "who sees in secret, answers prayer?"

"Go, shut thy door upon thee." Ask the Lord
To pour His blessings on the pastor's word—
To touch, with living coals, His herald's tongue;
Waken the dead to hear the Angel's song.
Ask him to own each gift TO OTHERS given;
Unheard below thy voice can reach to Heaven.

But hast thou ne'er a gift to use for Him?
Art thou, indeed, nor Eye, nor Ear, nor Limb?
Sure there are those still weaker than thou art,
Too young, too feeble yet, to bear a part
In the great household duties, or its cares;
LAMBS, whom the Shepherd in His bosom bears.

Lovest thou me? This is the boon I ask,—
Feed thou my lambs. Be this thy welcome task,
My under shepherd; nurture kind to prove
For me, for mine, thy faithfulness and love.
This is the gift divine to loved ones given,—
To train the Church's babes for seats in heaven.

Then say not thou, "There is no place for me—
No niche to fill in God's own family."
Reserve ALL gifts—for all are from above,
But covet earnestly the gift of LOVE.
Love for the risen Head—the Lamb who died,
The Shepherd King—the Saviour crucified.

Love to each member of the blood-bought flock—
The Church foundationed on the living Rock;—
Love for a dying world—for friend, for foe—
For all who care not Jesus' love to know;
Love—tenderest love for those the Shepherd
blessed;—
Caress thou THEM. Be thou by Him caressed.

THE PREACHER.

“The servant of the Lord must not strive; but be gentle unto all men, apt to teach, patient; in meekness instructing those that oppose themselves; if God peradventure will give them repentance to the acknowledging of the truth.”—2 TIM. ii. 24, 25.

HE took a shaft both strong and straight,
A shaft he had polished with labor great.

He winged it with sweet eloquence,
With learning, and with subtle sense.

Boldly he drew, and he aimed with care,
But it wounded only the idle air.

A second he took, both straight and strong,
Winged with a passionate sense of wrong.

He drew it stoutly, and aimed it true;
The mark he aimed at was plain to view.

Swift it fled, yet it lighted wide;
For it touched on a rock, and it swerved aside

He reached his hand, and took from above
A slender arrow, barbed with love.

He aimed it with but little art,
Yet it touched, and wounded a human heart.

His last, his lightest, was winged with prayer,
And he shot it forth through the yielding air

No careful aim the preacher took,
For he turned to heaven his upward look.

Yet it pierced a heart both hard and proud,
The hardest heart in all the crowd.

E. G.

THE LOST CHILD.

"Even so it is not the will of your Father which is in heaven
that one of these little ones should perish."—MATT. xviii. 14.

THE night comes in, and the storm is wild,
There's a biting blast and a driving sleet,
And up and down each lonely street
The criers call, "Lost child! lost child!"

What! a little one this bitter night
Alone and lost in this howling storm?
O God! be merciful, we pray,
And shield the tender form.

Speed, speed thee, rider! scream the cry!
He may be frozen and crushed and dead!
A mother waits for her laughing boy;
And canst thou take her a corpse instead?

Speed, speed thee, rider! and mark the print
Of little feet across the snow;

And call the fathers from every house
Upon your search to go.

And while ye seek, let a louder voice,
One that the whole wide world can hear,
Break out above the howling storm
In tones most thrilling, loud, and clear.

Lost in the stormy night of sin,
An orphan, the child of his mother's vow.
'Tis years and years since he wandered away;
Christians, turn out and seek for him now!

Lost from a mother one sunny day,
A little girl with a blue dove-eye;
She hath lost her way to heaven, and now
She hath fallen in woe to die.

Lost from the pasture many a lamb
That wandered away when shepherds did
sleep:
And now they are roving, *God only* knows where;
He only can hear their shivering bleat.

Lost, lost! and the night drifts in—
Children more than you'll ever find.
Turn out, turn out! and with pity seek
And bring them in from the storm and the
wind.

Perchance your little ones are gone,
And their feet will never turn back again.
Haste, father, haste, and follow their track!
Mark every spot where they have been:

And if ye find them, thank your God;
For many a mother is wailing to-night
For a birdling lost that she'll never find,
Not even in heaven's morning light.

THE END.

"For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith."—2 TIM. iv. 6, 7.

WOULD you live your whole life over,
From the rosy gate of dawn
To where through the bars of sunset
The last golden ray has gone?
Would you watch fair flowers unfolding?
Clasp them till they fade and die?
Gather all the friends around you
That you loved in days gone by?

Would you feel the heat of noon-day
Once more on your throbbing brow?
Bear again the cross of labor
'Neath which many mortals bow?
Would you tread the thorny pathway,
Where your foot-prints linger yet?
Drink again each bitter chalice
That has filled you with regret?

Thank God! Now the twilight deepens;
Soon the holy stars will rise;
Offer we our heart's oblation
At this hour of sacrifice.

We no more can bear the burden,
 We can tread the path no more;
 Earthly joy and earthly sorrow,
 Strangely blended—now are o'er.

Though the way is dark and lonely
 It leads on to rest and peace;
 We shall find our buried treasures
 When our pilgrimage shall cease.
 Not in vain the grief and trial
 Nor the vanished years in vain,
 If by all their varied teachings
 We eternal life can gain.

KATE CAMERON.

“LEAN HARD.”

“Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee.”—
 Ps. lv. 22.

CHILD of my love, “LEAN HARD,”
 And let me feel the pressure of thy care.
 I know thy burden, child— I shaped it.
 Poised it in My own hand, made no proportion
 In its weight to thine unaided strength.
 Before ever I laid it on I said,
 “I shall be ever near, and while she leans on
 This burden shall be Mine, not hers, [Me
 So shall I keep my child within the circling arms
 Of Mine own love.” Here lay it down, nor fear
 To impose it on a shoulder which upholds
 The government of worlds. Yet closer come,
 Thou art not near enough; I would embrace
 thy care,

So I might feel My child reposing on My heart:
Thou lovest Me? I doubt it not;
Then loving Me, "LEAN HARD."

VINEYARD LABORERS.

"And he said unto them, Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest a while."—MARK vi. 31.

TOILING among the vines one day,
In the Master's vineyard sweet,
I saw my sister bow her head,
'Neath the burden and the heat.

She was not weary of working,
For she loved the Master well;
And she thought of the blessed hour
When the shades of evening fell.

She portioned a task out bravely,
And thought, "He would have it so;"
Then the Master stood beside her,
And His voice was soft and low

"I have not need of thee to-day
In the vineyard so fair and sweet;"
And she whispered low, "My Master,
Let Him do what seemeth meet."

But her heart was sad and heavy,
As she left her work that day;
She knew not where she was going,
Or aught of that untried way.

He led her forth to the desert,
 And He spoke to her of rest;
 Then she smiled, and whispered gladly,
 "O Master, Thy way is best!"

The burning blast of the desert
 Made her quiver and start with pain;
 She looked in His face for comfort,
 Nor shrank from that dreary plain.

I watch for my sister sadly;
 Will she come again to me?
 He hath said that where He dwelleth
 There shall His servant be.

Perhaps He will bring her, rested
 And meet for some higher toil,
 To work once more in the vineyard,
 Or reap the fruit of the soil.

But perhaps He will lead her onward,
 To His glory and His rest;
 I know she will smile and whisper,
 "Master, *Thy* way is best!"

"TRIALS OF THE WORLD."

"In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer, ~~and~~
 I have overcome the world."—JOHN xvi. 33.

THE world is full of suffering; along the mourn-
 ful air
 The notes of sad complaining are crying every
 where,

Love shieldeth not its idols from death's unsparing darts,
And the whole wide world is teeming with
crushed and broken hearts.

Yet were no clouds of sorrow along our pathway driven,
This world would be a Paradise we scarce would
change for Heaven;
The erring heart to purify, is sent the chastening rod,
To discipline the spirit and draw it nigh to God.

To raise the heart to Heaven with a meek and
holy trust,
And silence the repinings that have bound it
to the dust;
We may not see the purpose why our hearts are
pierced and riven,
Yet, with a full, undoubting trust, let us still
look up to Heaven.

This life is full of trials, yet we know that One
above
Looks ever down upon us with sympathy and
love,
And pitieth our infirmities, though others may
deride,
*For the heart hath not a sorrow with which He
was not tried.*

Ah! let us then be patient, be meek, and murmur not,
Though clouds and gloom and shadows surround our earthly lot:

And when the heart repineth think of the Holy
One,
Who meekly bore and suffered, to win for us a
crown.

We know that life has mysteries, for God hath
not designed
To shed His great omniscience on the lowly
finite mind;
But when the soul is ransomed, and the fount
of life unsealed,
The mind shall grasp infinity, and all will be re-
vealed.

Then let us place the anchor of our confidence
and trust
On the might of the Creator, the Omnipotent
and Just,
Whose will we may not question, nor His hid-
den motive tell,
Yet rest in his assurance that He “doeth all
things well.”

“FEED MY LAMBS.”

“What man of you, having a hundred sheep, if he lose one of
them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness and
go after that which was lost, until he find it.”—LUKE xv. 4.

HARK! the gentle Shepherd speaking
In His tones of tender love,
“Feed my lambs,” oh! leave not any,
Who may reach My fold above.

‘Feed my lambs,’ not only children
Who in happy homes

Other lambs for whom I've suffered
Miss I sadly from my side.

Sinful, wretched little children,
Wandering through the streets and lanes,
Wishing, weeping in their sorrow,
Suffering sore with hunger-pains.

Mouths that utter only curses,
Hands upraised to strike and steal,
O'er them how my spirit yearneth,
Even such my grace can heal.

Lips that never sing my praises,
Feet that ever aimless stray,
Ears too deaf to hear me calling,
Knees that never kneel to pray!

Even such I died to ransom,
Even such my lambs I call,
Stand ye gazing while they perish?
Haste to find and gather all.

Tell them then of Calvary's story,
Guide their tender steps to Me:
Saved from Satan's snares forever,
They shall all my glory see.

'Feed Thy lambs?' Yes! Heavenly Shepherd,
Gladly we obey Thy call,
To the little lambs we hasten,
Strive to find and gather all?

AFTER THE DARKNESS—LIGHT!

"The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."—PROV. iv. 18.

AFTER the darkness—light!
Out of the evil—good!
From foulest wrong, upriseth Right—
Sin-cleansed, O CHRIST, in blood!

What tho' the billows roll?
What tho' the waves sweep o'er?
The tempest, LORD, Thou canst control,
And guide us safe to shore!

O doubting heart, be still!
O fainting soul, be brave!
By devious ways works He His will—
Omnipotent to save!

Truth lives:—for this CHRIST died;—
And, e'en tho' crushed to earth,
Shall rise again, re-glorified,
Child of immortal birth!

Then lag not, weary feet,
Tho' rocks loom mountain high;
Press bravely on—for, fair and sweet
Beyond, the valleys lie!

Dread not the battle hour,
Move on to meet the foe!
Heaven grants the hero's arm its power;
Heaven guides the patriot's blow!

Tho' dark the dun clouds roll—
Tho' deadly fierce the fray—
GOD can the battle storm control,
And bid the billows stay!

O doubting heart, be still!
O fainting soul, be brave!
By devious ways work He His will—
Omnipotent to save!

GRACE APPLETON.

BURY THY SORROW.

"Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows."—
Is. liii. 4.

BURY thy sorrow;
The world hath its share;
Bury it deeply,
Hide it with care.

Think of it calmly,
When curtained by night,
Tell it to Jesus,
And all will be right.

Tell it to Jesus,
He knoweth thy grief;
Tell it to Jesus,
He'll send thee relief.

Gather the sunlight
Aglow on thy way;
Gather the moonbeams,
Each soft, silver ray.

Hearts grow weary
 With heavier woe,
 Droop 'mid the darkness;
 Go, comfort them, go!

Bury thy sorrow;
 Let others be blest;
 Give them the sunshine;
 Tell Jesus the rest.

T H I N E .

"And he turned him unto his disciples, and said privately,
 Blessed are the eyes which see the things that ye see."—LUKE
 x. 23.

LITTLE to me it matters
 Whither my feet are led,
 If in the burning desert
 Or the pastures green I'm fed,—
 Whether the storm or sunshine
 Be in the path I take;
 For my hand is in Thine, my Father;
 Thou wilt not Thy child forsake.

And it shall not cause me sorrow,
 Though the path be steep and rough;
 I am Thine, Thine own for ever,
 And that shall be joy enough.
 Thine is the care, my Father—
 The work of providing Thine;
 Only the trust, and pleasure,
 And the calm content, are mine.

Neither shall I be anxious
 For the dear ones whom I love:
 From Thee they are never absent—
 Thou reachest them from above;
 And, Lord, I know they are dearer
 To Thee than they are to me,
 So I only ask Thee to take them,
 And do as it pleases Thee.

But others are only strangers,
 And know not the perfect peace
 Of those who beneath Thy banner
 Are finding their sorrows cease.
 They are away in the darkness,
 In the gloomy and silent night;
 Oh, Father, receive them also,
 And welcome them into the light.

So, then, it will not matter,
 Whatever the future be
 Gladly we take our journey,
 Leaving the rest to Thee;
 And in darkness, or gloom, or tempest,
 Still shall the best light shine,
 And the joy shall come to our spirits;
 For, Father, we all are Thine.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM

IF WE KNEW.

“For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then, face to face.”—1 COR. xlii. 12.

If we knew the woe and heart-ache,
 Waiting for us, down the road,

If our lips could taste the wormwood,
If our backs could feel the load;
Would we waste to-day in wishing
For a time that ne'er can be;
Would we wait in such impatience
For our ships to come from sea?

If we knew the baby fingers
Pressed against the window pane,
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
Never trouble us again—
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?
Would the prints of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?

Ah, these little ice-cold fingers,
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along our backward track!
How those little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns—but roses—
For our reaping by-and-by!

Strange we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown;
Strange that we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flowers are gone;
Strange that summer skies and sunshine
Never seem one-half so fair
As when the winter's snowy pinions
Shake their white down in the air!

Lips from which the seal of silence
None but God can roll away,
Never blossomed in such beauty
As adorns the mouth to-day;
And sweet words that freight our memory
With their beautiful perfume,
Come to us in sweeter accents
Through the portals of the tomb.

Let us gather up the sunbeams,
Lying all along our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessing of to-day;
With a patient hand removing
All the briers from out the way.

THE EFFICACY OF FAITH.

"And Peter answered him and said, Lord, if it be thou, bid me come unto thee on the water. And he said, Come. And when Peter was come down out of the ship, he walked on the water to go to Jesus."—MATT. xiv. 28, 29.

THE waves were dashing loud and high,
My child looked on with me;
"Father," she cried, "why may not I
Trust God, and walk the sea?

"Was it not lack of faith alone
That made the apostle sink?
By faith, therefore, it may be done;
Father, what should I think?"

The Lord bade Peter go, my child;
And should He thee command,
Thy feet would on these waters wild
Be firm as on the sand.

But life has storms more awful yet,
Waves rougher than yon sea;
Then do not thou in these forget
That Jesus is with thee.

Care not what others have to do,
What may be or has been;
But in the path God calls thee go,
And use thy faith therein.

HINDS.

'TIS GOOD TO LIVE.

"In everything give thanks; for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you."—1 THESS. v. 18.

I THANK thee, Father, that I live!
I thank thee for these gifts of thine—
For bending skies of heavenly blue
And stars divine;
For this green earth, where mild sweet airs,
Like forest spirits, joyous stray,
For winding streams, and trees, and flowers
Beside its way.

But more I thank Thee for true hearts,
That bear sweet gifts of love to me:
Whom mine enfolds and feels that this
Is love of thee!

Drear hours I know will darkly come,
 November days of cloud and rain;
 But thus must hearts, like wintry fields,
 Revive again!

I thank thee, Father, that I live!
 Tho' wailings fill this earth of Thine;
 To labor for Thy suffering ones
 Is joy divine,
 And even I, though weak and poor,
 May bear some word of life from thee;
 A beam of hope may reach some heart,
 E'en through me!

ANN PRESTON.

"WHY DRINK YOU?"

"Therefore, hear now this, thou afflicted, and drunken, but not with wine, thus saith thy Lord the Lord, and thy God that pleadeth the cause of his people, Behold, I have taken out of thine hand the cup of trembling, even the dregs of the cup of my fury; thou shalt no more drink it again."—Is. li. 21, 22.

WHY drink you still the bitter wine
 Of life's past vintage; lift your eyes,
 Behold empurpling all the skies
 The ripened clusters shine.

Sweet rills of gladness sparkling flow
 And love perfumes the inspiring draught,
 While peace and joy their odors waft,
 To fill your cup below.

O drink, and let your life be blest
 With all the fullness God has given,
 With all the foretaste of His heaven,
 With all His wondrous rest.

HELEN M. BRADLEY.

IN THE SILENT MIDNIGHT WATCHES.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."—REV. III. 20.

In the silent midnight watches,
 List—thy bosom's door;
 How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,
 Knocketh evermore!
 Say not 'tis thy pulse's beating,
 'Tis thy heart of sin;
 Tis thy Saviour knocks, and crieth,
 "Rise and let me in!"

Death comes down with equal footstep,
 To the hall and hut;
 Think you Death will stand a-knocking
 When the door is shut?
 Jesus waiteth, waiteth, waiteth,
 But thy door is fast;
 Grieved away thy Saviour goeth;
 Death breaks in at last.

Then 'tis thine to stand entreating
 Christ to let thee in;
 At the gate of heaven beating,
 Wailing for thy sin,

Nay, alas! thou foolish virgin,
Hast thou then forgot?
Jesus waited long to know thee,
Now he knows thee not!

A. CLEVELAND COXE.

BE KIND TO ONE ANOTHER.

"My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue
but in deed and in truth."—1 JOHN III. 18.

Be kind to one another;
This is a world of care;
And there's enough of needful woe
For every one to bear;
But if you ease the burden
That weighs another down,
That work of Christian charity
Will lighten half your own.

Be kind to one another;
Scatter the seeds of love
Wide o'er the field of hearts, and rich
The harvest wealth will prove—
A wealth more truly precious
Than aught beneath the sun,
Which India's diamonds could not buy,
And yet how lightly won.

Be kind to one another;
Not to the good alone—
E'en to the cold and selfish heart
Let deeds of love be shown.

So shall ye be His children
Who rains his gifts on all,
And even upon the thankless ones
Bids his bright sunbeams fall.

BEHOLD, THOU ART THERE.

"If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea ; even there shall thy hand lead me and thy right hand shall hold me."—Ps. cxxxix. 9. 10.

In the midst of the mighty city
And the trampling of many feet,
In the midst of the looks of strangers
Crowding the busy street,
There comes the sound of a whisper
To the listening, gladdened ear;
And Thy children are not lonely,
For they know that Thou art near.

In the midst of the silent forest,
Unstirred by a passing breeze,
Where the autumn has stripped the branches
Of the cold and barren trees,
Thou comest with noiseless footstep;
And those who have cried to Thee
Can feel Thy presence beside them,
Though they have not eyes to see.

In the peaceful abode of pleasure,
Where the happy love to throng,
Thou comest with smile benignant,
And listenest to the song.

In the darkened home of weeping,
 Where the heart is sick and sad,
 Thou comest with words of comfort,
 Making the weary glad.

Thou comest on wings of morning
 Over the land and sea,
 On the mountains and in the valleys,
 Wherever Thy children be;
 Thou com'st with the night's dark shadows,
 And stay'st through the noon of day:
 And wherever Thy pilgrims travel
 Thou dost preserve their way.

We give to Thee thanks, O Father,
 That we never can be alone;
 That our lives are so well love-guarded,
 And that Thou dost attend Thine own;
 Stay with us, Lord, forever,
 In brighter or darker days,
 Till we meet in the many mansions,
 Singing Thine endless praise.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD.

"She hath done what she could: she is come aforehand to anoint my body to the burying."—MARK xiv. 8.

"SHE hath done what she could!" Oh, how
 sweet

Did those words of encouragement prove
 To that meek one, who knelt at His feet,
 And gratefully poured forth her love!

‘She hath done what she could!’ Yes, the
proud
Might scornfully say what they thought;
But the Saviour reproved them aloud,
And smiled on the offering she brought.

“She hath done what she could!” Can this be
Applied to *my* labors of love?
Would the Saviour say thus unto *me*,
If He spoke from His bright throne above?

“She hath done what she could!” Ah, with
shame,
I remember how little I’ve tried
To spread the sweet sound of *His* name,
Who freely for sinners hath died.

“She hath done what she could!” Let me now
Redeem the bright hours which are flown:
May the talent, Lord, Thou dost bestow
Be spent in Thy service alone.

“She hath done what she could!” Shall I fear
If the world its reproaches begin?
No! its censures I gladly will bear,
If *Thy* smile and approval I win.

WHY FEAR FOR THY BROTHER!

“Peter, seeing him, saith to Jesus, Lord, and what shall this man do?”

“Jesus saith unto him, If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? Follow thou me.”—JOHN xxi. 21, 22.

WHY fear for thy brother?
Thy work and none other

Is pressing upon thee to-day;
Ere thou seek to conduct him,
To guide or instruct him,
Be sure *thou* knowest the way.

Thou but poorly discernest
How deep and how earnest
His love for his Saviour and Lord;
The founts of his feeling
Await their unsealing,
Not alone in the fullness of words.

The path he is treading
Unseen, may be leading
Through fresh fields of favor divine;
His eye may be clearer,
His feet may be nearer
The city celestial, than thine.

Ah! little thou knowest
How largely thou owest
The stature to which thou hast grown,
To his hushed prayers ascending
And fervently blending,
With thine at the heavenly throne.

Though he labor obscurely,
If singly and purely
He strive but to honor his Lord,
His burden shall lighten,
His pathway shall brighten,
In the smile of his Master's reward.

Thy work is before thee,
Soon, soon shall come o'er thee,

The gathering shades of the night.
Art thou willing and ready?
Thy strong hand and steady?
Thine armor all burnished and bright?

THE TEACHER'S DREAM.

"For God is not unrighteous, to forget your work and labor of
love, which ye have showed toward his name, in that ye have
ministered unto the saints, and do minister."—HEB. vi. 10

ASLANT fell the beams of the setting sun
Through the school-room windows at Durham
Place;
The last little urchin—his lessons done,
And his good-night said—had gone, to run
His merry homeward race.

At the desk, with her toil-worn head bowed low
On her fevered hands, a teacher sate,
Making no movement as if to go,
Though round her fell the broad sunset's glow,
And the hour was waxing late.

The light wind strayed through the open door,
And lovingly lifted the loosened hair
That fell round a forehead where time had made
Some footprints, but left a sweet, pensive shade,
That rendered it still more fair.

She had fallen asleep; and in her dream
The narrow walls of the meagre room
Had dropped away, and the sunset's gleam
Fell on a fair bower, and made it seem
All flooded with rosy bloom.

And for the shrill sound of A, B, C,
That had echoed so late on her tortured ear,
The notes of the woodland birds heard she,
And the lapse of waters, as dreamily
They coursed through a valley near.

And she knew not whence came the sense of rest
That so sweetly over her spirit came,
Till a gentle presence was manifest,
A gentle hand her forehead pressed,
And a soft voice called her name.

It bade her come, and she followed on,
Scarce knowing whether she waked or
dreamed,
To where there was raised a sylvan throne,
And the form of Him who sat thereon,
Like the Man of Sorrows seemed.

And many a loving one came and stood
Around the Master, each to tell
How he had illumined some dark abode,
Or lightened some pilgrim's heavy load,
For the Lord he loved so well.

When His sweet "Well done" was bestowed
on all,
And each from His presence on had passed,
Trembling *she* came at the Master's call,
And prone at His feet was fain to fall,
The weakest, and the last.

But gently He raised her, and bade her say
What *she* to-day for her Lord had done;

“Master,” she cried, “though I *love* alway,
Naught have I done for Thee to-day,
From rise to set of sun.

“I teach the little ones day by day,
And they cling to me with a fondness strange,
I teach them knowledge, and guide their play,
And strive that never in harmful way
Their little feet may range.

“But for Thy service I find no place,
No deeds of love have I to tell,
Though with tears I mourn my wasted days,
And long to toil in the broad highways,
For the Lord I love so well.

“I see the harvest field gleaming white,
And heavy with sheaves which I may not reap;
I see fair flowerets touched with blight,
I see Wrong triumphing over Right,
And can only look and weep.”

Then a wondrous smile lit the Master's face,
A smile that shone down to her very heart;
And these were His words: “Dear child of grace!
Who toils and weeps in the humblest place,
Hath in My work a part!

“Fear not! for thy toils the Master owns;
And precious to Him is thy ministry;
Fear not!” and He spake in gentlest tones,
“Who careth so well for the little ones,
Hath even cared for Me.”

D E A T H .

"Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written
Death is swallowed up in victory."—1 Cor. xv. 54.

OUT of the shadows of sadness,
Into the sunshine of gladness,
 Into the light of the blest;
Out of a land very dreary,
Out of the world of the weary,
 Into the rapture of rest.

Out of to-day's sin and sorrow,
Into a blissful to-morrow,
 Into a day without gloom;
Out of a land filled with sighing—
Land of the dead and the dying
 Into a land without tomb.

Out of a life of commotion,
Tempest-swept oft as the ocean,
 Dark with the wreck drifting o'er—
Into a land calm and quiet;
Never a storm cometh nigh it—
 Never a wreck on its shore.

Out of the land in whose bowers
Perish and fade all the flowers—
 Out of the land of decay—
Into the Eden where fairest
Of flow'rets, and sweetest and rarest,
 Never shall wither away.

Out of the world of the ailing,
Thronged with the anguished and wailing
 Out of the world of the sad;
Into the world that rejoices,
World of bright visions and voices,
 Into the world of the glad.

Out of a life ever lornful,
Out of a land ever mournful,
 Where in bleak exile we roam—
Into a joy-land above us,
Where there's a Father to love us—
 Into "Our Home, Sweet Home."

THE DAY LABORER.

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."—
ECCLES. xi. 6.

Sow ye beside all waters,
 Where the dew of heaven may fall;
Ye shall reap if ye be not weary,
 For the Spirit breathes o'er all.
Sow, though the thorns may wound thee—
 One wore the thorns for thee;
And though the cold world scorn thee,
 Patient and hopeful be.
Sow ye beside all waters,
 With a blessing and a prayer:
Name Him whose hand upholds us,
 And Sow thou everywhere.

Sow, though the rock repel thee,
In its cold and sterile pride;
Some cleft there may be riven,
Where the little seed may hide.
Fear not, some will flourish;
And though the tares abound,
Like the willows by the waters
Will the scatter'd grain be found,
Work while the daylight lasteth,
Ere the shades of night come on;
Ere the Lord of the vineyard cometh,
And the laborer's work is done.

Work! in the wild waste places,
Though none thy love may own,
God guides the down of the thistle
The wand'ring wind hath sown.
Will Jesus chide thy weakness,
Or call thy labor vain?
The word that for Him thou bearest,
Shall return to Him again.
Oh!—with thine heart in heaven,
Thy strength—in thy Master's might,
Till the wild waste places blossom
In the warmth of a Saviour's light.

Watch not the clouds above thee;
Let the whirlwind round thee sweep;
God may the seed-time give thee,
But another's hand may reap.
Have faith, though ne'er beholding
The seed bursts from its tomb,
Thou know'st not which may perish,
Or what be spared to bloom,

Room on the narrowest ridges
The ripen'd grain will find,
That the Lord of the harvest coming
In the harvest sheaves may bind.

WATCH THOU IN ALL THINGS.

"But watch thou in all things; endure affliction, do the work of an evangelist, make full proof of thy ministry."—2 TIM. iv. 5.

Be patient—life is very brief;
It passes quickly by,
And if it prove a troubled scene,
Beneath a stormy sky,
It is but like a shaded night,
That brings a morn of radiance bright.

Be hopeful—cheerful faith will bring
A living joy to thee,
And make thy life a hymn of praise,
From doubt and murmurs free:
Whilst, like the sunbeams, thou wilt bless,
And bring to others happiness.

Be earnest—an immortal soul
Should be a worker true;
Employ thy talents for thy God,
And ever keep in view
The judgment scene, the last great day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away.

Be holy—let not sin's dark stain
Thy spirit's whiteness dim,

Keep close to Jesus, 'mid the world,
 And trust alone to him.
 So, 'midst thy business and thy rest
 Thou wilt be comforted and blest.

Be prayerful—ask, and thou wilt have
 Strength equal to thy day;
 Prayer claps the hand that guides the world;
 O, make it then thy stay!
 Ask largely, and thy God will be
 A kingly giver unto thee.

Be ready—many fall around,
 Our loved ones disappear;
 We know not when our call may come,
 Nor should we wait in fear;
 If ready, we can calmly rest,
 Living or dying, we are blest.

H A R V E S T .

"Therefore, said he unto them, The harvest truly is great, ~~but~~ the laborers are few; pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest that he would send forth laborers into his harvest."—LUKE X. 2.

COME, let us go into the harvest-field,
 Where the reapers are binding the ripened
 grain.
 What wealth is this day to our eyes revealed,
 Scattered widely o'er hill and plain.

Broad fields where the yellow grain waves in
 the breeze,
 Contrasting its gold with the dark tasseled
 corn,

Smiling Plenty the farmer with gladdened eyes
 sees,
 Pouring wealth from her bountiful horn.

The loveliest time in all the glad year;
 When the laborer gains the reward of his toil,
 And the gladsome song of the reapers we hear,
 As they joyfully gather the spoil.

The fields of life's harvest already are white,
 The harvest is great but the laborers are few;
 The day is fast waning, and soon the dark night
 Will cover all things from our view.

O Lord of the harvest, permit me, I pray,
 In thy harvest of souls a toiler to be;
 And if I have tarried till late in the day,
 Let me still be a gleaner for Thee.

EMMA ROBERTS.

"OUT IN THE COLD."

"And it came to pass that the beggar died, and was carried by
 the angels into Abraham's bosom."—LUKE xvi. 22.

WITH blue, cold hands, and stockingless feet,
 Wandered a child in the cheerless street;
 Children were many, who, housed and fed,
 Lovingly nestled, dreaming in bed,
 Caroled their joy in a land of bliss,
 Without a thought or a care of this.
 They were warm in humanity's fold;
 But this little child was out in the cold--
 Out in the cold.

Bleak blew the wind through the cheerless
street,

Dashing along the merciless sleet,
All furred and shawled, man, woman, and child,
Hurried along, for the storm grew wild;
They could not bear the icicle blast,
Winter so rude on their pathway cast.
Alas! none pitied—no one consoled
The little wanderer out in the cold—
Out in the cold.

She had no father—she had no mother,
Sister none, and never a brother;
They had passed on to star-worlds above,
She remained here with nothing but love.
Nothing but love—O! man did not know
What wealth of joy that child could bestow.
So they went by, and worshiped their gold,
Leaving the little one out in the cold—
Out in the cold.

Wandered she on till the shades of night
Veiled her shivering form from sight;
Then, with her cold hands over her breast,
She prayed to her Father in heaven for rest.
When hours had fled, 'neath the world's dark
frown,
Hungered and chilled, she laid herself down—
Lay down to rest, while the wealthy rolled
In carriages past her, out in the cold—
Out in the cold.

Out in the cold, lo! an angel form
Brought her white robes, that were rich and
warm;

Out in the cold, on the sleeping child,
The sainted face of a mother smiled;
A sister pressed on her brow a kiss—
Led her 'mid scenes of heavenly bliss;
And angels gathered into their fold
That night, the little one out of the cold—
Out of the cold.

“YE DID IT NOT TO ME.”

“Then shall he answer them, saying, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me.”—MATT. xxv. 45.

I SAT and gazed upon my sunny home;
All pleasant things were there—
Bright things to look at, and sweet soothing
sounds
That came and went upon the perfumed air.
The sunbeam glanced and quivered
Through the many-colored pane,
And the marble floor at the open door
Mirrored it back again.
The flowers blushed in beauty,
The birds sang forth their glee:
I looked and listened, and I thanked my Father
That 'twas all for me.
And then I thought of One who had been here,
In days of yore,
Wearily walking on the world He made,
The Son of Man, and yet the Son of God,
Despised and poor!
I thought of Him when first His infant form
Needed a resting-place, and there was none:

The King of Heaven was waiting to be housed--
Earth's dwellings had no room!
I thought of Him upon the mountain side,
When all night long
The silent stars looked down upon His loneliness;
For JESUS had no home.

I thought and thought, until my gushing heart
Groaned forth its longings—
"Oh! had I been there,
What tender ministry, what fostering care
Wouldst Thou have known,
Thou blessed One!
What kindly words!
What thoughts and deeds of love!"
The hot tears gathered fast:
I laid me down and wept:

Was it a breeze that stole into the room,
So like a voice?
That came quite close—close to my burning
brow,
And whispered, "*Why not now?*"
It came again; I brushed the tears away,
And as I bent my head down very low,
I thought I heard HIM say,
"*But why not now?*"

"There is a doorway in a narrow street,
And close beside that door a broken stair,
And then a low, dark room.
The room is bare;
But in a corner lies

A worn-out form upon a hard straw bed,
No pillow underneath his aching head,—
A face grown wan with suffering, and a hand
Scarce strong enough to reach the small dry crust

That lies upon the chair:

Go in—for I am there!

I have been waiting wearily in that cold room,
Waiting long lonely hours,
Waiting for thee to come.

“There’s a low quiet corner in a green church-
yard,

Where deep, sad shadows lie,

And sound of passing feet goes seldom by:

I want thee there.

In that still place, beside a new-made grave,

A woman has been weeping all day long,

None marked her where she sate,

And now ’tis getting late,

And stars are coming out—

Beautiful stars! *my* stars

That used to gaze on me at Olivet.

The chill night dews are creeping through *her*
frame,

She dares not venture back from whence *she*
came:

She needs a home!

I called for thee, and waited,

But thou didst not come.

I want thy pitying tears, that fell just now

Upon the jewelled slab, to fall upon her cheek;

For tears can speak.

Lay thy warm hand upon the fainting one,

And leave me not to watch and weep alone.

"There is one seated near an open door,
Where to and fro, all through the busy day,
The sorrowing and the poor
Have found their way,
And now for very weariness
His eyes are closed—

Kind, earnest eyes, that have looked lovingly
On many a ghastly spectacle of woe—
Looked into depths where loathsome miseries
lie,

And never wept mere idle sympathy.
The heavy hand has fallen by his side,
The strong, brave hand
That waited my command,
And then did deadly battle with the foe;
That never flinched from any task
To which I called:
Were the way smooth or rough,
My bidding was enough,
Go in and look;

For tears have dropped upon the open book!
That heart is burdened,
Burdened for my sake:

Thou, in thy thoughtless case, will let it break!
'Twas on a summer's day, long years ago,
I called *two* willing servants to my feet;
I took them by the hand, and said to each

'I shed my blood for thee;
Lovest thou me?'
And then I gave *him* work,
Large work within my fold.
He had no earthly store
Wherewith to feed the poor;

It mattered not, I'd given *thee* my gold.

Where is it now? Look at that pallid brow,
 Sunk in its weary sleep:
 The furrows are too deep;
 They tell the tale of many an anxious grief—
 Not *his*, but *mine*!

Whence comes the wasting of that haggard
 The guilt is thine. [cheek?
 He gave me all his time, and strength, and
 health;
 I took it, and then asked thee for thy wealth—
 Thy *given* wealth! asked that it might be free,
 Held in thine open hand for him and me.
 Then came the years of conflict and of toil,
 The days of labor and the nights of prayer;
 Souls perishing in sin,
 Few hands to fetch them in;
 The hungry to be fed,
 The naked to be clothed,
 The outcast and the poor
 Gathering about my door.

I wanted money, and I wanted bread,
 I wanted all that willing hands could do;
 I wanted the quick ear and ready eye—
 Aye, and the deep true soul of sympathy:
 I wanted help, and then I called for thee,—
 I called and waited, and then called again:
 Oh! could it be that I should call in vain?
 I called and waited,
 And thou didst not come!”

I tried to hold my breath, and hear Him speak;
 But 'twas as though my throbbing heart must
 I could not lift my head, [break,
 I could not sigh;

The crimson shame had burnt into my cheek:
I had no tears; the very fount was dry.

Oh! it was long, I can not tell how long,

That strange, cold stillness;

But I *felt* that He was waiting there,

Waiting for me to speak.

I knelt upon the floor, and breathed His name,
Then, struggling, one by one the faint words

"Jesus, I *thought* I loved Thee: [came,

I remember well

That day when Thou didst hold

My trembling fingers in Thy pierced hand,

And take me for Thine own.

And I *did* love Thee—

This poor heart beat true;

It was no fancied echo, when the voice

That spoke 'Thee mine

Responded, I am Thine!

But O my Master! can I dare to tell,

Thy faithless child has loved *Thy gifts* too well!

I looked on all things beautiful and rare—

Looked on earth's flowers,

And thought them very fair.

I hid me from the rude and vulgar throng,

And hoped it was Thy will

That I might turn away from common men,

And love Thee still.

I dwelt among the pleasant sounds of life;

I did not like the turmoil and the strife

To come too near:

And Thou wast in the thickest battle-tide

When Thou didst call Thy servant to Thy side

But I was too far off,

And so I did not hear.

"My Lord! I will come nearer. I will take my
 Close to Thy feet. [seat
 I will come down where the gray shadows lie,
 And there I'll listen—listen every day
 To hear Thy voice!
 It may be I must take a lower place;
 But let me have the shining of Thy face.
 It may be I must seek a humbler home;
 Let it be one where Thou wilt often come:
 Its door shall be upon the latch for Thee,
 And for the needy ones who claim
 An interest in Thy name;
 And I will stand, and watch, and wait to greet
 The first faint echoes of Thy coming feet."
 C. P.

"ONLY A LITTLE BROOK."

"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee;
 and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee."—Is. xliii. 2.

The following incident is told concerning the death of a little girl, aged nine years.

A little while before she died, as the sorrowing friends stood round her, watching the last movements of the gentle breath, the last faint fluttering of the little pulse, they became aware from broken words, that she shrank with natural dread from the unknown way that was opening before her. She had come to the borders of the mysterious river which separates us from the dim hereafter, and her timid feet seemed to hesitate and fear to stem the flood. But after a time her fears subsided, she grew calm, and ceased to talk about the long dark way, till at the very last she brightened suddenly, a smile of confidence and courage lightened up her sweet face. "O, it is only a little brook!" she cried, and so passed over to the heavenly shore.

"ONLY a little brook!"—That swelling sea
 Dried up to this—so gently, tenderly

The Shepherd kind his little lamb led o'er;
Only a child's step, and she reached the shore.
A deep, dark sea she feared, and foreign land,
A narrow stream she found, and angel hand,

Ready to welcome to a land of flowers,
The little child who feared to part from ours,
How all things changed when she had clasped
His hand!

There was no deep, dark sea, no foreign land;
A brook to smile at when her feet had come
And lo, for foreign land her Father's home.

The struggling faith within the little child,
He saw, and lacking courage quick fulfilled;
He bent as gracious to that infant's need,
As when He heard a sinking Peter plead;
Beautiful lesson that such scene doth teach!
No timid hand in vain doth Jesus reach.

So by all seas, on any Jordan's brink,
If we but take His hand, its waves shall shrink;
Instead of tears that stain, the smile of faith
Shall light our faces by each stream of death;
For dying hopes a strength as great we crave,
As we shall need, to look on our near grave.

Faith's little brooks—as Shiloah's waters calm—
And on the other side some fresh green palm,
And fruit more sweet than any tasted yet
Our lips so fevered with earth's pains to wet;
So shall it never fail to be, if, led
By Jesus, without fear we tread.

KATE MONTGOMERY.

SAVE ONE.

"He which converteth the sinner from the error of his way,
shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins."

—JAMES v. 20.

SOULS are perishing before thee,

Save, save one!

It may be thy crown of glory,

Save, save one!

From the waves that would devour,

From the raging lion's power,

From destruction's fiery shower,

Save, save one!

Not in thy own strength confiding,

Save, save one!

Faith and prayer thy efforts guiding,

Save, save one!

None can e'er, unless possessing

Heavenly aid and heavenly blessing,

To the work of mercy pressing,

Save e'en one!

Who the worth of souls can measure?

Save, save one!

Who can count the priceless treasure?

Save, save one!

Like the star shall shine forever

Those who faithfully endeavor

Dying sinners to deliver,

Save, save one!

GOD'S TAKING

"For I reckon, that the sufferings of this present time are **not** worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed **in us.**"—Rom. viii. 18.

O THOU who never tak'st from Thy beloved,
Except to give them more,
When most is gone from our sweet earthly good,
Then most Thou hast in store.

We are too blind with tears, dear Lord, to count
Thy garnered treasure true;
Our weary hearts are all too weak to mount
To such a heavenly view.

Our eyes rest on the empty places here;
We stand by open tombs;
And, gathering round our footsteps year by year
Are ever-deepening glooms.

But Thou canst raise the weariest eye to Thee,
Ease the most troubled heart,
Teach the most faithless and perverse to see,
By Thy divinest art,

How true 'Thy reckoning is! "A little while,"
"These light afflictions" borne,
And then—the hidden rapture of Thy smile
In heaven's celestial morn!

The open treasure-house, our own domain,
Rich in all goodly store;
All sad hours turned to joy—all loss to gain,
And rest for evermore.

No aching heart nor empty arms again,
For through these passing hours,
Safe in Thy home and free from every stain,
Are Thy beloved and ours.

“WHERE HAST THOU GLEANED
TO-DAY?”

“Where hast thou gleaned to-day? and where wroughtest thou?”
—RUTH ii. 19.

Hast thou wandered far from the “reapers,”
In search of perfume and flowers?
Hast thou lingered by murmuring waters,
Or slept in the vine-wreathed bowers?

Will thy measure of worthless blossoms,
Half hidden by withering leaves,
Be a fitting gift for the Master,
In place of the golden sheaves?

Hast thou climbed the towering mountain,
With its dazzling robe of light,
And sought for the fruits of the harvest,
On its cold and barren height?
The pæans of Fame die in echoes,
And its thorny crowns bring pain;
But not on the mountain's summit
Canst thou gather the ripening grain.

Hast thou sighed for power and station,
And sought in the hidden mine
For the glittering heaps of treasures
That there in the darkness shine?

Ah! not the wealth of the Indies
 Must the toiling reaper bring,
 But the "gleaning" of whitened harvest,
 For the Master's offering.

Hast thou wandered far into marshes,
 Where the poisonous waters flow,
 Where the air is heavy with vapors,
 And the deadly nightshades grow?
 Is thy pure brow clouded with shadows,
 Thy sandals defiled with clay?
 In fields of sin and temptation
 Alas! hast thou "gleaned" to-day?

Or hast thou brought joy to the reaper,
 And strength to the sinking heart?
 Extended a hand to the helpless,
 Bade the erring in peace depart?
 Hast thou self and its pleasures forgotten
 While seeking thy neighbor to bless?
 Hast thou crowned e'en the undeserving
 With thy heart's sweet tenderness?

Reaper! the eventide cometh—
 Soon shall thy gleaning be o'er!
 The laborers' songs of rejoicing
 Tell of the plenteous store.
 Bring forth thy sheaves to the Master,
 So shall thy golden grain,
 In the fields by the emerald waters
 Blossom in beauty again.

JESUS IS MINE.

"The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God."—Rom. viii. 16.

WHAT mean these thrills? This heavenly calm
This ease that fills my wounded heart,
As if some hand had poured in balm,
And healed its every burning smart?

O hark! I hear sweet accents fall
The music of a Voice Divine!
"I come in answer to Thy call,
To dwell with Thee and make Thee mine."

Be still, my heart! Oh, can it be
The voice I long have prayed to hear?
O Voice Divine, now speak to me
Again in accents sweet and clear!

Jesus is mine! Again he speaks
The whisper to my waiting heart—
"My promise is to him that seeks—
Lo, I am thine, and Mine thou art!"

Jesus is mine! I dare not doubt
The truth of what my soul doth feel—
That He whose face I long have sought
Has set upon my heart His seal.

Jesus is mine! If reason seeks
The source from whence this knowledge flows,
'Tis consciousness to which God speaks—
It is the heart that feels and knows.

So Thou art mine, and I am Thine- -

O knowledge passing sweet and strange!
 All mine are Thine, and Thine are mine;
 How rich for *me* is this exchange!

For now all earthly things are dross

To His dear love whose name I boast;
 And all the stings and bitterness
 Of life and death in Him are lost.

Jesus my trust! Thyself reveal,

And work Thy perfect will in me,
 That I may every moment feel
 My life is hid in God with Thee.

E. A. AVARD.

BY THE GATE.

"Be ye not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises."—HEB. vi. 12.

So much to do, and so little time,
 So much to learn, and so long to wait.
 I say to myself: Arouse thee and climb!
 And then I sit down by the pleasant gate.

By the gate I watch, while others pass through,
 I sit and dream I am following fast.
 I keep my hands folded, with nothing to do,
 And fancy my labor is something to last.

I know I shall start up sometimes in grief,
 Send self-aiming arrows; not pointless or few;
 Then think that the time that remains is too
 brief

For the wonderful work I had purposed to do.

But the dews of the evening may fall while I
wait,

And the on-coming night be too dark for my
feet!

So the sun of the morrow that dawns o'er the
gate

Will find me ashamed in yesterday's seat.

But its glorified rays on the mountain above

Will circle the brows of a travel-worn band,

Like a halo traced there with a gesture of love

When the Master in blessing had stretched
out His hand.

A. E. C.

ONE WEEK IN HEAVEN.

"The sun shall no more go down ; neither shall the moon withdraw itself, for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended."—Is. lx. 20.

ONE week in heaven! Oh, who can say,

What joys, what wonders were revealed,

When through the pearly gates the day

Of endless joy her eyes unsealed!

'Twas Sabbath when she passed away;

Gently was loosed the "silver cord,"

One angel more in heaven that day

Entered the mansion of our Lord;

'Twas the same day her Saviour rose,

Fittest for death of all the seven;

Now His fond care and love she knows

One week in heaven!

Another harp and golden crown,
 Another robe of spotless white,
 Another angel voice floats down
 From heavenly hosts in realms of light.
 Eager she joins the heavenly choir
 In praises to the eternal Son;
 But our sad voice can raise no higher
 Than meekly cry, "Thy will be done."
 To call her back we would not pray,
 Though 'tis our mother given;
 Her night's exchanged for endless day—
 One week in heaven!

"CHRIST-LIKE."

"As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk
 ye in Him."—COL. II. 6.

CHRIST-LIKE, Christian, let it be
 Watchword, countersign for thee;
 When thy way is hedged about,
 Christ-like leave the world without;
 Seek in secret, strength to stand;
 Then go forth, and hand to hand
 Fight the fight of faith, for He
 He'll vouchsafe thy victory.

Christ-like, when self-love declares
 Self-indulgence has no snares,
 Christ-like, when thy pride of heart
 Would resent the scorner's smart;
 Christ-like, when the place of power
 Brings thee to thy trial hour;
 Christ-like, aye, our pattern HE
 To the death upon the tree.

THE STARLESS CROWN.

"They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever."—DAN. xii. 3.

WEARIED and worn with earthly cares, I yielded
to repose,
And soon before my raptured sight, a glorious
vision rose:
I thought, whilst slumbering on my couch in
midnight's solemn gloom,
I heard an angel's silvery voice, and radiance
filled my room.
A gentle touch awakened me—a gentle whisper
said,
"Arise, O sleeper, follow me!" and thro' the
air we fled,
We left the earth, so far away, that like a speck
it seem'd,
And heavenly glory, calm and pure, across our
pathway streamed.
Still on we went—my soul was wrapt in silent
ecstasy;
I wondered what the end would be, what next
should meet mine eye.
I knew not how we journeyed thro' the path-
less fields of light,
When suddenly a change was wrought, and *I*
was clothed in white.
We stood before a city's walls, most glorious to
behold;
We passed thro' gates of glistening pearl, o'er
streets of purest gold;

It needed not the sun by day, the silver moon
by night;

The glory of the Lord was there, the Lamb him-
self its light.

Bright angels paced the shining streets, sweet
music filled the air,

And white-robed saints, with glittering crowns,
from every clime were there;

And some that I had loved on earth stood with
them round the throne;

"All worthy is the Lamb," they sang, "the
glory His alone,"

But fairer far than all beside, I saw my Sav-
iour's face;

And, as I gazed, He smiled on me with won-
drous love and grace.

Lowly I bowed before His throne, o'erjoyed that
I at last

Had gained the object of my hopes; that earth
at length was past.

And then in solemn tones, He said, "Where is
the diadem

That ought to sparkle on thy brow, adorned
with many a gem? "

I know thou hast believed on Me, and life thro'
Me is thine,

But where are all those radiant stars that in
thy crown should shine?

Yonder thou seest a glorious throng, and stars
on every brow!

*For every soul they led to Me, they wear a jewel
now!*

And such *thy* bright reward had been, if such
had been thy *deed*;

If thou hadst sought some wand'ring feet in
path of peace to lead.

I did not mean that thou shouldst tread the
way of life *alone*,

But that the clear and shining light, which
round thy footsteps shone,

Should guide some other weary feet to my bright
home of rest,

*And thus, in blessing those around, thou hadst
thyself been blest."*

The vision faded from my sight, the voice no
longer spake,

A spell seemed brooding o'er my soul, which
long I feared to break,

And when at last I gazed around in morning's
glimmering light,

My spirit fell, o'erwhelmed beneath that vis-
ion's awful might.

I rose and wept with chastened joy, that yet I
dwelt below,

That yet another hour was mine, my faith, my
works, to show;

That yet some sinner I might tell of Jesus' dy-
ing love,

And help to lead some weary soul to seek a
home above.

And now, while on the earth I stay, my motto
this shall be,

"To live no longer to myself, but Him who died
for me!"

And graven on my inmost soul this word of
truth divine,

*"They that turn many to the Lord, bright as the
stars shall shine."*

GRANDMOTHER.

"They shall walk with me in white: for they are worthy."—
Rev. iii. 4.

JUST as the sun rose blushing red
Over the hill-tops, somebody said,
In broken accents of mourning woe,
Sobbing aloud, but sobbing low:
 "Grandmother is dead!"

When the sorrowful murmur broke,
Out from our beautiful dreams we woke,
Feeling the sense of terrible loss:
 " She was gold refined from its dross."
 So somebody spoke.

Just as she sometimes sat in her chair,
Lifting her heart in silent prayer,
Looked she; only a purple mist
Her drooping lids and thin lips kissed,
 And rested there.

Only yesterday how she planned
Labors of love for her aged hand;
 "Whenever my useful days are o'er,
Let me go to the heavenly shore,"
 Was her demand.

Dear old grandmother! How her prayer
Quickened the ear of Eternal Care!
And, with only a warning pain,
Her angel gathered her soul again
 To those regions fair.

Blessed is it for her to sleep;
 Can it be wrong for us to weep?
 We who loved her so well, and knew
 All the worth of her loving, too,
 And her wisdom deep.

She was aged, and knew the way
 Youthful feet were inclined to stray:
 "The young are giddy, and they must learn
 Of hard experience ere they turn,"
 She would gently say.

Happy grandmother! Would that we
 Might share with you the mystery
 Of that Beyond, where a thought of sin
 Never, O never, can enter in
 Through eternity.

LOVE FOR JESUS.

"But one thing is needful; and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her."—LUKE x. 42.

A GROUP of dear children, one warm summer
 day,
 Were seated most cosily chatting away,
 Beneath the cool shade of the evergreen trees,
 Whose branches were waving with every breeze.

They talked of their dollies—with rare, pretty
 names—
 Their schools and their lessons—their plays
 and their games—

And the dear little creatures "built castles in
air,"
And their dreams of the future were lovely and
fair.

Strange questions were started and answered
as well,
But the strangest of all—just hear, while I tell:
Said Willie, "If Jesus were here and should
say,
'Just ask what you will, you shall have it
straightway?'

Pray, what would you ask?" And he called
name by name.
And the answers, each cheerfully, readily
came:
All childlike in nature—some simple, some
wise—
Some looking a smile, and yet others surprise.

I said all replied—there was one modest child
Whose voice last was heard, so sweet and so
mild—
Dear Mary—her answer, unlike all the rest,
Was an outburst of love, to the Friend she
loved best.

She said, I would ask him for nothing at all,
But tell him my love, as before him I'd fall,
I could think of naught else but the love that
I owe—
From the first to the last, nothing else could I
know.

For hath he not given his life for the lost,
And with it given all things, at marvellous
cost?

Love, love for my Saviour—'tis all I can give—
Love, love is my song, and shall be while I live.

Dear child! like the friend of the Saviour, of
old,
Thou hast chosen that part which is better than
gold;
And oh, may the lesson thy words here impart,
Leave its imprint on many a young tender
heart.

THE HOUSEHOLD SAINT.

“With good-will doing service, as to the Lord, and not to
men.”—EPH. vi. 7.

THE record of her life was filled
With daily toil and care;
She never murmured at the cross
However hard to bear;
But through it all, her steadfast heart
Beat ever strong and calm!
“She was a saint without a niche,
A martyr with no palm.”

Though oft she drank the bitter cup
Of sorrow and of wrong,
She was not selfish in her grief
And suffering made her strong.
She still had help for others' need,
For others' woe a balm:
“She was a saint without a niche,
A martyr with no palm.”

And thus through many weary years,
Earth's thorny paths she trod;
She cared not for the praise of man,
But for the smile of God.
With cheerful trust and earnest faith,
She sang Life's solemn psalm;
"She was a saint without a niche,
A martyr with no palm."

KATE CAMERON.

"IF WE KNEW."

"Let your speech be alway with grace, seasoned with salt
that ye may know how ye ought to answer every man."—COL
IV 6.

If we knew, when walking thoughtless
Through the crowded, noisy way,
That some pearl of wondrous whiteness
Close beside our pathway lay,
We would pause where now we hasten,
We would often look around,
Lest our careless feet should trample
Some rare jewel in the ground.

If we knew what forms were fainting
For the shade that we should fling,
If we knew what lips were parching
For the water we should bring,
We would haste with eager footsteps,
We would work with willing hands,
Bearing cups of cooling water,
Planting rows of shading palms.

If we knew where genius struggled,
 Through the weary nights and days,
 Seeking for some word of comfort,
 Little word of hope and praise—
 Boughs of balm and leaves of laurel
 We would place within their hands:
 Little deeds, with pleasant meaning,
 Hungry hearts can understand.

If we knew what feet were weary,
 Climbing up the hills of pain,
 By the world cast out as evil,
 Poor repentant Magdalenes,
 Nevermore with haughty gesture
 Would we drive them from our side,
 Wrapping close our robes around us
 With a Pharisaic pride.

If we knew, when friends around us
 Closely press to say "Good-bye,"
 Which, among the lips that press us,
 First should 'neath the daisies lie,
 We would clasp our arms around us
 Looking on them through our tears,
 Tender words of love eternal
 We would whisper in their ears.

If we knew what lives were darkened
 By some thoughtless word of ours,
 Which had ever lain upon them
 Like the frost among the flowers,
 Oh, with what sincere repentings,
 With what anguish of regret,
 While our eyes were overflowing,
 We would cry, "*Forgive! forget!*"

If we knew what hands were rearing
 Massive structures on the sand,
 Planting Upas for a roof-tree
 To o'ershade their palace grand,
 We would point to many a structure
 Once as stately as their own,
 Shining fragments, domes and turrets,
 Which the winds had overthrown.

If we knew. Alas! and do we
 Ever care or seek to know
 Whether bitter herbs or roses
 In our garden grow?
 God forgive us! lest hereafter
 Our hearts break to hear Him say,
 "Careless child, I never knew you!
 From my presence flee away."

AS THOU WILT!

' Many shall be purified, made white, and tried.'- **DAN. xii. 10**

EVEN so, O Father!
 Though my heart is bleeding,
 On the anvil keep me,
 While its lessons needing;
 Till I'm fitted thus to fill
 The place assigned me by Thy will.

Even so, O Father!
 As silver when 'tis tried,
 From every earthly stain
 May I be purified;
 So that, reflected, all may see
 Thine image, Lord, enstamped on me.

Even so, O Father!
Though shrinks my heart with fear,
The trial I'll endure
If Thou, dear Christ, art near;
For "As thy day thy strength shall be."
Is promised even unto me.

S. JENNIE LEACH.

THE PUREST PEARL.

"Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee,
—Acts iii. 6.

BESIDE the church door, aweary and lone,
A blind woman sat on the cold door stone;
The wind was bitter, the snow fell fast,
And a mocking voice in the fitful blast
Seemed ever to echo her moaning cry,
As she begged for alms of the passers-by:
"Have pity on me, have pity I pray;
My back is bent, my head is grey."

The bells were ringing the hour of prayer,
And many good people were gathering there;
But, covered with furs and mantles warm,
They hurried past through the wintry storm.

Some were hoping their souls to save,
And some were thinking of death and the grave.
And alas! they had no time to heed
The poor soul asking for charity's need.
And some were blooming with beauty's grace,
But closely muffled in veils of lace;
They saw not the sorrow, nor heard the moan,
Of her who sat on the cold door stone.

A' last came one of a noble name,
 By the city counted the wealthiest name;
 And the pearls that o'er her neck were strung
 She proudly there to the beggar flung.
 Then followed a maiden young and fair,
 Adorned with clusters of golden hair;
 But her dress was thin and scanty and worn,
 Not even the beggar's seemed more forlorn.
 With a tearful look, and a pitying sigh,
 She whispered soft, "No jewels have I,
 But I give you my prayers, good friend," said
 she,
 "And surely I know that God listens to me."

On her poor, weak hand, so shrunken and small.
 The blind woman felt a tear-drop fall,
 Then kissed it, and said to the weeping girl,
 "It is you that have given the purest pearl!"



A STORMY NIGHT.

"But whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have
 need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how
 dwelleth the love of God in him?"—1 JOHN iii. 17.

A DISMAL sound of beating rain
 Is heard against the window pane.

The heart of Nature throbs with woe;
 Her dreary tears unceasing flow.

The naked branches toss and sigh;
 No star-gleam in the clouded sky.

The ghosts of buried flowers moan,
And streams reply with wailing tone.

Draw up your chair; shut out the night;
Home never seemed before as bright.

We need not care for outside gloom
Within this cheerful lighted room.

The wind may roar with gusty mirth—
A fire is blazing on the hearth.

What sight across my vision swept?
A sudden shiver o'er me crept.

I saw, from out the embers rise,
Dim, shadowy forms, in ghastly guise.

A crowd of faces, white and gaunt,
And worn, alas! with sin and want.

Their eyes gave forth a hungry glare,
And yet were hopeless with despair.

Their scanty garments, thin and old,
Could not keep out the damp and cold.

And, oh, they looked so pinched and blue,
The chilly storm had pierced them through.

The vision vanished; what it meant
I know too well, and why 'twas sent.

In household cheer and warmth secure
We never should forget the poor.

This lesson God would have us learn,
And part of what He gives return.

NOT NOW.

"Jesus answered him, Whither I go, thou canst not follow me now; but thou shalt follow me afterwards."—JOHN xiii. 36.

Not *now*, my child,—a little more rough tossing,

A little longer on the billows' foam,—
A few more journeyings in the desert-darkness,
And *then* the sunshine of thy Father's Home!

Not *now*,—for I have wand'ers in the distance,
And thou must call them in with patient love;

Not *now*,—for I have sheep upon the mountains,
And thou must follow them where'er they rove.

Not *now*,—for I have loved ones sad and weary,
Wilt thou not cheer them with a kindly smile?
Sick ones, who need thee in their lonely sorrow;
Wilt thou not tend them yet a little while?

Not *now*,—for wounded hearts are sorely bleeding,

And thou must teach those widowed hearts
to sing;

Not *now*,—for orphans' tears are thickly falling;
They must be gathered 'neath some sheltering wing.

Not *now*,—for many a hungry one is pining:
Thy willing hand must be outstretched and
free;
Thy Father hears the mighty cry of anguish,
And gives His answering messages to thee.

Not *now*,—for dungeon-walls look stern and
gloomy,
And prisoners' sighs sound strangely on the
breeze—
Man's pris'ners, but thy Saviour's noble free-
men:
Hast thou no ministry of love for these?—

Not *now*,—for hell's eternal gulf is yawning,
And souls are perishing in hopeless sin;
Jerusalem's bright gates are standing open,—
Go to the banished ones, and fetch them in!

Go with the name of Jesus to the dying,
And speak that name in all its living power;
Why should thy fainting heart grow chill and
weary?
Canst thou not *watch with me* one little hour?

One little hour! and *then* the glorious crown-
ing—
The golden harp-strings and the victor's palm,
One little hour!—and *then* the Hallelujah!
Eternity's long, deep, thanksgiving psalm!

SWEET REST TO COME.

"Faint, yet pursuing."—JUDGES viii. 4.

YE workers in God's vineyard,
Who work with might and main,
Though weak and faint and weary,
You labor not in vain.
'Twill not be always toiling,
'Twill not be always grief;
The happy day is hasting
That brings us sweet relief.

O, this shall stimulate us
To bear the heat of day,
In service of the Master,
Who will the 'penny' pay;
In deeds of noble daring,
By brain and tongue and pain;
The Master comes at twilight,
We shall be rested then.

Then cheerfully we'll labor,
And mingle toil and song;
In earnest, good endeavor,
The weakest may be strong;
None but the true and faithful
The promises can test;
None but the weary worker
Can know the sweets of rest.

Then up! to work, ye idlers!
The day is waning fast;

This is no time for sleeping—
The time for sleep is past:
The fields are white to harvest,
The gleaning time is come,
The day of toil is ending,
We soon shall rest at home.

SYMPATHY.

“With all lowliness and meekness, with long suffering, for bearing one another in love.”—EPH. iv. 2.

HAVE a tear for the wretched, a smile for the
glad,
For the worthy applause, an excuse for the bad;
Some help for the needy, some pity for those
Who stray from the path where true happiness
flows.

Have a laugh for the child in her play at thy
feet,
Have respect for the aged, and pleasantly greet
The stranger that seeketh for shelter from thee;
Have a covering to spare, if he naked should be.

Have a hope in thy sorrow, a calm in thy joy;
Have a work that is worthy thy life to employ.
And oh, above all things on this side the sod,
Have peace with thy conscience, and peace with
thy God!

REGRET NOT.

"The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me; Thy mercy O Lord, endureth forever; forsake not the works of thine own hands."—Ps. cxxxviii. 8.

THE past can never be recalled,
However deep the grief or sin,
The present is too swift to spend
In thoughts of what "it might have been "

Our Father knows the reason why
In time of peril we were faint,
And lacked the courage to go on,
Filling the air with our complaint.

Perhaps He does not judge us so;
He knows our frame; it is but dust;
O Heavenly Father, help us to
Look up to Thee with loving trust!

Thou knowest all; we need Thy love,
To make us strong for future strife;
Give us Thy grace; Thy patience sweet
To meet the fretting toil of life;

And in all days to look to Thee
Above the tears, above the pain,
And feel Thou hast a reason why
It was not, when "it might have been."

N. L. M.

THE PRAYER OF THE INVALID.

"I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are right, and that thou
in faithfulness hast afflicted me."—Ps. cxix. 75.

PEACE, restless soul! God bids thee not to mourn
At His behest;
If sickness be thy lot, still all is well,
He knows the best.

What if my body is in weary pain,
He bears me up;
His arm is under me, His hand it is
Still holds the cup.

As the pale flower without the sun's glad ray
Droops and soon dies,
So without Thee, O God, my spirit still
In darkness lies.

And as upon my lonely, lonely bed,
Weary I lie,
Grant me that patience Thou alone canst give
O be Thou nigh!

Help me to live, O Lord, for Thee alone!
In good or ill
May I submissive bow, and humbly pray
"Lord, not my will."

Soon, Saviour dear, shall I go home to Thee,
No more to part;
No more to weep, no more to grieve with sin
Thy loving heart.

There I shall praise Thee, and perchance may be
A spirit blest
To minister to weary ones on earth,
And tell of rest. S. M.

THE SEED AND THE SOWERS.

“Be not deceived: God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.”—GAL. vi. 7.

EVER so little the seed may be,
Ever so little the hand,
But when it is sown it must grow, you see,
And develop its nature, weed, flower, or tree;
The sunshine, the air, and the dew are free
At its command.

If the seed be good, we rejoice in hope
Of the harvest it will yield;
We wait and watch for its springing up,
Admire its growth and count on the crop,
That will come from the little seeds we drop
In the great wide field.

But if we heedlessly scatter wide
Seeds we may happen to find,
We care not for culture or what may betide,
We sow here and there on the highway side;
Whether they've lived or whether they've died,
We never mind.

Yet every sower must one day reap
Fruit from the seed he has sown.

How carefully, then, it becomes us to keep
A watchful eye on the seed, and seek
To sow what is good, that we may not weep
To receive our own!

FINISH THY WORK—THEN REST.

“Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters.”—Is. xxxii. 20.

FINISH thy work—the time is short,
The sun is in the west,
The night is coming on—till then
Think not of rest.

Yes! finish all thy work—then rest;
Till then, rest never;
The rest prepared for thee by God
Is rest forever.

Finish thy work; then wipe thy brow,
Ungird thee from thy toil;
Take breath, and from each weary limb
Shake off the soil.

Finish thy work—then sit thee down,
On some celestial hill,
And of its strength-reviving air
Take thou thy fill.

Finish thy work—then go in peace,
Life's battle fought and won;
Hear from the throne thy Master's voice—
“Well done! Well done!”

Finish thy work—*then* take thy harp,
 Give praise to God above;
 Sing a new song of mighty joy
 And endless love.

Give thanks to Him, who held thee up
 In all thy path below;
 Who sees thee; faithful unto death—
 And crowns thee now! E. S. MILLER.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

* Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep."—Rom. xii. 15.

INTO a ward with whitewashed walls,
 Where the dead and the dying lay,
 Wounded by bayonets, shells and balls,
 Somebody's darling was borne ~~one~~ day.
 Somebody's darling! so young and so brave,
 Wearing still on his pale, sweet face,
 Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
 The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
 Kissing the snow of that fair young brow;
 Pale are the lips of delicate mould,
 Somebody's darling is dying now.
 Back from the beautiful, blue-veined face
 Brush every wandering silken thread;
 Cross his hands as a sign of grace—
 Somebody's darling is still and dead!

Kiss him once for *somebody's* sake;
Murmur a prayer, soft and low;
One bright curl from the cluster take—
They were somebody's pride, you know.
Somebody's hand hath rested there!
Was it a mother's, soft and white?
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in those waves of light?

God knows best. He was somebody's love,
Somebody's heart enshrined him here;
Somebody wafted his name above,
Night and morn on the wings of prayer.
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave and grand,
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's watching and waiting for him,
Yearning to hold him again to her heart;
There he lies, with the blue eyes dim,
And smiling, childlike lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear,
Carve on the wooden slab at his head,
"Somebody's darling lies buried here."

M. LACOSTE

WHAT A CHILD MAY DO.

"Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right"—Prov. xx. 11.

A LITTLE child I am indeed,
And little do I know;

Much help and care I yet shall need,
That I may wiser grow,
If I would ever hope to do
Things great and good, and useful too.

But even now I ought to try
To do what good I may;
God never meant that such as I
Should only live to play,
And talk and laugh, and eat and drink,
And sleep and wake and never think.

One gentle word that I may speak,
Or one kind, loving deed,
May, though a trifle, poor and weak,
Prove like a tiny seed;
And who can tell what good may spring
From such a very little thing?

Then let me try each day and hour
To act upon this plan;
What little good is in my power
To do it while I can.
If to be useful thus I try,
I may do better by-and-by.

THE HEAVENLY SCULPTOR.

"Thy hands have made me and fashioned me: give me understanding, that I may learn thy commandments."—Ps. cxix. 73.

SHRINK NOT FROM SUFFERING. Each dear blow,
From which thy smitten spirit bleeds,
Is but a messenger to show
The renovation which it needs.

The earthly sculptor smites the rock;
Loud the relentless hammer rings;
And from the rude, unshapen block,
At length, imprisoned beauty brings.

Thou art that rude, unshapen stone;
And waitest, till the arm of strife
Shall make its crucifixions known,
And smite and carve thee into life.

The Heavenly Sculptor works on THEE;
BE PATIENT. Soon His arm of might,
Shall from thy prison's darkness free,
And change thee to a form of light.

T. C. U.

MY MOTHER'S HANDS.

"Her children arise up, and call her blessed."—PROV. xxxi. 28

SUCH beautiful, beautiful hands!
They're neither white nor small,
And you, I know, would scarcely think
That they were fair at all.
I've looked on hands whose form and hue
A sculptor's dream might be,
Yet are these aged, wrinkled hands
More beautiful to me.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
Though heart were weary and sad,
These patient hands kept toiling on
'That children might be glad.

I almost weep, as looking back
To childhood's distant day,
I think how these hands rested **not**
When mine were at their play.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They're growing feeble now;
For time and pain have left their **work**
On hand, and heart, and brow.
Alas! alas! the nearing time,
And the sad, sad day to me,
When 'neath the daisies, out of sight.
These hands will folded be.

But O, beyond this shadowy damp,
Where all is bright and fair,
I know full well these dear old hands
Will palms of victory bear;
Where crystal streams thro' endless years
Flow over golden sands,
And where the old grow young again
I'll clasp my mother's hands.

LIFE TAPESTRY.

"But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."—2 Cor. iii. 18.

Too long have I, methought, with tearful eye,
Pored o'er this tangled work of mine, and
mused
Above each stitch awry, and thread confused;
Now will I think on what, in years gone by,

I heard of them that weave rare tapestry
At royal looms—and how they constant use
To work on the rough side, and still peruse
The pictured pattern set above them high;
So will I set MY COPY high above,

And gaze and gaze, till on my spirit grows
Its gracious impress; till some line of love,

Transformed upon my canvas, faintly glows;
Nor look too much on warp or woof, provide
He whom I work for sees their fairer side!

NOTHING TO DO.

“Even so faith, if it hath not works, is dead, being alone.”—
JAMES ii. 17.

“NOTHING to do!” in this world of ours,
Where weeds spring up with the fairest flowers,
Where smiles have only a fitful play,
Where hearts are breaking every day!

“Nothing to do!” thou Christian soul,
Wrapping thee round in thy selfish stole;
Off with the garments of sloth and sin,
Christ thy Lord has a kingdom to win.

“Nothing to do!” There are prayers to lay
On the altar of incense, day by day;
There are foes to meet within and without;
There is error to conquer, strong and stout.

“Nothing to do!” There are minds to teach
The simplest forms of Christian speech;

There are hearts to lure, with loving wile,
From the grimmest haunts of Sin's defile.

"Nothing to do!" There are lambs to feed,
The precious hope of the Church's need;
Strength to be borne to the weak and faint,
Vigils to keep with the doubting saint.

"Nothing to do!" and thy Saviour said,
"Follow thou Me, in the path I tread."
Lord, lend thy help the journey through,
Lest, faint, we cry, "So much to do!"

AFTERWARDS.

"Whither I go, thou canst not follow me now; but thou *shalt*
follow me afterwards."—JOHN xiii. 36.

Now, the sowing and the weeping,
Working hard and waiting long;
Afterward, the golden reaping,
Harvest home, and grateful song.

Now, the pruning, sharp, unsparing,
Scattered blossom, bleeding shoot;
Afterward, the plenteous bearing
Of the Master's pleasant fruit.

Now, the plunge, the briny burden,
Blind, faint, groping in the sea;
Afterward, the pearly guerdon
That shall make the diver free.

Now, the long and toilsome duty
Stone by stone to carve and bring;

Afterward, the perfect beauty
Of the palace of the King.

Now, the tuning and the tension,
Wailing minors, discord strong;
Afterward, the grand ascension
Of the Alleluia song.

Now, the spirit conflict-riven,
Wounded heart, unequal strife;
Afterward, the triumph given,
And the victor's crown of life.

Now, the training strange and lowly,
Unexplained and tedious now;
Afterward the service holy,
And the Master's "Enter thou!"

F. R. HAVERGALL.

"HE ANSWERED HER NOT A WORD."

"But he answered her not a word. And his disciples came and besought him, saying, Send her away, for she crieth after us."—
MATT. xv. 23.

No answer, Lord?
Dost Thou not hear the cry
Of one who comes to Thee for aid
In her extremity?

"Send her away;
She crieth after us."
So say thy followers, Lord, but Thou
Canst not treat trouble thus.

Still she cries on!
 Nor cries she now in vain.
 "Great is thy faith," the Saviour saith;
 "Thy child is whole again."

So let us cry,
 Although He answers not;
 It is not that He does not hear,
 Or, hearing, careth not!

He tries our faith.
 Oh, may we honor Him
 By resting wholly on his word,
 Though hope and joy be dim.

Precious the faith
 Which is by fire tried—
 More precious than the finest gold
 Or silver purified.

Then doubt Him not!
 Still pour out thy complaint
 Before the Lord, who knows thy need;
 Let not thy heart grow faint.

Oh, Jesus, help!
 Our faith and love are small,
 Still we would trust, and love Thee more,
 And all *Thy* love recall.

That love reveal!
 Then ours shall brighter burn;
 Then shall our wandering hearts, O Lord,
 Ever to Thee return!

And though as yet
 No answer we receive,
 In faith and hope we'll travel on—
 We'll doubt not, but believe.

He'll answer us,
 Though when, we cannot tell;
 And this our song of praise shall be—
 He hath done all things well!

MY GUIDE.

“Behold, I have given him for a witness to the people, a leader and commander to the people.”—Is. lv. 4.

“This God is our God forever and ever, He will be our guide even unto death.”—Ps. xlviii. 14.

I ASKED for a guide; my sight seemed dim,
 The way grew dark, and I asked for him
 Out of my pressing need.
 My wandering feet were prone to stray
 Off from the beaten, well worn way.
 And I was faint indeed.

One came. His voice was low and sweet,
 And I marked how torn were His weary feet,
 As he said, “The path I know;”
 While He kindly laid my hand on His arm,
 And whispered, “To thee there shall come no
 harm
 In the path we twain shall go.”

“Was He a stranger?” ye ask, and think
 I must needs from His gentle guidance shrink,

Till I had proved Him *true*.
Scarcely before had I looked on Him;
But His sight was strong, though mine was
dim,—
He had watched me my whole life through.

Yea, more than this, when He saw me lost,
The space from His Father's house He crossed,—
A wilderness bleak and wild;
He came through the briers and thorns and heat,
Though He left in blood the print of His feet,
And sought me, a wandering child.

My clothes were torn,—I had nought to wear,—
He took of His own, and clothed me there,
When He washed the stains away
Which had gathered with every step I went,
Stumbling, through fear and discontent,
In the time I had been astray.

And then of His Father's house He spoke;
On my homeless heart the sweet words broke
Like music soft and low.
“Take me, oh, take me there!” I cried,
“The world is bleak, and its paths so wide
Are full of grief and woe.”

But He said, “Not yet—there is work for thee;
I would have thee prove that thou lovest me,—
I have loved thee, child, so long;
The world has known thee a sinner here,
Following thy own will, year by year,—
A will so fierce and strong.

‘Let it see thee now as a child of God,
Ransomed, redeemed by a Saviour’s blood,
Walking, renewed, ‘in light;’
Putting thy hand to the lowliest task
Where He, in His wisdom, thy strength would
With a faith all clear and bright.” [ask,

Then I bowed my head with shame, and said,
“I see, dear Lord,—oh, let me tread
Where Thou wouldst have me go;
Only be Thou at my side, to aid,—
Of myself, dear Lord, I should be afraid,
If Thou didst not lead me so.

“Send Thou Thy Spirit, by day and night
Shedding around me its calm, clear light,
Like pillar of fire, of old;
Send thou Thy grace to my inmost heart,
And a measure of Thine own love impart
To that heart that has been so cold.”

Marvel ye now that I trust my guide,
Or my smallest needs to Him confide,
With His words so kind and true,
Spoken afresh to me, day by day,
As He bids me “journey” or bids me stay
Where He gives me work to do?

I only long that my eyes may be
Steadily fixed on Him, that He
May guide me at His will,—
That my hands be faithful in work begun,
And my willing feet on His errands run,
Or, when He bids, stand still.

Will ye not try this guide so good?
He hath bought you, too, with His precious
 blood,
 And watched you your whole lives through.
There is room on His arm for you to lean;
He ever will be, and aye, hath been,
 “A leader” strong and true.

ANNA B. TROTH.

PRAYER AND POTATOES.

“If a brother or sister be naked, and destitute of daily food,
And one of you say unto them, Depart in peace, be ye warmed
and filled; notwithstanding ye give them not those things which
are needful to the body, what doth it profit?”—JAMES ii. 15, 16.

AN old lady sat in her old arm-chair,
With wrinkled visage and dishevelled hair,
 And hunger-worn features;
For days and for weeks her only fare,
As she sat in her old arm-chair,
 Had been potatoes.

But now they were gone; of bad or good
Not one was left for the old lady's food
 Of those potatoes.
And she sighed and said, “What shall I do?
Where shall I send, and to whom shall I go
 For more potatoes?”

And she thought of the deacon over the way,
The deacon so ready to worship and pray,
 Whose cellar was full of potatoes.

She said, "I will send for the deacon to come;
He'll not much mind to give me some
Of such a store of potatoes."

And the deacon came over as fast as he could,
Thinking to do the old lady some good;
But never for once of potatoes.
He asked her at once what was her chief want;
And she, simple soul, expecting a grant,
Immediately answered, "Potatoes."

But the deacon's religion didn't lie that way;
He was more accustomed to preach and pray
Than to give his hoarded potatoes.
So, not hearing, of course, what the old lady said.
He rose to pray with uncovered head;
But she only thought of potatoes.

He prayed for patience, goodness, and grace;
But when he prayed, "Lord, give her peace,"
She audibly sighed, "Give potatoes."
And at the end of each prayer which he said
He heard, or thought he heard, in its stead
That same request for potatoes.

Deacon was troubled, knew not what to do;
'Twas very embarrassing to have her act so,
And about those carnal potatoes.
So, ending his prayers, he started for home.
The door closed behind; he heard a deep groan,
"Oh! give to the hungry potatoes."

And the groan followed him all the way home.
In the midst of the night it haunted his room.

“Oh! give to the hungry potatoes.”
He could bear it no longer; arose and dressed,
From his well-filled cellar taking in haste
A bag of his best potatoes.

Again he went to the widow's lone hut
Her sleepless eyes she had not yet shut;
But there she sat in the old arm-chair,
With the same wan features, same wan air.
And, entering in, he poured on the floor
A bushel or more from his goodly store
Of choicest potatoes.

The widow's heart leaped up for joy,
Her face was pale and haggard no more.
“Now,” said the deacon, “shall we pray?”
“Yes,” said the widow, “now you may.”
And he knelt him down on the sanded floor,
Where he had poured out his goodly store;
And such a prayer the deacon prayed
As never before his lips essayed.
No longer embarrassed, but free and full
He poured out the voice of a liberal soul;
And the widow responded a loud “Amen.”
But said no more of potatoes.

And would you who hear this simple tale,
Pray for the poor, and praying prevail?
Then preface your prayer with alms and good
deeds.

Search out the poor, their wants and needs;
Pray for their peace and grace, spiritual food;
For wisdom and guidance—all these are good;
But don't forget the potatoes!

"BE STILL, AND KNOW THAT I AM
GOD."

"Be still, and know that I am God ; I will be exalted among
the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth."—Ps. xlv. 10.

O CEASE thy wanderings to and fro!
Return, my soul, unto thy rest;
Hast thou not heard, dost thou not know,
That in thy patience thou art blessed?

The winds may howl, the tempest rage,
The angry waves around thee swell;
But fear thee not, nor be dismayed,
Thy Saviour doeth all things well.

And He who made the storm a calm,
And bade the raging sea be still,
Hath for thy wound a healing balm,
An antidote for every ill.

He hears the cry of the poor,
And to the needy soul He saith,
"I've set for thee an open door,
For every man I've tasted death."

Then follow not thy restless will,
But wait in silence, "watch and pray,"
Be humble, lowly, meek and still,
And Christ himself will lead the way.

He saith not, "Go," but, "FOLLOW ME;"
And should the way be dark and drear,
Stand still, and thy salvation see,
Assured thy Saviour's hand is near.

Commit thy way unto the Lord,
 And he will guide thee safely home;
 The boon of Peace, a rich reward,
 Shall for thy sufferings here atone.

ELIZA H. MEADER

PRAYER.

"Then shall ye call upon me, and ye shall go and pray unto me, and I will hearken unto you. And ye shall seek me, and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart."—JER. xxix. 12, 13.

WHEN prayer delights thee least, then learn to
 say,
 Soul, now is greatest need that thou shouldst
 pray.

Crooked and warped I am, and I would fain
 Straighten myself by Thy right line again.

Oh, come, warm sun, and ripen my late fruits;
 Pierce, genial showers, down to my parched
 roots.

My well is bitter: cast therein the Tree,
 That sweet henceforth its brackish wave may be.

Say, what is prayer, when it is prayer indeed?
 The mighty utterance of a mighty need.

The man is praying, who doth press with might
 Out of his darkness into God's own light.

White heat the iron in the furnace won;
Withdrawn from thence, 'tis cold and hard anon,

Flowers from their stalks divided, presently
Droop, fail, and wither in the gazer's eye.

The largest river, from its fountain head
Cut off, leaves soon a parched and dusty bed.

All things that live from God their sustenance
wait,
And sun and moon are beggars at His gate.

All skirts extended of thy mantle hold,
When angel-hands from Heaven are scattering
gold.

TRENCH.

H O P E .

"We are saved by hope: but hope that is seen is not hope; for what a man seeth, why doth he yet hope for? But if we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it."—Rom. viii. 24, 25.

O! who can tell of the sower's cares
As he wanders forth alone?
While the shrill wind whistles in wintry airs
To the answering surge's moan.

No sunny gleam in the leaden sky,
No blithe companions around,
Silent he scatters the seed away
In the cold, uncertain ground.

Wearily, wearily forth he plods,
With life for the yielding loam;
Who can say if ever above the clods
He shall hear the harvest home?

Shall the long dark months which intervene
The work of the seed-time spoil?
Or the locust army blight the green
When it peeps above the soil.

Shall seed long wooed by the jealous rain,
Into wanton fullness sprout?
Or the mad wind scatter the bearded grain,
In its boisterous glee, about.

O! who can tell of the sower's cares,
As he wanders lone and mute,
And lightens his labors with many prayers
For the generous gift of fruit.

For some may fall where travelers tread,
And the wild birds around it flock;
And some where the furrow is sparsely spread
O'er a scarp of stubborn rock.

And some amid ranker thorns, which hide
The sun from the seed he leaves;
It were strange if ever the country-side
Should wave with the whitening sheaves.

Though clouds may gather, and winds may sigh,
And scoffers deride his deed,
Yet ever from sunrise hastening by
The sower soweth his seed.

O! brave and bold is the sower's heart,
With his darkling fears to cope,
For the dull, gray future is spanned athwart
By the iris-arch of Hope.

And this heavenly word hath made him strong—
“The harvest shall never cease;”
And he scattereth still to that inward song,
For duty fulfilled hath peace.

’Twere pleasanter work, with the flower crowned,
And the harvest laugh of friends;
But the God who blesses the fruitful ground,
The bliss of the seed-time sends.

And though lonely toil on earth is sad,
’Mid the frown of wintry weather,
The sowers and reapers—where all is glad—
Shall rejoice for aye together.

W. MORLEY PUNSHON.

MAKING OTHERS HAPPY.

“A merry heart doeth good like a medicine.”—PROV. xvii. 22.

A MERRY sunbeam in a glen,
“Far from the busy haunts of men,”
Lay thinking what it best could do,
To render others happy too.

It wandered to the forest grey,
And found the wild winds in their play
Had stripped the noble woodland trees,
Of half their pretty brilliant leaves

The wild flower lifted up its head,
To see the sunbeam pass its bed,
And thought within its tiny self,
Who was that laughing, dancing elf?

It hastened to the river side
And kissed the angry, heaving tide,
Until the waters, cold and deep,
Lay still, as if in peaceful sleep.

It next tripped by a cottage door,
And shone across the sanded floor;
Until the children stopped their play
To bless the little golden ray.

May we all like this sunbeam be
From every selfish motive free,
Willing to do all in our power,
To fill with joy each coming hour.

BESSIE RAYMOND.

WHAT THE SPARROW CHIRPS.

"Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God?"—LUKE xii. 6.

I AM only a little sparrow,
A bird of low degree;
My life is of little value;
But the dear Lord careth for me.

He gave me a coat of feathers;
It is very plain, I know,

With never a speck of crimson,
For it was not made for show.

But it keeps me warm in winter,
And it shields me from the rain;
Were it bordered with gold or purple,
Perhaps it would make me vain.

By and by when the spring-time cometh,
I will build me a nest,
With many a chirp of pleasure,
In the spot I like the best.

And He will give me wisdom
To build it of leaves most brown;
Warm and soft it must be for my birdies,
And so I will line it with down.

I have no barn or storehouse,
I neither sow nor reap;
God gives me a sparrow's portion,
But never a seed to keep.

If my meal is sometimes scanty,
Close picking makes it sweet;
I have always enough to feed me,
And "life is more than meat."

I know there are many sparrows;
All over the world we are found;
But our Heavenly Father knoweth
When one of us falls to the ground.

Though small, we are never forgotten,
Though weak, we are never afraid;

For we know that the dear Lord **keepeth**
The life of the creatures He made.

I fly through the thickest forests,
I light on many a spray;
I have no chart nor compass,
But I never lose my way.

I fold my wings at twilight,
Wherever I happen to be;
For the Father is always watching,
And no harm will come to me.

I am only a little sparrow,
A bird of low degree;
But I know that the Father loves **me**;
Have you less faith than **me**?

ASSURANCE IN CHRIST.

The first Epistle of John, verse 1-18

CAN it be right for me to go
On in this uncertain way—
Say “I believe,” and yet not know
Whether my sins are put away?

Not know my trespasses forgiven,
Until I meet Him in the air;
Not know that I shall get to **heaven**
Until I wake and find me there.

Not know my state till on my brow
Beams the celestial diadem;

Why, surely all the world will know
That I'm a pardoned sinner then.

Must clouds and darkness veil my brow
Until I dwell with saints in light?
And must I walk in darkness now
Because I cannot walk by sight?

And shall I just begin to say,
"Father, thine every word is true,"
And cast my doubts and fears away,
When all the world will own it too?

Is this the way to treat the God
Who bids me love and trust Him now?
Is this the way to use the Word
Given to guide me here below?

How can I forth to sinners go,
And tell of grace so rich and free,
If all the while I do not know
Whether that grace has smiled on me?

How can it be my joy to dwell
On the rich power of Jesus' blood,
If all the while I cannot tell
That it HAS sealed MY peace with God.

How can I be like Christ below—
How like my Lord in witness shine—
Unless with conscious joy I know
HIS Father and HIS God as MINE?

Oh, crush this cruel unbelief,
These needless, shameful doubts remove,

And suffer me no more to grieve
The God whom I do really love.

Father, I would—and oh, how blest,
Whilst thus I supplicate, to know
That ONE, of all thy mind possessed,
Thy spirit supplicateth too—

I would, with humble gladness, say,
I rest on what my Lord hath done,
And evermore on earth display
The lovely image of Thy Son.

I would, whate'er the world might say
Whate'er by flesh might be endured,
Be more and more each passing day,
Made like unto my gracious Lord,

Sweet posture THUS on earth to stay,
And not be taken by surprise;
But catch the earliest dawn of day.
And see the "Morning Star" arise!

THE CALL TO GOSPEL SERVICE.

"Go stand and speak . . . to the people all the words of my life."—ACTS v. 20.

"How beautiful upon the mountains, etc."—ISA. lxi. 7.

Go stand and speak! for darkness yet prevail.
And widely broods the night; [eth
Yet, thanks to God! the living word availeth,
His word—"Let there be light!"

Go stand and speak! and bid the clouds of sor-
From mourning hearts to roll; [row
Oh, bright shall be the dawning of the morrow,
When light breaks on the soul.

Go stand and speak! not only where affliction
Invites more soothing speech;
By faithful words the arrow of conviction
The sin-stained heart may reach.

Go stand and speak! the warning message giv-
With no uncertain sound; [ing,
Thus may their hearts who now at ease are liv-
With better hopes abound. [ing,

Go stand and speak! and sweet shall be the
Of thy melodious voice; [ringing
The dreary desert shall with joy and singing
Abundantly rejoice.

Go stand and speak! and soon the gushing
fountains
The way-worn heart shall cheer,
And beauteous on the bleak and barren moun-
Thy willing feet appear. [taine

No feet more welcome to a far-off nation
Those desert paths have trod,
Than his who brings glad tidings of salvation,
The messenger of God.

Point all to Christ, the only Intercessor,
Who, in the courts above,
Pleads with the Father for each poor trans
With never-dying love. [gressor,

Point all to Christ! oh, let no hope of heaven
 On self-gained merit rest;
 No other name than His hath e'er been given
 By which we may be blest

Go stand and speak! tell of that glad awaking,
 When Christ's Redeemed shall rise,
 Their earthly mansions willingly forsaking,
 For mansions in the skies.

That home, where pain or want shall enter never,
 No night dispel the day,
 The voice of sorrow shall be hushed forever,
 And sighing flee away. W. K., JR.

CONFLICT.

"I did mourn as a dove: mine eyes fail with looking upward;
 O Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me."—Is. xxxviii. 14.

O, NOT this cross, my Father! not this cup,
 'Twere death, 'twere death to part
 This idol of my heart;
 I cannot give it up!

Child, 'twas My hand prepared for thee this
 My arm shall bear thee through; [cross,
 My grace thy will subdue,
 And change to gain thy loss.

Father, I cannot bend to Thine my will;
 This stubborn heart will cling
 Unto the cherished thing
 That holds it captive still.

Come unto Me, my child, my power shall break
The chains that fetter thee;
Fear not, but trust in Me,
For I will not forsake!

O Father! bid me not with this to part;
I cannot, dare not pray,
That Thou shouldst take away
This treasure of my heart!

Child, thou must lay it down to follow Me;
Thy cross with meekness bear;
Thy Lord its weight will share,
And make it light to thee!

Father, the way is dark, and rough the road;
O surely there must be
Some other way to Thee!
I sink beneath this load!

My child, thou knowest not—this path is right,
Though rough and dark the way;
Mine arm is still thy stay,
And leads thee to the light.

Father, do with me as it pleaseth Thee—
My cup with mourning fill;
Only be near me still,
And undertake for me!

O TURN, IDLE WANDERER!

"The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are **not** saved."—JER. viii. 20.

O, turn, idle wanderer! pause, careless rover!
Too long, in your madness, your doom you
have braved;
The summer is flying—the harvest's half over,
They soon will be ended—and you are not
saved.

Come, half-hearted Christian, for yet is extended,
The day of that Grace, you so faintly have
craved;
Oh, then let us plead with you, ere it is ended,
The harvest is near; are you sure that you're
saved?

Poor votary of mammon, your gains may be
splendid;
Yet, weighed with salvation, how fearful their
cost!
When the harvest is over, the summer is ended,
Where, where is their value, if *you* should be
lost?

Come, break one and all from the bonds which
enthrall you,
In the fountain, your uttermost sin may be
laved;
The Lord of the Harvest is waiting to call you,
And while He shall linger, even *you* may be
saved.

Even yet, with the angels' *your song* may be
blended,

While, o'er your glad forehead, the palm
branch is waved,

'The harvest is over, the summer is ended,
But glory to God, we are saved, we are saved.

"And Jesus, our Saviour, be Thine, too, the
glory;

On Thy dear wounded hands our salvation
was graved;

And now, through eternity, ours be the story,
Of how we were lost, but through Thee we
are saved."

THROUGH EARTH TO HEAVEN.

"Thanks to God, which giveth us the victory, through our
Lord Jesus Christ."—1 Cor. xv. 57.

WE are pilgrims bound for the better land,
Where the stream of life laves the golden sand:
We have no continuing city here,
But our city of refuge, our home is there.

From every region of earth, we've come,
And, *one in spirit*, are journeying home.
Out of every kindred and tongue and clime,
From the land of the orange, the palm and
lime.

From the chill domain of eternal snows;
From the sunny home of the vine and rose;

From the east to the place of the setting sun;
From the ice-bound Pole to the Torrid Zone.

Of every color and tribe and race—
Allied by adoption, made one by grace—
We are journeying on to our home above,
Where sin invades not the realm of love.

We may stop to gather the wayside flowers;
We may rest awhile in the fragrant bowers,
Which God hath provided along the way,
To shield from the tempest, or heat of day.

But we may not stay in this world below,
Where the cup of bliss has its dregs of woe;
Our home is on yonder illumined shore,
Where woe can embitter our bliss no more.

Where flowers bloom not to fade and die,
Where naught shall sever affection's tie;
Where affliction comes not, nor death nor night;
But where all is joyous and calm and bright.

Do not detain us, for we cannot remain
In this world of sorrow, of care and pain.
We are heirs of glory through Christ the Son,
And we may not rest till our goal is won.

The stream of death lies just before,
But our home appears on the farther shore.
We can almost discover the jasper walls,
The pearly gates, and the shining halls,

The streets of gold and of priceless stone,
The crystal sea and the great white throne:

Where cherub and seraph are bending low,
Beneath the arch of the emerald bow.

Where the Lamb is seated at God's right hand;
Where ransomed millions in glory stand.
No night is there, neither moon nor sun,
For the light thereof is the Holy One.

We long to sunder these bonds of clay,
And on eagle pinions to soar away;
But we follow our Captain's guiding hand
And journey onward, a pilgrim band.

A few short years and our toil is done—
Our conflict finished—the victory won
We shall lay our cross and our armor down,
For the saintly robe and the kingly crown.

MARSHALL B. SMITH.

L A R V Æ .

"Beauty for ashes."—Is. lxi. 3.

One of the most celebrated of American writers says of this wonderful little poem, without extravagance: "I scarcely know a modern poem, of the same length, that I think equal to it, combining as it does, happy and graceful illustration with profound philosophy."

My little maiden of four years old,—
No myth, but a genuine child is she—
With her bronze brown eyes and her curls of
gold—
Came quite in disgust one day to me.

Rubbing her shoulder with rosy palm,—
As the loathsome touch seemed yet to thrill
her,—
She cried, “Oh, mother, I found on my arm
A horrible, crawling caterpillar!”

And with mischievous smile she could scarcely
smother,
Yet a glance, in its daring half-awed and shy,
She added: “While they were about it, mother,
I wish they’d just finished the butterfly!”

They were words to the thought of the soul that
turns
From the coarser form of a partial growth,
Reproaching the Infinite Patience that yearns
With an unknown glory to crown them both.

Ah, look thou largely, with lenient eyes,
On whatso beside thee may creep and cling,
For the possible beauty that underlies
The passing phase of the meanest thing!

What if God’s great angels, whose waiting love
Beholdeth our pitiful life below,
From the holy height of their heaven above
Couldn’t bear with the worm till the wings
should grow?

REJOICE, MY FELLOW PILGRIM.

"For now is our salvation nearer than when we believed."—
Rom xiii. 11.

REJOICE, my fellow pilgrim, for another stage is
o'er
Of the weary homeward journey, to be trav-
eled through no more;
No more these clouds and shadows shall darken
all our sky;
No more these snares and stumbling-blocks
across our path shall lie.

Rejoice, my fellow soldier, for another long cam-
paign
Is ended, and its dangers have not been met in
vain;
Some enemies are driven back, some ramparts
overthrown,
Some earnest given that victory at length shall
be our own.

Rejoice, my fellow servant, for another year is
past;
The heat and burden of the day will not for-
ever last;
And yet the work is pleasant now and sweet
the Master's smile;
And well may we be diligent through all our
"little while."

Rejoice, my Christian brother, for the race is
nearly run,
And home is drawing nearer with each revolving
sun;
And if some ties are broken here of earthly
hope and love,
More sweet are the attractions of the better
land above.

The light that shone through all the past will
still our steps attend;
The Guide who led us hitherto, will lead us to
the end;
The distant view is brightening, with fewer
clouds between—
The golden streets are gleaming now, the pearly
gates are seen.

Oh! for the joyous meetings there, to meet and
part no more,
Forever with the Lord and all the dear ones
gone before;
New mercies from our Father's hand, with each
new year may come,
But that will be the best of all, a blissful wel
come home.

SUBMISSION.

“The cup which my Father hath given me shall I not drink
it?”—JOHN xviii. 11.

MUSING on all my Father's love,
How sweet it is!

Methought I heard a gentle voice.

“Child, here’s a cup,

I’ve mixed it; drink it up;”

My heart did sink—I could no more rejoice.

“Father! dost thou not love thy child?

Then why this cup?”

“One day, my child, I said to thee,

Here is a flower,

Plucked from a beauteous bower;

Didst thou complain, or take it thankfully?

“One day I gave thee pleasant fruit,

From a choice tree.

How pleased—how grateful thou didst seem;

‘Father,’ thou saidst, ‘I love

Thee—grateful may I prove!’

Thy heart was full—with joy thine eyes did
beam.

“That flower was mine—that fruit was mine—

This cup is mine,

And all that’s in it comes from ME.

“Father! I’m still;

Forgive my naughty will;

But what’s the cup? may I look in and see?”

“Thou see, my child! Thou must not see—

Christ, only, saw

His destined cup of bitter gall.

Only *believe*,

Meekly the cup receive,

And know that love and wisdom mixed it all.’

“O Father! must it be?”

“*It must*, my child.”

“Then give the needed medicine;

Be by my side;

Only thy face don't hide—

I'll drink it all; it must be good—'tis Thine.”

THE FULL SURRENDER.

“I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.”—Rom. xii. 1.

O HEAVY hearted! Gazing on the altar

Whither thy Lord doth call,

Well may thy hand draw back, and footstep
falter,

Who bringest not *thine all*!

Alas! *who* seeks from thee thy little giving

Thou dost not surely see,

Or thou hadst asked of Him that “water liv-
ing”—

The “gift of God” to thee!

All things are His—He taketh nought of plea-
sure

In costliest sacrifice;

But in the loving, willing heart the measure
Of God's acceptance lies.

How hath thy Saviour loved? What hath He
given—

Counting not dear the cost—

So He might win thee to Himself and Heaven—
The “far off”—“dead”—and “lost!”

When there was none on earth that could deliver,
He came to set thee free;
He paid the ransom *freely*—and will never
Ask the great debt of thee!

But so He *bought* thee—with a love that stronger
Than death poured out its soul;
And now he pleads with thee, thine own no longer—
“Wilt thou indeed be whole?”

Where is thy faith? Seest thou in thy surrender
More than thy Maker's due?
Or art thou of thyself more wisely tender
Than that tried love and true?

Why from His searching wilt thou still be hiding
Thy tarnished treasure so?
The gold and silver in His fire abiding
No loss at all shall know.

What if a few poor fading flowers must perish?
The hand that doth destroy,
All manner of sweet fruits shall plant and cher-
For His and thine own joy! [ish

Thy *sin*—the bitter root of all thy sadness—
He will bear far away;
And only asks that thou with joy and gladness
Shouldst love Him and obey.

Is the way hard? Thy Saviour only leadeth
 Where He hath trod before;
 "Perfect through sufferings!" and thy spirit
 needeth
 The bitter cup far more.

Through tribulation and through fiery trial,
 In loving trust lie still!
 Soon shall His pitying hand the outpoured vial
 With oil of gladness fill.

He who so loved the dead, much more the living
 With tenderest arms enfolds,
 Himself he gave: and grace and glory giving,
 Now no good thing withholds.

Bring then thine heart, and all thine heart's
 possessing,
 Hasten the sacrifice!
 Look upward now, and watch the promised
 blessing
 Shower from the opening skies!

SARAH F. SMILEY.

WHAT THEN ?

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of
 life."—REV. ii. 10.

AFTER the Christian's tears,
 After his fights and fears,
 After his weary cross,
 All things below but dross—
 What then?

Oh! then—a holy calm,
 Resting on *Jesus'* arm;
 After this deepened love
 For the pure Home above.

After this holy calm,
 This rest on *Jesus'* arm,
 After this deepened love
 For the pure Home above—
 What then?

Oh! then—work for Him,
 Perishing souls to win;
 Then *Jesus'* presence near,
 Death's darkest hour to cheer.

And when the work is done,
 When the last soul is won,
 When *Jesus'* love and power
 Have cheered the dying hour—
 What then?

Oh! then—the Crown is given!
 Oh! then—the rest in Heaven!
 Endless life in endless day,
 Sin and sorrow passed away.

COVENANT LOVE.

“And we know that all things work together for good to them
 that love God.”—ROM. viii. 28.

ALL things, dear Lord? Is there no thread of woe
 Too dark, too tangled, for the bright design?

No drop of rain too heavy for the bow
Set in the cloud in covenant Divine?

I know that all Thy full designs are bright;
That darkest threads grow golden in Thy hand;
That bended lines grow straight—the tangled
right—
The bitter drops, all sweet, at Thy command.

Command the sweetness! make the crooked
straight;
And turn these dusty tangled threads to gold!
Swifter, dear Lord! I cannot longer wait;
Faith has grown weary, longing to behold.

I know the promise; but I crave the sight:
I yearn to glimpse the beautiful design;
To hail the rose-tints of the morning light;
To watch the straightening of the bended line.

Why these enigmas? Wherefore not receive
Their bright solution? Then a voice drew
near:

“Blessed are they who see not, yet believe!”
And One I knew approached, and wiped my
tear

With wounded hand, and sighed. Ah! then
I fell

Down on my knees, and held Him by the feet,
And cried, my Lord! My God! All, all is well!
With Thee—the dark is light,—the bitter
sweet!

THE CHRISTIAN'S WALK.

“In hope of eternal life.”—TITUS I. 2.

CHRISTIAN! walk carefully—danger is near,
Work out thy journey with trembling and fear;
Snares from without and temptation within
Seek to entice thee again into sin.

Christian! walk humbly, exult not in pride,
All that thou hast is by Jesus supplied;
He holdeth thee up, he directeth thy ways,
To him be the glory, to him be the praise!

Christian! walk cheerfully—though the dark
storm
Fill the bright sky with the clouds of alarm!
Soon will the clouds and the tempest be past,
And thou shalt dwell safely with Jesus at last.

Christian! walk steadfastly while it is light;
Swift are approaching the shades of the night
All that thy Master hath bidden thee do,
Haste to perform, for the moments are few.

Christian! walk prayerfully—oft wilt thou fall
If thou forget on thy Saviour to call;
Safe shalt thou walk through each trial and care
If thou art clad in the armor of prayer.

Christian! walk joyfully—trouble and pain
Cease when the haven of rest thou dost gain;
This thy bright glory and this thy reward:
“Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.”

THE CHILD ON THE JUDGMENT-SEAT.

“Therefore, judge nothing before the time, until the Lord come, who both will bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and will make manifest the hidden counsels of the hearts; and then shall every man have praise of God.”—1 Cor. iv. 5.

WHERE hast thou been toiling all day, sweet
heart,

That thy brow is burdened and sad?
The Master's work may make *weary feet*,
But it leaves the *spirit glad*.

Was thy garden nipped with the midnight frosts,
Or scorched with the mid-day glare?
Were thy vines laid low, or thy lilies crushed,
That thy face is so full of care?

“No pleasant garden toils were mine,
I have sat on the judgment-seat,
Where the Master sits at eve, and calls
The children around His feet.”

How camest thou on the judgment-seat,
Sweet heart, who set thee there?
’Tis a lonely and lofty seat for thee,
And well might fill thee with care.

“I climbed on the judgment-seat myself;
I have sat there alone all day,
For it grieved me to see children around,
Idling their life away.

‘They wasted the Master's precious seed,
They wasted the precious hours;

They trained not the vines, nor gathered the
 fruits,
 And they trampled the sweet, meek flowers."

And what didst thou on the judgment-seat,
 Sweet heart, what didst thou there?
 Did the idlers heed thy childish voice?
 Did the garden mend for thy care?

"Nay, that grieved me more: I called and I
 But they left me there forlorn; [cried,
 My voice was weak, and they heeded not,
 Or they laughed my words to scorn."

Ah! the judgment-seat was not for thee,
 The servants were not thine;
 And the eyes which fix the praise and the blame,
 See farther than thine or mine.

The voice that shall sound there at eve, sweet
 heart,
 Will not strive or cry to be heard;
 It will hush the earth and hush the hearts,
 And none will resist its word.

"Should I see the Master's treasures lost,
 The gifts that should feed His poor,
 And not lift my voice (be it weak as it may
 And not be grieved sore?"

Wait till the evening falls, sweet heart,
 Wait till the evening falls;
 The Master is near and knoweth all—
 Wait till the Master calls.

But how fared *thy* garden plot, sweet heart,
 Whilst thou sat on the judgment seat?
 Who watered thy roses, and trained thy vines,
 And kept them from careless feet?

“Nay! that is saddest of all to me,
 That is saddest of all!
 My vines are trailing, my roses are parched,
 My lilies droop and fall!”

Go back to thy garden plot, sweet heart;
 Go back till the evening falls,
 And bind thy lilies, and train thy vines,
 Till for thee the Master calls.

Go make thy garden fair as thou canst,
 Thou workest never alone;
 Perchance he whose plot is next to thine
 Will see it, and mend his own.

And the next may copy his, sweet heart,
 Till all grows fair and sweet;
 And when the Master comes at eve,
 Happy faces His coming will greet.

Then shall thy joy be full, sweet heart,
 In the garden so fair to see,
 In the Master's words of praise for all,
 In a look of His own for thee.

MRS. CHARLES.

NOT KNOWING.

"By faith Abraham, when he was called to go out into a place which he should after receive for an inheritance, obeyed; and he went out, not knowing whither he went."—HEB. xi. 8.

I KNOW not what shall befall me, God hangs a
mist o'er my eyes,
And so each step in my onward path He makes
new scenes to rise,
And every joy He sends me, comes as a strange
and sweet surprise.

I see not a step before me, as I tread on another year,
But the past is still in God's keeping, the future
His mercy shall clear,
And what looks dark in the distance, may
brighten as I draw near—

For perhaps the dreaded future has less bitter
than I think,
The Lord may sweeten the waters before I stoop
to drink,
Or if Marah must be Marah, He will stand be-
side its brink.

It may be He has waiting for the coming of my
feet,
Some gift of such rare blessedness, some joy so
strangely sweet,
That my lips shall only tremble with the thanks
they cannot speak.

O restful, blissful ignorance! Tis blessed not
to know,
It keeps me so still in those arms which will not
let me go,
And hushes my soul to rest in the bosom that
loves me so!

So I go on not knowing; I would not if I might;
I would rather walk in the dark with God, than
go alone in the light,
I would rather walk with Him by faith, than
walk alone by sight.

My heart shrinks back from trials which the
future may disclose,
Yet I never had a sorrow but what the dear
Lord chose,
So I send the coming tears back with the whis-
pered word, "*He knows.*"

THIS I DID FOR THEE—WHAT DOEST THOU FOR ME?

Motto placed under a print of Christ on the Cross, in the study
of a German minister. It is said that Count Zinzendorf was first
taught love to the Saviour by reading this motto.

"He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth
live unto themselves, but unto him which died for them, and rose
again."—2 COR. v. 15.

I GAVE my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,

And quickened from the dead.
I gave my life for thee;
What hast thou given for me?

I spent long years for thee
In weariness and woe,
That one eternity
Of joy thou mightest know;
I spent long years for thee;
Hast thou spent *one* for me?

My Father's house of light,
My rainbow-circled throne,
I left for earthly night,
For wand'rings sad and lone;
I left it all for thee;
Hast thou left *ought* for me?

I suffered much for thee,—
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
I suffered much for thee;
What dost thou *bear* for me?

And I have brought to thee,
Down from my home above
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and my love;
Great gifts I brought to thee,
What hast thou *brought* to me?

Oh, let thy life be given,
Thy years for me be spent,

World fetters all be riven,
 And joy with suffering blent;
 Give thou *thyself* to me,
 And I will welcome thee!

SUBMISSION.

"Rest in the Lord and wait patiently for Him."—Ps. xxxvii. 7

SINCE thy Father's arm sustains thee,
 Peaceful be;
 When a chastening hand restrains thee,
 It is He!
 Know His love in full completeness,
 Feel the measure of thy weakness,
 If He wound thy spirit sore,
 Trust Him more.

Without murmur, uncomplaining,
 In His hand,
 Leave whatever things thou canst not
 Understand.
 'Though the world thy folly spurneth,
 From thy faith in pity turneth,
 Peace thy inmost soul shall fill
 Lying still.

Like an infant, if thou thinkest
 Thou canst stand
 Childlike, proudly pushing back
 The proffered hand—
 Courage soon is changed to fear,
 Strength doth feebleness appear;

In His love if thou abide
He will guide.

Fearest sometimes that thy Father
Hath forgot?
Though the clouds around thee gather,
Doubt Him not;
Always hath the daylight broken,
Always hath He comfort spoken,
Better hath He been for years,
Than thy fears.

Therefore, whatso'er betideth,
Night or day,
Know His love for thee provideth
Good alway;
Crown of sorrows gladly take,
Grateful wear it for His sake;
Sweetly bending to His will,
Lying still.

To His own thy Saviour giveth
Daily strength;
'To each troubled soul that liveth,
Peace at length.
Weakest lambs have *largest* share
Of the tender Shepherd's care;
Ask Him not, then, "when?" or "how?"
Only bow!

From the German of

CHARLES RUDOLPH HAGENBACH

THE MISSIONARY.

"Behold, I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves: be ye, therefore, wise as serpents, and harmless as doves."—**MATT**
x. 16.

Who shall the willing witness be
To sound the Gospel mystery?
Who, with the standard pure unfurled,
Will preach the grace that saves the world?

What, thinkest thou, awaiteth thee
Who sayest, Here I am, send me!
The fields are white, the hands are few;
And work is pleasure in my view.

Thy path so plain—thy crown so sure—
Thou seemest eager to endure
The cross of care and sweat of strife,
In harvesting eternal life.

Go forth! But with "the things behind,"
Leave not that discipline of mind
Which is begun when faith begins,—
The timely rod for secret sins!

Regardful of those inner deeps
Where every infant giant sleeps,
Thence never wholly to depart
Till rules the Gospel all thy heart.

And conscious there by sympathy
Of every brother's misery,
Acquit thee, through life's shifting scene,
A follower of the Nazarene!

And while thy labors outward flow,
As words or acts thy message show,
Thy all-sufficient guerdon be,
To rise with Him who died for thee! R.

COMING.

"At even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning."—MARK xiii. 35.

'It may be in the evening,
When the work of the day is done,
And you have time to sit in the twilight
And watch the sinking sun,
While the long bright day dies slowly
Over the sea,
And the hour grows quiet and holy
With thoughts of me;
While you hear the village children
Passing along the street,
Among those thronging footsteps
May come the sound of my feet:
Therefore, I tell you: Watch
By the light of the evening star,
When the room is growing dusky
As the clouds afar;
Let the door be on the latch
In your home,
For it may be through the gloaming
I will come.

"It may be when the midnight
Is heavy upon the land,
And the black waves lying dumbly
Along the sand;

When the moonless night draws close,
And the lights are out in the house;
When the fires burn low and red,
And the watch is ticking loudly

Beside the bed:

Though you sleep, tired out, on your couch,
Still your heart must wake and watch

In the dark room,
For it may be that at midnight
I will come.

“It may be at the cock-crow,
When the night is dying slowly
In the sky,
And the sea looks calm and holy,
Waiting for the dawn
Of the golden sun
Which draweth nigh;
When the mists are on the valleys, shading
The rivers chill,
And my morning star is fading, fading
Over the hill:
Behold, I say unto you: Watch;
Let the door be on the latch
In your home;
In the chill before the dawning,
Between the night and morning,
I may come.

‘It may be in the morning;
When the sun is bright and strong,
And the dew is glittering sharply
Over the little lawn;
When the waves are laughing loudly
Along the shore,

And the little birds are singing sweetly
About the door;
With the long day's work before you,
You rise up with the sun,
And the neighbors come in to talk a little
Of all that must be done;
But remember that I may be the next
To come in at the door,
To call you from all your busy work
For evermore;
As you work your heart must watch,
For the door is on the latch
In your room,
And it may be in the morning
I will come."

So He passed down my cottage garden,
By the path that leads to the sea,
Till He came to the turn of the little road
Where the birch and the laburnum tree
Lean over and arch the way;
There I saw Him a moment stay,
And turn once more to me,
As I wept at the cottage door,
And lift up His hands in blessing—
Then I saw His face no more.

And I stood still in the doorway,
Leaning against the wall,
Not heeding the fair white roses,
Though I crushed them and let them fall;
Only looking down the pathway,
And looking toward the sea,
And wondering, and wondering
When He would come back for me:

Till I was aware of an Angel
Who was going swiftly by,
With the gladness of one who goeth
In the light of God Most High.

He passed the end of the cottage
Toward the garden gate—
(I suppose he was come down
At the setting of the sun
To comfort some one in the village
Whose dwelling was desolate)—
And he paused before the door
Beside my place,
And the likeness of a smile
Was on his face:
“Weep not,” he said, “for unto you is given
To watch for the coming of His feet
Who is the glory of our blessed heaven;
The work and watching will be very sweet
Even in an earthly home;
And in such an hour as you think not
He will come.”

So I am watching quietly
Every day.
Whenever the sun shines brightly,
I rise and say:
“Surely it is the shining of His face!”
And look unto the gates of His high place
Beyond the sea;
For I know He is coming shortly
To summon me.
And when a shadow falls across the window
Of my room,

Where I am working my appointed task,
 I lift my head to watch the door and ask
 If He is come;
 And the Angel answers sweetly
 In my home:
 "Only a few more shadows,
 And He will come."

B. M.

WORKING FOR JESUS.

"I will direct their work in truth, and I will make an everlasting covenant with them."—Is. lxi. 8.

'Tis sweet to work for Jesus.
 In this life's little day;
 To spread around the "joyful sound,"
 As those forgiven may:
 To tell His loving-kindness,
 His promises so true;
 To urge the young, that they may come
 And trust this Saviour, too.

'Tis sweet to work for Jesus:
 Be this our one desire,
 Our purpose still to do His will,
 Whatever He require.
 No action is too lowly,
 No work of love too small;
 If *Christ* but *lead*, we may, indeed,
 Well *follow* such a call.

'Tis sweet to work for Jesus,
 While our weak spirits rest.
 In His own care, safe sheltered there,
 And with His presence blessed

In such calm, happy moments,
 No greater joy we know:
 Redeemed from sin, we live for Him,
 To whom our all we owe.

'Tis sweet to work for Jesus—
 Oh, weary not of this!
 But onward press with cheerfulness,
 Though rough the pathway is.
 Hold on unmoved and patient,
 'Till He shall call thee home,
 With joy to stand at God's right hand,
 To serve before the throne.

THE GUIDING HAND.

"And the Lord shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in drought."—Is. lviii. 11.

"Is this the way, my Father?" "'Tis, my child,
 Thou must pass through the tangled, dreary
 wild,
 If thou wouldst reach the city undefiled,—
 Thy peaceful home above."

"But enemies are 'round!" "Yes, child, I know
 That where thou least expectest, thou'lt find a
 foe,
 But, victor thou shalt prove o'er all below,—
 Only seek strength above."

"My Father, it is dark!" "Child, take my hand;
 Cling close to me,—I'll lead thee through the
 land;
 Trust my all-seeing care,—so shalt thou stand
 Midst glory bright above."

"My footsteps seem to slide!" "Child, only
raise

Thine eyes to *me*, then in these slippery ways
I will hold up thy goings; thou shalt praise
Me for each step, above."

"O Father, I am weary!" "Child, lean thy
head

Upon my breast; it was my love that spread
Thy rugged path; hope on still, till I have said
Rest,—rest for aye above." J. B. M.

HARVEST HOME.

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold
not thine hand, for thou knowest not whether shall prosper,
either this, or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."—
ECCLES. xi. 6.

Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand,
To doubt and fear give thou no heed;
Broadcast it o'er the land.

Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock;
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.

The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not everywhere;
O'er hill and dale, by plots, 'tis found.
Go forth then, everywhere.

Thou knowest not which may thrive,
 The late, or early sown;
 Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
 When, and wherever strown;

And duly shall appear,
 In verdure, beauty, strength,
 The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
 And the full corn at length.

Thou canst not toil in vain;
 Cold, heat and moist and dry,
 Shall foster and mature the grain
 For garners in the sky.

Hence, when the glorious end,
 The day of God is come,
 The Angel reapers shall descend,
 And heaven cry, "Harvest Home!"

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

USEFUL ACCORDING TO GOD'S WILL.

"Lord, hear my voice; let Thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplications."—Ps. cxxx. 2.

LET me not die, before I've done for Thee
 My earthly work, *whatever* it may be.
 Call me not hence, with mission unfulfilled;
 Let me not leave my space of ground untilled;
 Impress this truth upon me, that not one
 Can do *my* portion, that I leave undone.

Then give me strength all faithfully to toil;
 Converting barren earth to fruitful soil.
 I *long* to be an instrument of Thine
 For gathering worshipers unto Thy shrine;
 To be the means *one* human soul to save
 From the dark terrors of a hopeless grave.

Yet most I want a spirit of content,
 To work where'er Thou'lt wish my labor spent;
 Whether at home, or in a stranger's clime,
 In days of joy, or sorrow's sterner time;
 I want a spirit passive, to lie still
 And by Thy power, to do Thy holy will.

And when the prayer unto my lips doth rise,
 "Before a new home doth my soul surprise,
 Let me accomplish some great work for Thee,"
 Subdue it, Lord! let my petition be,
 "O make me useful in this world of Thine
 In ways according to *Thy* will, not *mine*!"

"GET THY SPINDLE AND THY DISTAFF
 READY, AND GOD WILL SEND
 THEE FLAX."

"Blessed is that servant, whom his Lord, when He cometh
 shall find so doing."—LUKE xii. 43.

PLACE the spindle, hold the distaff,
 Waiting one;
 Ply thy hands as at the spinning
 To be done
 And in full, abundant measure,
 God will give, in His good pleasure
 Flax for all thy need.

Stand not thou so idly lingering, •
Faithless one;
Mourning want of flax for labor
To be done;
Up! and gird thyself for duty,
And thy work shall grow in beauty,
"Till God says—"Complete!"

Art thou longing for a mission
In the earth?
For a noble, high endeavor,
Springing into birth?
Let thy dreams be wrought in living,
And thy God, by richly giving,
Will thy needs supply.

If thy heart be nerved for doing,
Thou shalt find
All around thee, in thy pathway,
Poor and blind.
Take, and lead them to the glory
Shining out from Calvary's story;
Lift them from their sin.

List! the sounds of the great city!
Wailings sore
Rise from young and stricken children
Evermore.
They are crying in their sorrow,
"Oh, the weary, sad to-morrow
Cometh as to-day!

"Let us die! the grave is quiet
In its rest;

Want and crime, with clutching fingers,
 Never there molest.
 Who would live? The earth is dreary,
 And our hearts are very weary
 In our toil and woe.

"Love? We know not what it meaneth!
 But the frown
 Of our mothers, and their curses
 Weigh us down.
 Our child-laughter—hushed its tone—
 'Tis the echo of a moan;
 Let us quickly die!"

Dare ye stand in idle lingering,
 Christian one?
 Mourning want of flax for labor
 To be done?
 Lo! the flax which God hath given;
 Shall not some soul find his Heaven
 Through your tears and toil?

Lead these sorrowing, blinded children
 To the light;
 Let love lift the heavy shadows
 From their sight;
 Train their voices to sweet laughter,
 And their souls for glad hereafter
 In the sunny skies.

And when thou hast finished labor,
 At His word
 For thy work, complete in beauty,
 Shall be heard

Tones of love, in golden measure,—
 “Child, it is thy Father’s pleasure,
 Rest for aye in heaven.”

ANNA MONTAGUE.

THE CROSS BEFORE THE CROWN

“For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.”—2 COR. iv. 17.

OUR light afflictions, which a moment last,
 Oft brings the joys of future glory down;
 They promise give of life, when time is past,
 They bid us wait—the cross, before the crown.

O’er quiet seas we sail not to our rest;
 The skies above us oft with tempests frown,
 Yet they who suffer with their Lord are blest;
 He bore the cross, before He wore the crown.

What though the rough winds shake thy fragile
 bark,
 And many waters threaten thee to drown;
 God speaks to thee in voice of mercy—hark!
 Trust thou in Him: the cross before the crown.

J. WESLEY CARHART, D.D.

‘Stay not to choose thy path
 Shrink not from heat or cold;
 ‘Sow by all waters,’ the Master saith—
 Then nourish the seed by *prayer* and *faith*,
 And thou’lt gather a hundred fold.”

WORKING WITH THEE.

"And let us not be weary in well doing; for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."—GAL. vi. 9.

WORKING, O Christ, with Thee,
 Working with Thee,
 Unworthy, sinful, weak,
 Although we be;
 Our all to Thee we give,
 For Thee alone would live,
 And by Thy grace achieve—
 Working with Thee.

Along the city's waste,
 Working with Thee;
 Our eager footsteps haste,
 Like Thee to be;
 The poor we gather in,
 The outcasts raise from sin,
 And labor souls to win—
 Working with Thee.

The little ones we greet,
 Working with Thee;
 And oft Thy words repeat,
 "Come unto me."
 From sorrow, want and gloom,
 We bid them welcome home,
 Beneath our sheltering dome—
 Working with Thee.

Saviour, we weary not
 Working with Thee,
 As hard as Thine, *our* lot
 Can never be.

Our joy and comfort this—
 Thy grace sufficient is;
 This changes toil to bliss,
 Working with Thee.

So let us labor on,
 Working with Thee,
 'Till earth to Thee is won,
 From sin set free,
 'Till men, from shore to shore
 Receive Thee, and adore,
 And join us evermore,
 Working with Thee.

MRS. H. E. BROWN.

THE VISIONARY.

“Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light.”—EPH. v. 14.

Ah, could I *do*, instead of *dream*,
 Life would flow on,—a placid stream—
 Amid bright flowers, and golden sheaves,
 Where now there groweth naught but leaves.

In vain I sigh, and sadly pine
 For gifts that never can be mine;
 While the *one talent* God has lent
 Lies idle, or still worse, misspent.

How brightly once did each day bring
 The gracious promises of spring!
 But summer comes, the fields are bare,
 Autumn will find no harvest there.

Within the vineyard of the Lord,
I hear, but fail to heed His word,
Useless I wait, while other hands
Fulfil His wise and just commands.

The sons of want are faint and weak,
Kind words of cheer I do not speak;
My heart can pity all their grief,
But friends more prompt, bear them relief.

I little thought that such would be
The destiny decreed for me;
Always to find the words, "Too late,"
Inscribed upon each close-barred gate.

And yet I know that other hands
Can loose with ease, those iron bands;
That other feet can proudly climb,
The steep ascent, to heights sublime.

It is my fate to wait below
And watch them as they upward go;
Yet feel the while *I* might have gained
The goal to which *they* have attained.

Alas! that life can never bring
A second youth—an after spring.
Once wasted, it returns no more—
Its hopes and dreams forever o'er.

But in yon world of cloudless light,
Where life is love, and faith is sight,
God grant some humble place may be
E'en for a cumberer like me.

KATE CAMERON.

GIVE ME SOME WORK TO DO.

“And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones, a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily, I say unto you, He shall in no wise lose his reward.”—**MATT. x. 42.**

GIVE me some work to do! the reapers soon
Will come rejoicing, bringing home their
sheaves,
And I, of all their number, I alone
Have naught to offer but these withered
leaves,
With shame and penitence I turn to Thee
And pardon crave—O Master! pity me.

The name of servant I unworthy bear;
A servant should his master's work pursue,
But I have loitered in the gardens fair
And to my task been faithless and untrue;
The cool, refreshing morn, and the rich noon
I've idled all away, and eve comes soon.

Others I've seen go forth unto their toil
With willing step, and steady, patient hand,
Scattering the golden grain upon the soil
Which soon shall yield its harvest full and
grand;
But I, O Lord! what shall I say to Thee?
For my weak indolence I have no plea.

When the sun shone, and skies with hope were
blue,
And flowers breathed their fragrance all
around,

When influence smiled on me, and friends were
true,

And my vain heart with love's bright chain
was bound,

I *would not* toil, and from the field withdrew—
But *now* I cry, "Give me some work to do!"

Now, when the spring is past, and summer's
gone,

And autumn, sear and gray, with frosty hand
Smites low each floweret fair, and friends have
flown,

And I can call to me no loving hand
To shield me from the storm of pain and woe—
Now, Lord, I cry, "Give me some work to do!"

Give me some work to do! I know that Thou
Who watchest o'er the humble sparrow's fall,
Wilt from Thy throne of light and glory bow
To answer lovingly whene'er I call;
Then let me glean for Thee at least *one* sheaf,
Ere winter brings the laborer relief.

AMY A. HEADLEY.

THE LITTLE CLEFT.

"Thou art my hiding-place; Thou shalt preserve me from trouble; Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance."—
Ps. xxxii. 7.

I CREEP within the crimson cleft,
And there my sin and sorrow hide,
The little place that still is left
For me, within that wounded side.

The little cleft, where thousands sought
A place of refuge long before;
Whose pity-dropping stream hath bought
A refuge for ten thousand more.

A little cleft! However cold
The pathway here, however bare,
No living tongue hath ever told
Of all the warmth and fullness there.

SELF-EXAMINATION.

“For we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad.”—2 COR. v. 10.

WHAT hast thou done to-day for God?
Answer, O soul of mine!
What thorny pathway hast thou trod,
Trusting in strength divine?
What gift upon the altar laid,
Of all that was most dear?
Or hast thou meagre tribute paid,
With less of love than fear?

What hast thou done for God to-day?
Answer, my wayward heart!
The tempter lurking round thy way,
O didst thou bid depart?
Or, hast thou fallen in his snare,
And sold thyself to sin?
Forgetting that by *Faith* and *Prayer*
The conquest thou might'st win?

To-day for God what hast thou done?
I ask thee, restless mind!
Shouldst thou soar upward to the sun,
Yet peace thou couldst not find.
O hast thou wasted all thy powers
Upon this fleeting earth?
Or cast away the precious hours,
Unmindful of their worth?

Ah! powerless are our best resolves
If in ourselves we trust;
Our strongest purpose soon dissolves,
As dust returns to dust.
God grant that ere our life grow dim,
Our greatest joy may be
To spend our days in serving Him
That we His face may see!

KATE CAMERON.

REMEMBER THE POOR.

"Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble."—Ps. xli. 1.

AH! when ye sit by your bright warm fire,
Through the evenings cold and long,
Think of the numbed and shivering poor,
The children of want and wrong.

And when ye gather around the board,
Covered with viands rare,
Remember the squalid, famishing crew,
Who search the gutters for fare.

When ye watch, with a mother's fond delight,
Your lovely babe's bright charms,
Think of the starving infants, clasped
In shrivelled, trembling arms.

When ye gaze with pride on your little band,
Of children glad and bright,
In a happy home, by loving hearts,
Guarded from care and blight.

Think of the children who roam the streets,
Older in *crime*, than *years*;
Think of the home that shelters them—
Think of its woes and fears.

When the nightly prayer is softly said,
And the bright eyes closed for sleep,
Remember the children who never pray,
And for them pray and weep.

And give to them as God gives you;
For He tells us in His Word,
That what we give to the needy poor,
Is lent unto the Lord.

MRS. SARAH S. SOCWELL.

THE LITTLE CLOUD.

"What I do, thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."—JOHN xiii. 7.

TAKE courage—'tis but a little cloud,
That soon will pass away;

The hearts that now with grief are bowed
May only grieve to-day—
To-morrow, up the azure height
The sun may dart his beam,
And then one joyous burst of light
O'er mount and vale and stream.

When thwarted plans and baffled hopes
Become our only store,
And the crushed spirit barely copes
With ills unknown before;
Despond not—yet the tide will turn,
The gales propitious play;
Take courage—'tis a little cloud
That soon will pass away.

When doubts eclipse the ray of joy,
And fears their shadows cast,
When rugged seems the way to bliss,
And foes come crowding fast,
Faint not—a mightier power than thine
Is pledged those foes to stay;
Light shall at last for thee be sown,
The clouds shall pass away.
And shades there not the vale of Death
A cloud of sombre fold?
Yes—but the eagle eye of faith
Detects the streak of gold.
Those radiant tints shall wider spread,
And form one burnished sea,
'Till thine at last, triumphant saint,
Is immortality.

THE CRUSE THAT FAILETH NOT.

"It is more blessed to give, than to receive."— ACTS **xx.** 35.

Is thy cruse of comfort wasting? rise and share
it with another,
And through all the years of famine, it shall
serve thee and thy brother;
Love divine will fill thy storehouse, or thy hand-
ful still renew;
Scanty fare for *one*, will often make a royal feast
for *two*.

For the heart grows rich in giving; all its wealth
is living grain;
Seeds, which mildew in the garner, scattered,
fill with gold the plain.
Is thy burden hard and heavy? Do thy steps
drag wearily?
Help to bear thy *brother's* burden; God will
bear both it and thee.

Numb and weary on the mountains, wouldst
thou sleep amidst the snow?
Chafe that frozen form beside thee, and togeth-
er, both shall glow.
Art thou stricken in life's battle? many wounded
round thee moan;
Lavish on their wounds thy balsams, and that
balm shall heal thine own.

Is the heart a well, left empty? None but God
its void can fill;
Nothing but a ceaseless fountain, can its cease-
less longings still.

Is the heart a living power? Self-entwined, its
strength sinks low;
It can only live in loving, and by serving love
will grow.

MRS. CHARLES.

THE SOWER.

LUKE viii. 5-8.

A SOWER went forth to sow
Good seed in the fertile ground;
And, as he sowed, by the eddying wind
'Twas scattered far around.
Some fell by the highway side,
And were crushed by trampling feet;
And the birds devoured them as they fell
On the hard and dusty street.

Some fell on the stony ground;
And quickly the blade sprang forth,
Yet could not pierce, with its slender roots,
The parched and sterile earth.
And the sun arose, and at noon
Poured down its scorching ray,
And the tender plant no moisture found,
But withered quick away.

Some fell among the thorns,
And the seed sprang up and grew,
Yet the choking thorns shut out the sun,
And drank the rain and dew;
And when the reaper came,
No perfect fruit he found,

For pale, and of sickly hue, it fell
All worthless, to the ground.

Yet of that precious seed,
Some fell on goodly soil, [green
And the root sank deep, and the blade sprang
To bless the laborer's toil.
Warmed by the sun, it grew,
Expanding hour by hour,
And fed by dews, it blossomed forth,
Like Eden's garden flower.

And the Reaper came and found
Among the fragrant leaves,
The golden fruitage, ripe and full,
And he bound it in his sheaves.
And he sang the harvest-song,
With joy, like those of old;
For the precious seed that was sown in hope,
Brought forth "an hundred fold."

H. A. S.

W E A R Y.

"For ye have need of patience, that, after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise."—HEB. x. 36.

"WEARY of life's burden,
I fain would lay it down;
Weary of the cross,
I fain would wear the crown.

"Weary of the conflict
With myself and sin,

To Thy perfect rest
I long to enter in.

“Earth hath naught to charm me
Naught to win my love;
Take me, O my Father,
To my home above.”

He who ever hears,
When His children cry,
Bent, in pitying love,
From His throne on high;

And, in tones which erst
Stilled the tempest wild,
Gently, tenderly
Comforted His child.

“Art thou seeking rest,
Ere thy work is done?
Asking for the crown,
Ere it has been won?

• Wherefore mournest thou
Thus so bitterly?
Hast thou found life's burden
All too great for thee?

“Is not its full weight
To thy Father known?
Must thou needs rely
On thy strength alone?

“Dost thou doubt my power?
Dost thou question whether

We, my child, can bear it,
Thou and I together?

"O press lovingly,
Closely to my side,
That thine every burden
I may then divide."

Not upon my ear
Fall these tones in vain;
Joyfully the cross
I take up again;

Thankful, O my Father,
Thankful for the load
That hath brought me nearer,
Nearer to my God.

S. J. BURKE.

"AND TO EVERY MAN HIS WORK."

"Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass."—Ps. xxxvii. 5.

THE low turft grass is not a stately tree,
Nor yet a lovely and all-fragrant rose;
It yields no nectar to the grateful bee,
Nor fashions, for their transit o'er the sea
The hearts of oak, revered by friends and foes.

But think of it as lightly as you will,
Passing it over in your careless tread,
It has its own peculiar place to fill;
And humble as its work appeareth, still
Nor oak, nor rose, could do that work instead.

So, youthful Christian, thro' life's transient day,
 There is a *special work* marked out for you;
 It may be of the lowest kind: it may
 Be such as shall the loftiest powers display,
 But none besides yourself your work can do.

Then bend in meekness at your Saviour's throne
 And seek to learn the purpose of His grace;
 Ask Him who has so oft your duty shown,
 To point you out the work that is your own,
 And tell you where to find your proper place.

"What wilt thou have me do?" With single eye
 To your Redeemer's glory, work for Him;
 Illumined every moment from on high;
 Strive in each action, God to glorify, [dim.
 Nor let one thought of self, life's radiance

Work, work! nor covet an ignoble rest;
 Allow no sloth, thy spirit to beguile. [best;
 Those love the Saviour most, who serve Him
 And he who blesses others, shall himself be
 blessed,
 With the full sunshine of the Saviour's smile.

THE CROSSING SWEEPER.

"He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given, will he pay him again."—Prov. xix. 17.

A RAGGED girl swept on the Avenue crossing;
 Numb were her fingers, for bleak was the air;
 All the day long, in her faded brown tatters—
 Thus ran her musings: such was her prayer:

‘How joyous and free are those creatures of
pleasure,
How splendid their trappings of lace and
of gold!
To them is the same, whether morning is
balmy,
Or winter blast chills every frame with its
cold.

“When I ask for a pittance from lady or dandy,
Each covered with diamonds of value un-
told—
‘Go away,’ is the answer, as I were a pesti-
lence,
Yet all my fault is, I suffer from cold.

“The rich have their pillows, so soft and so
downy,
Their limbs are all covered with many a fold,
My bed is of straw, and there is but one
blanket,
I cannot use *that*, lest my mother be cold.

“O God! is it ever my weak bones must shiver,
And I be despised by the proud and the
bold?
Oh, yes! for I’ve read that my Saviour, so
precious,
Was shelterless born, with no mantle from
cold!”

And so the poor sweeper went on with her toil-
ing,
The fever was burning with heat uncontrolled.

"Till tearless, unfriended, unknown to the millions,

Her pulses ceased beating! She died in the cold!

The storm-cloud is thickened, the snow-drops are falling,

A spirit has gone, but the bells are not tolled,
The minions of pleasure still glide o'er the avenue—

Angels are clasping a child from the cold.

Oh, millions would *now* give not merely a pittance,

But all that they covet of treasure and gold,
To whisper such songs in the chancels of heaven
As come from the lips of that child of the cold.



THE EVERLASTING MEMORIAL.

"The memory of the just is blessed."—PROV. x. 7.

UP and away, like the dew of the morning,

Soaring away to its home in the sun;
So let me steal away, gently and lovingly,
Only remembered by what I have done.

My name and my place and my tomb all forgotten,

The brief race of time well and patiently run,
So let me pass away peacefully, silently,
Only remembered by what I have done.

Gladly away from this toil would I hasten,
Up to the crown that for me has been won,—
Unthought of by man, in rewards or in praises,
Only remembered by what I have done.

Up and away, like the odors of sunset
That sweeten the twilight as darkness comes
on,
So be my life, a thing *felt* but *not noticed*,
And I but remembered by what I have done.

Yes, like the fragrance that wanders in freshness,
When the flowers that it comes from are
closed up and gone,
So would I be, to this world's weary dwellers,
Only remembered by what I have done.

Needs there the praise of the love-written record?—
The name and the epitaph graved on the
stone?
The things we have lived for, let *them* be our
story,
We ourselves but remembered by what we
have done.

I need not be missed, if my life has been bearing
(As its summer and autumn moved silently
on)
The bloom and the fruit, and the seed of its
season,
I shall still be remembered by what I have
done.

I need not be missed, if another succeed me,
To reap down those fields which in spring I
have sown.

He who ploughed and who sowed is not missed
by the reaper,

He is only remembered by what he has done.

Not myself, but the truth that in life I have
spoken,

Not myself, but the seed that in life I have
sown,

Shall pass on to ages,—all about me forgotten,
Save the truth I have uttered—the things I
~~have~~ done.

So let my living be, so be my dying,

So let my name be unblazoned, unknown,—

Unpraised and unmissed, I shall yet be remem-
bered,

Yes—but remembered by what I have done.

HORATIUS BONAR.

KNEELING AT THE THRESHOLD.

“Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according
to thy word.”—LUKE ii. 29.

I'm kneeling at the threshold, weary, faint and
sore;

Waiting for the dawning, for the opening of the
door;

Waiting till the Master shall bid me rise and
come

To the glory of His presence, to the gladness of
His home!

A weary path I've traveled, 'mid darkness, storm
and strife,
Bearing many a burden, struggling for my life;
But now the morn is breaking, my toil will soon
be o'er,
I'm kneeling at the threshold, my hand is on the
door.

Methinks I hear the voices of the blessed as
they stand
Singing in the sunshine in the far-off, sinless
land:
Oh, would that I were with them, amid their
shining throng,
Mingling in their worship, joining in their song!

The friends that started with me have entered
long ago,
One by one they left me struggling with the foe;
Their pilgrimage was shorter, their victory soon-
er won;
How lovingly they'll hail me when all my toil
is done!

With them the blessed angels that know no
grief or sin,
I see them by the portals prepared to let me in.
O Lord, I wait thy pleasure; thy way and time
are best;
But I'm wasted, worn and weary, O Father, bid
me rest.

GUTHRIE.

THE WAY.

"And they were in the way, going up to Jerusalem; and Jesus went before them; and they were amazed; and as they followed, they were afraid."—MARK x. 32.

I SAID, "O Guide, go forth:

I will follow Thee anywhither."

And behold, as we went over the earth,

It was all June together.

The sun steeped half the world in bliss,

And the shadows steeped the rest in quietness.

And I said, "I have heard of thy way, O Lord,

How that it goeth dark through the dark.

Fire and water, tumult and blood,

Woes to be suffered, and foes withstood;

I have heard that the only way to Thee is over
the flood.

And now, O Lord, is this the way?

For, behold, I tread smooth paths to-day;

What if I loiter, and fail to win?"

But He said, "This is the way; walk ye herein."

I spoke again, and said, "I have heard

That our joy-times here are quickly past,

That the smooth paths are not long to tread,

With the smile of the sun, and with song of
the bird.

But, Lord, how long shall this last?"

"Not long," he said;

"And see thou follow me afterward."

Even at that moment, I slipped and sank,

Slipped, and stumbled down the bank—

Down the bank to a path beneath,
Chill and dark as the shadow of death.
"Lord!" I cried, "I have stumbled astray;
Lead me back, Lord, into Thy way;
Out of the pitfall, out of the gin,
Far from terror, safe from sin;
Hold Thou up my goings wherein."
But He said, "This is the way: walk ye herein."

I went along to that shadow of death,
Going and weeping under my breath,
And whispering, said, "It was better with me
Oh, better out on the sunny lea!"
But He answered, "'This is thy best,
That thou follow me here, and unto rest."
I said, "O Master! how shall I know
When my best is gladness, or woe?
How shall I learn what Thy ways be?"
And He said, "Leave that to me;
Follow me only whither I go,
Through chilling shadow and scorching glow,
Through desert-dust, and through battle-din,
'Till the goal be reached, and finished the test;
'Till the sorrow is passed, and the joy is best.
'Till I say, This is my rest; enter herein."

B. B. B.

LONGINGS.

"My soul melteth for heaviness; strengthen thou me, according unto thy word."—Ps. cxix. 28.

WHEN shall I be at rest? My trembling heart
Grows weary of its burden, sickening still
With hopes deferred. Oh, that it were thy
will
To loose my bonds, and take me where Thou
art!

When shall I be at rest? My eyes grow dim
With straining through the gloom. I scarce
can see
The way-marks that my Saviour left for me,
Would it were morn, and I were safe in heaven.

When shall I be at rest? Hand over hand
I grasp and climb even a steeper hill,
A rougher path. Oh, that it were Thy will
My tired feet might tread the promised land!

Oh, that I were at rest! A thousand fears
Come thronging o'er me, lest I fall at last.
Would I were safe, all toil and danger past;
And Thine own hands had wiped away my
tears.

Oh, that I were at rest! like some I love,
Whose last, fond looks drew half my life away,
Seeming to plead that either they might stay
With me on earth, or I with them above.

But why these murmurs? Thou didst **never**
shrink

From any toil or weariness for me—
Not even from that last deep agony,
Shall I beneath my trials sink?

No, Lord; for when I am indeed at rest,
One taste of that deep bliss, will quite efface
The sternest memories of my earthly race,
Save but to swell the sense of being blest.

Then lay on me whatever cross I need [be
To bring me there. I know Thou canst **not**
Unkind, unfaithful, or untrue to me!
Shall I not toil for thee, when Thou for **me**
didst bleed?

JESUS OF NAZARETH.

“Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.”—LUKE xviii. 37.

WHAT means this eager, anxious throng,
Passing our busy streets along—
These wondrous gatherings day by day?
What means this strange commotion, **say!**
Voices in accents hushed, reply:
“Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.”

Who is this Jesus? Why should He
The city move so mightily?
A passing stranger, has He skill
To charm the multitudes at will?
Again the stirring tones reply:
“Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.”

Jesus! 'tis He who once below,
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe,
And burdened hearts wherein He came
Brought out their sick and deaf and lame;
Blind men rejoiced to hear the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Again He comes! From place to place
His holy footprints we can trace.
He passes at our threshold—nay
He enters—condescends to stay.
Shall we not gladly raise the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Ho! all ye heavy laden, come!
Here's pardon, comfort, rest and home.
Lost wanderers from a Father's face
Return, accept His proffered grace.
Ye tempted, there's a refuge nigh,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

But if you still this call refuse,
And do such wondrous love abuse,
Soon will he sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayers for pardon spurn.
"Too late! too late!" will be the cry—
Jesus of Nazareth has passed by!"

THE CHRISTIAN'S CONFLICT.

"Wherefore take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all to stand."—Eph. vi. 13.

How goes the fight with thee?
The life-long battle with all evil things?
Thine no low strife, and Thine no selfish aim;
It is the war of giants and of kings.

Goes the fight well with thee?
This living fight with death and death's dark
power?
Is not the stronger than the strong one near?
With thee and for thee in the fiercest hour?

Does it grow slacker now?
Then tremble; for, be sure, thy hellish foe
Slacks not; 'tis thou that slackest in the fight;
Fainter and feebler falls each weary blow.

Dread not the din and smoke,
The stifling poison of the fiery air;
Courage! it is the battle of thy God;
Go, and for Him learn how to do and dare!

What though ten thousand fall,
And the red field with the dear dead be strewn;
Grasp but more bravely thy bright shield and
sword,
Fight to the last, although thou fight'st alone.

What though ten thousand faint,
Desert, or yield, or in weak terror flee,
Heed not the panic of the multitude;
Thine be the Captain's watchword—VICTORY!

Look to thine armor well!
Thine the one panoply no blow that fears;
Ours is the day of rusted swords and shields,
Of loosened helmets and of broken spears.

Heed not the throng of foes;
To fight 'gainst hosts is still the Church's lot;
Side thou with God, and thou must win the day;
Woe to the man 'gainst whom hell fighteth not!

Say not the fight is long ;
'Tis but one battle, and the fight is o'er;
No second warfare mars thy victory,
And thy one triumph is *for evermore!*

THE TIME FOR TOIL IS PAST.

“Bringing our sheaves with us.”—Ps. cxxvi. 6.

THE time for toil has past and night has come—
The last and saddest of the harvest-eves;
Worn out with labor, long and wearisome,
Drooping and faint, the reapers hasten home,
Each laden with his sheaves.

Last of the laborers, Thy feet I gain,
Lord of the harvest! and my spirit grieves
That I am burdened, not so much with grain,
As with a heaviness of heart and brain;—
Master! behold my sheaves!

Few, light, and worthless, yet their trifling
weight,

Through all my frame a weary aching leaves;
For long I struggled with my hapless fate,
And stayed, and toiled, 'till it was dark and
late—

Yet these are all my sheaves!

Full well I know I have more *tares* than *wheat*,
Brambles and flowers, dry sticks and with-
ered leaves;

Wherefore I blush and weep, as at Thy feet
I kneel down reverently, and repeat,
“Master, behold my sheaves!”

I know the blossoms clustering heavily
With evening dew upon their folded leaves,
Can claim no value or utility;
Therefore shall fragrancy and beauty be
The glory of my sheaves.

So do I gather faith and hope anew;
For well I know Thy patient love perceives,
Not what I did, but what I *strove to do*:
And though the full ripe ears be sadly few,
Thou wilt accept my sheaves!

T R U S T .

"Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness and hath no light; let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God."—Is. l. 10.

ART thou struggling 'midst the darkness, toiling
on thy heavenward way?—
Wait and hope, though gloom surround thee,
and thou seest no dawning day;
God will guide thy faltering footsteps, and at
length, upon thy sight,
Sunrise hues will brighten for thee—evening
time shall be made light.

Not by sight can be our walking, for our way is
through the dark,
And no outward signs or wonders should we
ask the path to mark;
God's unfailing Word is surely staff enough on
which to lean,
As we journey to our portion, hoped for, longed
for, yet unseen.

Ah! if God designs to lead thee to his home of
love and peace,
He will teach thee, soon or later, from all earthly
trust to cease;
He will take, though hard it seemeth, every
other prop away,
That thy trembling, shrinking spirit, on Him-
self alone may stay.

God will try thee, God will prove thee; gold the
crucible requires,
None the less than human spirits do the purify-
ing fires;
And his love will never spare thee any needful
care or cross,—
When thou lovest an *affliction*, great indeed is
then thy loss!

Cling but closer for the darkness to the hand
that leadeth thee,—
There are dangers, doubtless, round thee, that
'twould blind thine eyes to see;
He who guides thy trembling footsteps has Him-
self this pathway trod,—
'Tis the Man of Sorrows leads thee, now en-
throned the "Mighty God."

"SOMETHING FOR JESUS."

"Do all to the glory of God."—1 Cor. x. 31.

SOMETHING for Jesus! Oh, for His dear sake
Thy brightest hopes and sweetest joys forsake;
Counting with gladness, every pang and smart
That binds thee closer to His bleeding heart.

Something for Jesus! Let the words entwine
With every action, every word of thine;
For e'en thy daily thoughts, if brought to Him,
Will be accepted as an offering.

Something for Jesus! As the stone of old
It toucheth common life with threads of gold,

Brightening the lonely path of grief and care,
And giving life an aim—to do, to bear.

Something for Jesus! See, the words expand!
As touched with meaning by a Master hand;
And new-born light reveals the secret power
Of every moment, every passing hour.

Something for Jesus! Nothing is too *small*,
Nothing too *great* to give, when *He gave all*;
And simple service done as in His sight,
Grows every day in length, and breadth, and
height.

Something for Jesus! Lord, I long to be
A living song of gratitude to Thee—
A guiding light, a hand stretched forth to bless,
A spirit covered with Christ's righteousness.

WORDS OF CHEER.

“Rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation; continuing instant
in prayer.”—Rom. xii. 12.

THERE is always something to cheer us,
No matter how weary the pain;
Though dismal and dark be the night-watch,
The morning will dawn soon again.
There's a joy for each saddening sorrow,
A smile for each glittering tear;
Our hopes may be scattered like ashes,
Yet Phoenix like rise from their bier.

Each cloud has of silver a lining,
Though we may not see its light:
The sun has not ceased its shining,
Though hidden awhile from our sight.
Our way through the world may be cheerless,
Our feet may be bleeding and torn,
Yet sharp tho' the wild blast, He tempers
The wind to the lamb that is shorn.

Then cheer up, ye mortals, be hopeful,
Despair not, though rough be the road;
God's grace is sufficient to aid you,
No matter how heavy the load.
Be faithful, and active, and earnest;
In idleness never sit down:
The better the dark cross you carry,
The brighter will sparkle your crown.

WM. JOHNSON.

THE SUFFERER CHEERED.

“My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness.”—2 Cor. xii. 9.

“SAY, shall I take the thorn away?”
So spoke my gracious Lord,
O'er which thy sighs are heaved by day,
Thy nightly tears are poured.
Say, shall I give thee rest and ease,
Make earth's fair prospect rise,
And bid thy bark in summer seas,
Float smoothly to the skies?

“ Shall peace and plenty’s cup swell high,
Health leap through every vein,
And all exempt thy moments fly
From bitter inward pain?
Be naught to check the inspiring flow
Of human friendship’s tide;
And every want thy heart can know,
Be quickly satisfied?

“ Know, thine ease-loving heart might miss
The *comfort*, with the *care*!
And that full tide of earthly bliss
Leave little room for prayer!
Few were thy visits to the throne,
Unhastened there by pain;
Thou, o’er thy bosom-sins, alone,
Would’st small advantage gain!

“ Nor deem the highest, holiest joy,
A stranger still to woe;
Blest servants in my high employ,
Most closely linked they go.
My love illumines, with tenderest rays
The path of self-denial;
And burning bright the glory’s blaze
That crowns the fiery trial?”

In conscious weakness thou shalt hang
On my almighty arm!
Soon as the thorn inflicts its pang,
I’ll pour my love’s rich balm.
Thou, plainest, in thy deepest woe.
Shalt feel me at thy side;
And, for my praise, to all shalt show,
Thou art well satisfied.

"Then, wilt thou in thy Master's cup
 Consent awhile to share?
 Know, when in *love* I drank it up,
 No *wrath* wast left thee there!
 Thy Saviour's love, and power to bless,
Trust where thou canst not *see*!
 And in yon howling wilderness
 Step fearless forth with me!"

"Lord! magnify Thyself in me!"
 With faltering lips I said;
 For, strong to bear as faith may be,
 Weak nature quails with dread.
 But He who through the shrinking flesh
 The Spirit's will can read,
 Smiled on His work, and bade afresh
 All Grace meet all my need.

WHY STAND YE HERE?

"Why stand ye here all the day, idle?"—MATT. xx. 6.

Two fields for toil, the outer and the inner,
 Both overgrown with weeds;
 Who to the labor hastes, to be the winner
 Of all the laborer's meeds?

To bathe in radiant mornings, daily spreading
 Over the heavens anew;
 To sit 'neath trees of life, forever shedding
 Their bounteous honey-dew.

To rouse a spirit, formed from God, from slum-
 And robe it for the light; [ber,
 The heirs of heaven, from clay to disencumber,
 Which clogs their upward flight.

To lift a world, 'neath sin and sorrow lying,
And "pour in oil and wine;"
To warble, in the dulled ears of the dying,
Refrains of hymns divine.

Work for a life-time, in each path upspringing
In low, or lofty spheres!
Hark to the Master's summons, always ringing
In quick and heedless ears!

Cool brain, strong sinew, heart with love o'er
Shall all in sloth escape? [flowing,
Like vine, which fruitless, through his wanton
Ne'er purples into grape! [growing,

The daylight wanes and dies—"Why stand ye
Life hastens to its bourne! [idle?"
The bridegroom tarries—will ye greet the bridal,
Or in the darkness mourn?

Lo! in the fields the yellow harvest drooping,
As lilies in the rain;
Where are the reapers, that they come not
To gather in the grain? [trooping

Some, in the festive hall, desporting gaily;
On slothful pillow some;
Some, in delays most blameful, and yet daily
Exclaiming, "Lo, I come!"

And some, infatuate, 'mid the alien's scoffing,
Quarrel about their toil;
As wreckers, when ships founder in their offing,
Grow murderous over spoil.

Meanwhile, the harvest waiteth for the reaping,
 God's patience hath not tired.
 Ye cannot say, extenuate of your sleeping,
 "We wait, for none hath hired."

Through the hushed noontide hour, the Master
 Ye cannot choose but hear; [calleth;
 Still sounding, when the length'ning shadow
 "Why stand ye idle here?" [falleth,

Up! for awhile the pitying glory lingers!
 Work, while it is yet to-day!
 Then rest the Sabbath, rest, where angel singers
 Make melody for aye.

WHO IS THY NEIGHBOR?

"And he, willing to justify himself, said unto Jesus, And who
 is my neighbor?"—LUKE x. 29.

THY neighbor? It is he whom thou
 Hast power to aid and bless;
 Whose aching heart, and burning brow,
 Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbor? 'Tis the fainting poor,
 Whose eye with want is dim,
 Whom hunger sends from door to door—
 Go thou and succor him.

Thy neighbor? 'Tis the weary man
 Whose years are at the brim,
 Bent low with sickness, cares and pain—
 Go thou and comfort him.

Thy neighbor? 'Tis the heart bereft
 Of every earthly jem;
 Widow and orphan, helpless left—
 Go thou and shelter them.

Thy neighbor? Yonder toiling slave,
 Fettered in thought and limb,
 Whose thoughts are all beyond the grave.
 Go thou and ransom him.

Where'er thou meet'st a human form,
 Less favored than thine own,
 Remember 'tis thy neighbor worm,
 Thy brother, or thy son.

Oh, pass not, pass not heedless by;
 Perhaps thou canst redeem
 The breaking heart from misery—
 Go share thy lot with him.

CHRISTIAN SUBMISSION.

“Oh, that I had the wings of a dove; for then would I fly away
 and be at rest.”—Ps. lv. 6.

“All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change
 come.”—JOB xiv. 14.

DID I ask for the wings of a dove,
 That impatient from grief I might flee?
 Did I long to be soaring above,
Uncalled, Lord, unbidden by Thee?

Unwilling to suffer below.
 Am I weary of doing Thy will?
 Would I hasten from labor and woe,
 Nor wait Thy designs to fulfill?

Forgotten the privilege given,
 To *suffer* for Him I adore;
 Would I fly, uninvited, to Heaven,
 Because I would suffer no more?

Oh, cowardly feeling, away!
 Far from me the impatient desire;
 My God, I am willing to stay,
 And do all that Thy will may require.

No; had I the wings of a dove,
 I'd remain in the place where I am;
 I would fold them in patience and love,
 And wait 'till my Saviour should come.

If thou should'st look down from the skies,
 If thou should'st invite me to flee;
 In a moment expanded they'd rise,
 And swiftly would bear me to Thee.

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

HOLD THE LIGHT.

"If we walk in the light as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another; and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."—1 JOHN 1. 7.

Ho! thou traveler on life's highway
 Moving carelessly along;
 Pausing not to watch the shadows
 Lowering o'er the mighty throng!
 Stand aside, and mark how feebly
 Some are struggling in the fight,
 Turning on *thee* wistful glances,
 Begging thee to "hold the light!"

Look upon thy right, a brother
Wanders blindly from the way;
And upon thy left, a sister,
Frail and erring, turns astray—
One kind word, perchance, may save them.
Guide their wayward steps aright;
Canst thou, then, withhold thy counsel?
No, but fly and “hold the light!”

Hark! a feeble wail of sorrow
Bursts from the advancing throng;
And a little child is groping
Through the darkness, deep and long.
’Tis a timid orphan, shivering
’Neath misfortune’s withering blight;
Friends, home, love, and all, denied her—
Oh, in pity “hold the light!”

Not alone from heathen darkness
Where the pagan bows the knee,
Worshiping his brazen image
With a blind idolatry.
Where no blessed Gospel teachings
E’er illumine the soul’s dark night,
Comes the cry to fellow-mortals,
Wild and pleading, “Hold the light!”

Here as well, in life’s broad highway,
Are benighted wanderers found;
And if all the strong would heed them,
Lights would glimmer all around.
Acts of love, and deeds of kindness,
Then would make earth’s pathway bright,
And there’d be no need of calling,
Ho! thou traveler, “Hold the light!”

BREAD ON THE WATERS.

“Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.”—ECCLES. xi. 1.

I WEPT and said, “These crumbs cannot be
 The giving unto any;]worth
 They are so small, I will not cast them forth,
 To loss, among so many
 Who are starving! Ah, me! my heart is sore
 To hear this bitter weeping!
 Ah, me! ah, me! to be so poor,
 And have no loaves in keeping
 For such hunger.”

 Then the Master said,
 “Oh! thou unjust and sinning!
 Cast forth the crumbs I gave thee. They are
 Thou knowest, that thy beginning [bread!
 I will fulfill: thy blindness cannot see
 Our Father’s law of using;
 Nor ever, faithless child, gave I to thee
 The liberty of choosing
 What thou wouldst do with what is not thine
 But mine!”]own,

 Then into the waters,
 From which came surging up eternal moan,
 Of starving sons and daughters,
 I threw, still faithless, and with shamed hands,
 My crumbs.

 The torrent sweeping
 Bore them away, and left me on the sand,
 Still faithless, shamed and weeping.

The years went on, and on, until to me
 There came an hour, freighted
 With hopeless woe, which darkened earth and
 And left me desolated [sea,
 In heart, and home, and substance. Even
 To cry for succor failed me; [breath
 I said, in blasphemy, confronting death,
 "Not even God availed me!"
 Then sudden, in the chilling, rayless gloom
 Which all my way surrounded,
 A strange voice called me:
 "Food, and friends, and room,
 Our gratitude unbounded
 Makes ready, in glad haste for thee."
 I knew
 Not voice, nor hand extended;
 Nor could remember name of one, who, through
 My help, had been befriended.
 "'Tis not for me," I cried!
 Then the Master said:
 "Oh, child! so slow in learning,
 These are the *crumbs* I gave thee, now in *bread*
 To thine own hand returning!"

H. H.

 LIFT A LITTLE.

"They helped every one his neighbor; and every one said to
 his brother, Be of good courage."—Is. xli. 6.

LIFT a little! Lift a little!
 Neighbor! lend a helping hand
 To that heavy-laden brother,
 Who, for weakness, scarce can stand.

What to thee, with thy strong muscle
 Seems a light and easy load,
 Is to him a ponderous burden,
 Cumbering his pilgrim road.

Lift a little! Lift a little!
 Effort gives one added strength;
 That which staggers him when rising,
 Thou canst hold at arm's full length.
 Not his fault, that he is feeble,
 Not thy praise that thou art strong;
 It is God makes lives to differ,
 Some for wailing, some for song.

Lift a little! Lift a little!
 Many they, who need thine aid;
 Many lying on the roadside,
 'Neath misfortune's dreary shade.
 Pass not by, like Priest and Levite,
 Heedless of thy fellow-man,
 But with heart and arms extended,
 Be the good Samaritan.

AMY A. HEADLEY.

WALKING IN WHITE.

"And to her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white; for the fine linen is the righteousness of saints."—REV. xix. 8.

OH! Lord my God! 'tis early dawn,
 And I would walk with Thee to-day;
 Clothe me in garments white and clean,
 All bright and beautiful, I pray.

Grant I may walk with greatest care,
So I may keep their lustre bright;
To-day, my Father, hear my prayer,
And let me walk with Thee in white.

The road was thorny yesterday,
Because I walked so far from Thee;
Yet oft I heard Thee kindly say,
"Come hither, child! come near to me;
With garments soiled on yester eve,
I grieved to view the painful sight."
To-day, my Father, oh, reprieve,
And let me walk with Thee in white.

Now may I plunge within the tide—
That fount for all our guilt and woe
Once opened in my Saviour's side—
'Twill make my garments white as snow.
With hands and feet, with head and heart
All clean and pure before Thy sight.
Not for one moment, Lord, depart,
But let me walk with Thee in white.

No thought, no word, no deed to-day,
That may displease my blessed Lord;
No idle loitering by the way,
But sweetly trusting in Thy word.
Whate'er my hands may find to do,
That may I do with all my might;
To-day, my Father, pure and true,
Grant I may walk with Thee in white.

The failures of the yesterday,
The cares that may to-morrow come,

Each tear, each fear, now chase away,
 And guide me on my journey home.
 And when the evening shadows fall
 And I come bending in thy sight,
 Then may I feel, my Lord, my all,
 That I *have* walked with Thee in white.

WHAT HAST THOU GLEANED TO-DAY?

"Thrust in thy sickle, and reap; for the time is come for ~~thee~~
 to reap."—REV. xiv. 15.

WHAT hast thou gleaned to-day, my soul,
 What hast thou gleaned to-day?
 Thou hast been where golden harvests gleam;
 Hast thou brought rich sheaves away?

Long, sunny hours have been thine own
 From morning light till eve.
 Say, in that royal harvest field
 Didst thou an impress leave?

Some traces of the earnest toil
 With which thou'st gleaned to-day,
 Some spot made vacant by the sheaves
 Which thou hast borne away?

Ah! 'tis a high and holy work
 To reap this harvest rare.
 Oh, hast thou thrust thy sickle in
 With humble, fervent prayer?

Or, hast thou loitered all the day,
 Nor bound a single sheaf?

If thou hast wasted thus its hours,
There's cause for bitter grief.

For thee, to-morrow ne'er may dawn,
Nor harvests wave again;
Then work while it is called *to-day*,
That life be not in vain.

If when the "Master" calls thee home,
No precious sheaves thou bring,
How wilt thou meet His saddened look,
His frown, so withering?

"Oh, idler, in my field below,
No gleanings hast thou brought?
Then thy profession was in vain,
With no rich fruitage fraught.

"Why, when I look for perfect fruit,
Has it borne only *leaves*?
Depart, thou cumberer of the ground,
Who bound on earth no sheaves."

Oh, soul of mine, awake—*awake*!
Begin with purpose high
To daily bind some beauteous sheaf
For garners in the sky.

Within thy moral harvest-field
Oh! help me, Lord, to toil,
From morn 'till noon, from noon 'till eve,
To gain some priceless spoil;

That when my working days are o'er,
Rejoicing, I may come
Bringing my sheaves, while angels gaze,
And shout the "Harvest Home!"

WEAVING.

"For the Son of Man shall come in the glory of his Father with his angels ; and then he shall reward every man according to his works."—MATT. xvi. 27.

STANDING in a corner,
 'Mid the dust and gloom,
Day by day I'm weaving
 At my humble loom.
Plain and coarse the fabric,
 And the hues are dim,
But God gave the pattern,
 And I work for Him.

Not for me the sunshine
 That on others falls,
Who are weaving gaily
 In their stately halls;
Rich and rare the texture
 Of their web so fine;
How those gorgeous colors
 My dull tints outshine!

But I will not murmur,
 Since my task is set
By a loving Father,
 Who will not forge.
He knows all the weakness,
 All the sin and care;
All the heavy burdens
 That His children bear.

When Life's thread is broken,
 Warp and woof complete,
 We shall lay these fabrics
 At our dear Lord's feet.
 None too plain and humble,
 None too dark and dim,
 If the work so faithful
 Has been wrought for Him.

He will smile approval
 On the finished toil;
 He will call us upward,
 Far from Earth's turmoil.
 Joy to those who, waiting
 At Life's setting sun
 For the Master's coming,
 Hear His sweet “Well done!”

KATE CAMERON.

“IS THIS THE WAY?”

“I will lead them in paths that they have not known.”—*Is.*
 xlii. 16.

FATHER, art Thou surely leading?
 Would'st Thou have me farther go
 In the path my feet are treading,
 Where the sharp stones pierce them through?

Where a midnight shadow falleth,
 Without one enlivening ray?
 This the path, O God, that leadeth
 Upward to the perfect day?

In my hands the gold has rusted;
From my side has quickly flown
All that I had loved and trusted;
Now I tread the way alone.

On my hopes a hand has fallen,
Crushing idols formed of clay;
Was it Thine, O God, that broke them
Is it Thine that leads the way?

I can give up earthly pleasures,
I can walk a dreary road,
Over dead and buried treasures,
If it be Thy will, O God!

I will follow at Thy bidding;
Only make the pathway plain;
Let me *know* that Thou art leading,
I will never doubt again.

All that I have loved and cherished,
Take them—only be Thou near;
On the spot where they have perished,
Father, let Thy love appear—

Let the shadows round me deepen,
Only guide me through the gloom.
Be the pathway rough, or even,
Only, Father, lead me home.

H. W. TELLER.

BE FAITHFUL.

“Moreover, it is required in stewards, that a man be found faithful.”—1 Cor. iv. 2.

BE faithful, for the day is near
When Christ with glory shall appear;
Be faithful, for thy life will be
Guide to thy soul's eternity.

Our God doth note, with careful hand,
Each secret act, and it will stand
A witness in that solemn day
When heaven and earth shall pass away.

O be thou faithful, and His power
Shall guard thee in that fearful hour;
Shall lead thee when all sorrows cease
Where there is joy, and perfect peace.

E.

WAITING.

“I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait, and in his word do I hope.”—Ps. cxxx. 5.

I STOOD by the Master's vineyard
In the light of the morning sun;
I thought of the day's sweet labor,
And the great rewards to be won.

For I longed to be up and doing
In the harvest field so rare;
That my hands should be busy toiling,
Plucking the clusters fair.

As I turned to enter the vineyard,
The sound of coming feet
Caused me to pause and listen,
That the comer I might greet.

And my Master stood before me,
In the golden morning light;
His smile cast a heavenly radiance
That blinded my mortal sight.

But it entered my heart, and filled it
With a love and a rapture sweet.
I bowed me in glad adoration
Before my Master's feet.

And His words, like silvery music
From the distant, starry sky,
Came into my listening spirit
An echo from strains on high.

And thus spake the Master: "Daughter
I know thy longing heart,
In the toil of my rich-laden vineyard,
Is eager to bear a part.

"But from thee no active labor
Thy Master's cause demands;
Within thy low cottage doorway,
Only sit with folded hands.

'And the patient endurance of sorrow,
And a burden sore of pain,
Till I come with a welcome summons,
Shall bring thee eternal gain."

So he led me to my cottage,
 And left me within the door;
 But the brightness of His presence
 Stays with me for evermore.

I see on the fair, sweet uplands,
 The pleasant vineyard ground;
 And the echo of happy voices
 Comes to me, a cheering sound.

I wait for his welcome footsteps;
 Perchance they are coming to me.
 I watch for his radiant smiling,
 That I his face may see.

And this, like a sweet bird, nestles
 In my heart, else desolate.
 "They also serve who patiently
 But fold their hands—and wait."

ANNA MONTAGUE.

BEAR THE BURDEN OF THE PRESENT

"As thy days, so shall thy strength be."—DEUT. xxxiii. 25

BEAR the burden of the present,
 Let the morrow bear its own;
 If the morning sky be pleasant,
 Why the coming night bemoan?

Pain, nor grief, nor any sorrow,
 Rends thy heart to God unknown;
 He to-day, and He to-morrow,
 Grace sufficient gives His own.

All unseen the Master walketh
 By the toiling servant's side;
 Comfortable words He talketh,
 While His hands uphold and guide.

Holy strivings nerve and strengthen,
 Long endurance wins the crown;
 When the evening shadows lengthen,
 Thou shalt lay life's burden down.

SUBMISSION.

"Many are the afflictions of the righteous; but the Lord delivereth him out of them all."—Ps. xxxiv. 19.

God's right hand angel, bright and calm—
 Christ's strengthener in the agony—
 Teach us the meaning of that psalm
 Of fullness only known by Thee:
 "Thy will be done!" We sit alone,
 And grief within our heart grows strong
 With passionate moaning, 'till Thou come
 And turn it to a song.

Come when the days go heavily,
 Weighed down with burdens hard to bear;
 When joy and hope fail utterly,
 And leave us fronted by despair.
 Come not with flattering earthly light—
 But with those grand clear eyes that see
 Beyond the dark, beyond the bright,
 Straight toward Eternity.

Teach us to work! when work seems vain.

This is half victory over fate—

To match ourselves against our pain;

The rest is done when we can wait.

Unseal our eyes to see how rife

With bloom this thorny path may be;

And how it leads to heights of life,

Which only Thou canst see.

Content thee—so the angel saith—

Thy minor makes the triumph strain

Sound sweeter on celestial breath—

And God has use for all thy pain.

His joy thy struggling soul may reach;

From the strong slain comes sweetness still;

And God lets suffering only teach

Some best revealings of His will.

Then strike within our hearts the key!

Though only sorrow's note it give,

Yet fit us for Thy harmony,

And teach us how to live!

Oh, patient watcher over all!

If broken lives may best complete

Thy circle, let our fragments fall

An offering at Thy feet.

CARL SPENCER.

OUR PATTERN.

“Looking unto Jesus.”—HEB. xii. 2.

A WEAVER sat one day at his loom,

Among the colors bright,

With the pattern for his copying

Hung fair and plain in sight.

But the weaver's thoughts were wandering
 Away on a distant track,
As he threw the shuttle in his hand
 Wearily forward and back.

And he turned his dim eyes to the ground,
 And tears fell on the woof;
For his thoughts, alas! were not on his home,
 Nor the wife beneath its roof.

When her voice recalled him suddenly
 To himself, when she sadly said:
"Ah, woe is me! for your work is spoiled,
 And what shall we do for bread?"

And then the weaver looked, and saw
 That his work must be undone;
For the threads were wrong, and the colors
 Where the bitter tears had run. [dimmed,

"Alack, alack!" said the weaver,
 "And this had all been right
If I hadn't looked at my work, but kept
 The pattern in my sight."

Ah! sad it was for the weaver,
 And sad for his luckless wife,
And sad will it be for us, if we say
 At the close of a weary life:

"The colors that we had to weave
 Were bright in our early years,
But we wove the tissues wrong, and stained
 The woof with bitter tears.

‘We wove a web of doubt and fear—
 Not faith, and hope, and love—
 Because we looked at our *work*, and not
 At our *Pattern*, up above!’

PHŒBE CARY.

THE CALL.

“And he cometh, and findeth them sleeping, and saith unto
 Peter, Simon, sleepest thou? Couldst thou not watch one hour?”
 —MARK xiv. 37.

THE night was dark; behold! the shade was
 deeper
 In the old garden of Gethsemane;
 When that calm voice awoke the weary sleeper:
 “Could'st thou not watch one hour alone
 with me?”

O thou! so weary of thy self-denials,
 And so impatient of thy little cross,
 Is it so hard to bear thy daily trials,
 To count all earthly things a gainful loss?

What if thou *always* suffer tribulation,
 And if thy Christian warfare never cease?
 The gaining of the quiet habitation
 Shall gather thee to everlasting peace.

But here, we all must suffer, walking lonely
 The path that Jesus once Himself hath gone;
 Watch thou in patience, through the dark hour
 only—
 This one dark hour—before the eternal dawn.

The captive's oar may pause upon the galley,
The soldier sleep beneath his plumèd crest,
And Peace may fold her wings o'er hill and
valley;
But thou, O Christian, must not take thy rest!

Thou must walk on, however man upbraid thee,
With Him who trod the wine-press all alone;
Thou wilt not find one human hand to aid thee,
One human soul to comprehend thine own.

Heed not the images for ever thronging
From out the foregone life thou livest no
more.

Faint-hearted mariner! still art thou longing
For the dim line of the receding shore!

Wilt thou find rest of soul in thy returning
To that old path thou hast so vainly trod?
Hast thou forgotten all thy weary yearning
To walk among the children of thy God?

Canst thou forget thy Christian superscription,
"Behold, we count them happy which en-
dure?"

What treasure wouldst thou, in the land Egypt-
ian,
Repass the stormy water to secure?

And wilt thou yield thy sure and glorious prom-
ise,

For the poor, fleeting joys earth can afford?
No hand can take away the treasure from us,
That rests within the keeping of the Lord.

Poor wandering soul ! I know that thou art
seeking

Some easier way, as all have sought before,
To silence the reproachful inward speaking—
Some landward path unto an island shore.

The cross is heavy in thy human measure,
The way too narrow for thine inward pride;
Thou canst not lay thine intellectual treasure
At the low footstool of the Crucified.

Oh ! that thy faithless soul, one great hour only,
Would comprehend the Christian's perfect
life;
Despised with Jesus, sorrowful and lonely,
Yet calmly looking upward in its strife.

For poverty, and self-renunciation,
The Father yielded back a thousand-fold;
In the calm stillness of regeneration,
Cometh a joy we never knew of old.

In meek obedience to the heavenly Teacher
Thy weary soul can find its only peace;
Seeking no aid from any human creature—
Looking to God alone for his release.

And He *will* come, in His own time and power,
To set His earnest-hearted children free;
Watch only through this dark and painful hour,
And the bright morning yet will break for
thee.

ANNA MATLACK.

UNDER THE CROSS.

"Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me: ~~never-~~
theless, not my will, but thine be done."—LUKE xxii. 42,

I CANNOT, cannot say,
Out of my bruised and breaking heart,
Storm-driven along a thorn-set way,
While blood-drops start
From every pore, as I drag on,
"Thy will, oh, God, be done!"

I cannot, in the wave
Of my strange sorrow's fierce baptism,
Look up to Heaven, with spirit brave—
With holy chrism,
And, while this 'whelming rite goes on,
Murmur, "God's will be done!"

I am not strong to bear
This sudden blast of scorching breath,
Which blossoms hope in dark despair,
And life, in death;
I cannot say, without the sun,
"My God, thy will be done!"

I thought, but yesterday,
My will was one with God's dear will,
And that it would be sweet to say,
Whatever ill
My happy state should smile upon,
"Thy will, my God, be done!"

But I was weak, and wrong.

Both weak of soul, and wrong of heart,
And pride alone in me was strong,

With cunning art,

To cheat me, in the golden sun

To say, "God's will be done!"

O! shadow drear and cold,

That frights me out of foolish pride;

O flood! that through my bosom rolled

Its billowy tide;

I said, 'till ye your power made known,

"God's will, not mine, be done."

Now, faint and sore, afraid,

Under my cross, heavy and rude,

My idols in the ashes laid,

Like ashes strewed,

The holy words, my pale lips shun;

"O God, Thy will be done."

Pity my woes, O God,

And touch my will with Thy warm breath,

Put in my trembling hand Thy rod

That quickens death,

That my dead faith may feel Thy sun,

And say, "Thy will be done!"

WILLIAM C. RICHARDS.

A T L A S T .

"And he said, My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest."—Ex. xxxiii. 14.

WHEN the work of life is over,
All the sorrow and the strife,
And the chill damps from the river
Gather round the seat of life—
When our loved ones come around us,
For the last fond, parting word,
And the tearful words are spoken,
And the last farewell is heard—
All alone, down the dark valley,
Shall I go, my Saviour? "Nay,
Through the valley and the shadow,
Lean on me, I'll be thy stay."
When the waters of the death-stream
Gather round my sinking form,
Wilt thou help me? "Through the waters
I will bear thee safe from harm."
When I stand before the threshold
Of the city of our God,
In the glorious land immortal,
By the saints and angels trod?
"I will bid thy spirit welcome,
Ope the pearly gates for thee,
And, for ever, and forever,
In my presence thou shalt be."

EFFIE JOHNSON.

W H E A T - E A R S .

"First the blade, then the ear; after that, the full corn in the ear."—MARK IV. 28.

LOOK at those green young ears of wheat—
How haughtily they stand,
With heads uplifted in the air,
Like lords of all the land!

And listen, while before the breeze
Their pride a moment yields,
Their little sighs of discontent
Are heard all down the fields.

But when their green has changed to gold,
And their chaff is filled with wheat,
Their heads will be as humbly bowed
As the hare-bells at their feet.

And so, my dear, in life's wheat-field
How often do I see,
That certain of the young ears stand
By far too haughtily.

But still in patient love I bear
Their pride, day after day,
For well I know the time draws near
When it will pass away.

In God's good time, His gentle grace
Like sun, and dew, and rain,
Will make His green wheat-ears all ripe,
And full of golden grain.

Full of His Spirit's fruits of love,
And truth, and righteousness;
And then each proud young head will bow,
In perfect lowliness.

Yes, dear, it surely must be so,
In that blessed harvest tide;
'Tis only in *half-empty* souls
There can be room for pride.

S. RUGELY POWERS.

TEACH ME TO LIVE.

"For in him we live, and move, and have our being."—ACTS
xvii. 28.

TEACH me to live! 'Tis easier far to die—
Gently and silently to pass away—
On earth's long night to close the heavy eye,
And waken in the realms of glorious day.

Teach me that harder lesson—*how to live*,
To serve Thee in the darkest paths of life;
Arm me for conflict now—fresh vigor give,
And make me more than conqueror in the
strife.

Teach me to live!—Thy purpose to fulfill:
Bright for Thy glory let my taper shine!
Each day renew, re-mould this stubborn will:
Closer round *Thee* my heart's affection twine.

Teach me to live for self and sin no more;
But use the time remaining to me yet,
Not mine own pleasure seeking, as before—
Wasting no precious hours in vain regret.

Teach me to live! No idler let me be,
But in Thy service hand and heart employ;
Prepared to do Thy bidding cheerfully—
Be this my highest and my holiest joy.

Teach me to live!—my daily cross to bear;
Nor murmur though I bend beneath its load.
Only be with me. Let me feel Thee near:
Thy smile sheds gladness on the darkest road.

Teach me to live!—and find my life in Thee—
Looking from earth and earthly things away;
Let me not falter, but untiringly
Press on; and gain new strength and power
each day.

Teach me to live!—with kindly words for all—
Wearing no cold, repulsive brow of gloom;
Waiting, with cheerful patience, till Thy call
Summons my spirit to her heavenly home.

A CHILD'S FAITH.

“Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down; for the Lord upholdeth him with his hand.”—Ps. xxxvii. 24.

A WEARY mother
Sat in her chair;
The hearth was cold,
And the chamber bare.
Her thoughts were away
With a soldier-train:
“Where was her husband?
And was he slain?”

With a heart grown sick
With its longing sore—
For months had fled
Since he left the door—
Sadly she sewed,
Till the deepening gloom
Of the evening shadows
Had dimmed the room.

Her children sat
On the floor together,
Their mirth had fled
With the summer weather;
She marked their forms,
With a look of care,
And her heart sank down
In a dull despair.

But the postman's rap
At the door is heard;
It hath roused the embers
Of hope deferred:
Roused, but to flicker;
A moment's spark,
A final gleaming
Ere all grows dark!

She was now a widow,
With heartstrings wrung;
Her babes were orphans,
And they so young!
In her depth of anguish
She gave a cry;
Did it not pierce
The evening sky—

Till it reached the ear
Of Infinite Love;
Of Him who filleth
The throne above,
Who waiteth ever
To cheer and bless
The widowed heart,
And the fatherless?

The night wore on,
And her children slept;
But the weary mother
Still worked and wept:
Grief may not hinder
Her needle's flight,
Till the rushlight looseth
Its flickering light.

At the midnight hour
Its flame went out,
And her room grew dark
As the skies without;
And faint with sorrow
She sought her rest;
And her sleeping babes
To her bosom pressed.

Chilly and gloomy
The morning broke,
And the hungry children
From sleep awoke:
A scanty fire
Its faint warmth shed,
As they shared in silence
Their crust of bread.

And all day long
Will that mother sew,
Through the first deep grief
Of the widow's woe:
And her children shiver,
So poorly clad;
Their youthful faces
Grown wan and sad.

Can we wonder
That faith grew dim,
As cold and hunger
Looked in so grim?
For sorrow is strong
And the flesh is weak;
And none were near her
Of hope to speak.

The tiny fire
Was almost spent,
And her landlord came
For his weekly rent;
Her spirit faints,
And her bosom swells,
As with faltering tongue
Her tale she tells.

But he careth not
For her sore distress;
He will not tarry
His claim to press:
With a cruel oath,
He hath left the room,
Where cold and poverty
Spread their gloom.

The tide of grief
O'er the widow swept;
She dropped her sewing,
And moaned and wept;
And the clouds of sorrow
So veiled the sky,
She scarce remembered
The God on high.

But one of her children,
Just four years old,
With her pale face pinched
With hunger and cold,
But a sweet soft light
In her fair blue eye,
Crept close and whispered,
"Why do you cry?

"Mother, dear mother,
Will God not heed,
If we just go tell Him
What 'tis we need?"
With a wondering look
The mother replied,
"If it is for our good,
It will be supplied."

But the baby voice
Still questioned on—
"Will it be for our good,
If our home is gone?
May I just go and ask,
If it is God's will,
That He would give us
A shelter still?"

The mother said, "Yes,"
With trembling breath,
For her soul woke up
At her infant's faith;
And by Hope's sweet voice
Her heart was stirred,
As the pleading tones
Of her child she heard.

"O God! Thou hast taken
My father away,
And mother's no money
Her rent to pay;
And we shall be sent
On the steps to lie,
And the cold is so bitter
We all shall die.

"Grant us a dwelling,
Though ne'er so small:
O Father in heaven,
Hear while we call!"
She paused—then added,
"Please, O God!"
And a smile of trust
On her features glowed.

With radiant face,
To her mother's side
The little one ran,
And blithely cried,
"I have been to God,
And you need not weep;
For He will be sure
His promise to keep.

“He will take care of us
Now, I know;
For something within
Has told me so.”
And the mother listened
With throbbing breast,
As her trustful child
In her arm she pressed.

Ah! not in vain
Was the cry of faith,
Of one who believed
What the Scripture saith.
That very day
Was the answer sent;
And the stern hard man
Received his rent.

In a quiet home
Where love was bright,
Were some who pitied
The widow's plight;
And a tiny packet
Of silver store
Was softly left
At the widow's door.

The shades of night
Drew darkly on,
But the sickening fear
From her heart was gone;
For faith and hope
Dispelled the gloom
From the grateful hearts
In that humble room.

And week by week,
As it glided by,
With ceaseless wants
Brought a new supply;
For the widow's trust
On her God was stayed,
In whom the fatherless
Findeth aid.

And oftentimes
At her work she smiled
Recalling the prayer
Of her little child,
And the simple faith
To her infant given—
The faith which opens
The door of heaven.

Now, gentle reader,
This tale is true;
Perchance its message
May comfort you;
For God delighteth
To cheer and bless
The desolate heart,
In its sore distress.

The lions may suffer
For lack of food,
But the word of promise
Shall still hold good:
God watcheth his own
With a Father's care,
And listeneth ever
His children's prayer.

And the seed once sown
In an infant's heart,
To bless the sower
To life shall start,
And cheer with hope,
Like summer rain,
The heart bowed down
With a weight of pain.

And those who succor,
For Jesus's sake,
The homes of want
And the hearts that ache,
Shall receive their measure
A thousand-fold,
In the countless treasure
Of bliss untold!

And those who trust,
Where sight is dim,
To their Father's promise,
And wait on Him,
Though oftentimes faith
Be sorely tried,
Shall own at last
"God doth provide."

And that little child,
May she never part
With her early faith
And her childlike heart;
But, believing the record
Of God's dear Son,
While yet on the earth
Find her heaven begun!

A little longer
 To do or bear,
 A little space yet
 For faith and prayer;
 Then the crown and song,
 And the robes of white,
 Where faith is changed
 For the joy of sight!

J. L. H.

 COME UNTO ME.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I
 will give you rest."—MATT. xi. 28.

"Come unto me," the Master says;
 But how? I am not good;
 No thankful song my heart will raise,
 Nor even wish it could.

I am not sorry for the past,
 Nor able not to sin;
 The weary strife would ever last
 If I should once begin.

'Hast thou no burden, then, to bear?
 No action to repent?
 'Is all around so very fair?
 Is thy heart quite content?

'Hast thou no sickness in thy soul?
 No labor to endure?
 Then go in peace, for thou art whole;
 Thou needest not His cure."

Ah! mock me not; sometimes I sigh;
I have a nameless grief,
A faint, sad pain—but such that I
Can look for no relief.

“Come, come to Him who made thy heart;
Come weary and oppressed;
To come to Jesus is *thy* part;
His part, to give thee rest.

New grief, new hope He will bestow,
Thy grief and pain to quell;
Into thy heart Himself will go,
And that will make thee well.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

THE NEGLECTED CALL.

“Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it.”—JOHN ii. 5.

WHEN the fields were white with harvest, and
the laborers were few,
Heard I thus a voice within me: “Here is work
for thee to do;
Come thou up and help the reapers, I will show
thee now the way,
Come and help them bear the burden, and the
toiling of the day;”
“For a more convenient season,” thus I an-
swered, “will I wait.”
And the voice reproving, murmured, “Hasten,
ere it be too late.”

Yet I heeded not the utterance, listening to lo!
here—lo! there,
I lost sight of all the reapers in whose work I
would not share;
Followed after strange devices—bowed my
heart to gods of stone,
Till, like Ephraim joined to idols, God well
nigh left me alone;
But the angel of His patience followed in my
erring track,
Setting here and there a landmark, wherein
that to guide me back.

Onward yet I went, and onward, till there met
me on the way,
A poor prodigal *returning*, who like me was
gone astray.
And his faith was strong and earnest that a
father's house would be
Safest shelter from temptation, for such sinful
ones as he.
“Read the lesson,” said the angel; “take the
warning and repent!”
But the wily Tempter queried, “Ere thy sub-
stance be unspent?

“Hast thou need to toil and labor? Art thou
fitted for the work?
Many a hidden stone to bruise thee, in the har-
vest field doth lurk;
There are others called beside thee—and, per-
chance the voice may be
But thy own delusive fancy, which thou hear-
est calling thee.

There is time enough before thee, all thy foot-
steps to retrace."

Then I yielded to the Tempter, and the angel
veiled her face.

Pleasure beckoned in the distance, and her
siren song was sweet:

"Through a thornless path of flowers, gently I
would guide thy feet;

Youth is as a rapid river, gliding noiselessly
away;

Earth is but a pleasant garden, cull its roses
whilst thou may;

Press the juice from purple clusters, fill life's
chalice with the wine;

Taste the fairest fruits which tempt thee; all
its richest fruits are thine."

Ah! the path was smooth and easy, but a snare
was set therein,

And the feet were oft entangled, in the fearful
mesh of sin,

And the canker-worm was hidden in the rose-
leaf folded up,

And the sparkling wine of pleasure was a fatal
Circean cup;

All its fruits were Dead Sea apples, tempting
only to the sight,

Fair, yet filled with dust and ashes; beautiful,
but touched with blight.

"Oh, my Father!" cried I, inly, "Thou hast
striven—I have willed,

Now the mission of the angel of Thy presence
is fulfilled;

I have tasted earthly pleasures, yet my soul is
craving food,
Let the summons Thou hast given to Thy har-
vest be renewed;
I am ready now to labor, wilt Thou call me once
again?
I will join thy willing reapers as they garner
up the grain."

But the still small voice within me, earnest in
its trust, and deep,
Answered my awakened conscience, "As thou
sowest, thou shalt reap.
God is just; and retribution follows each neg-
lected call;
Thou hadst thy appointed duty taught thee by
the Lord of all;
Thou wert chosen, but another filled the place
assigned thee;
Henceforth, in my field of labor, thou mayst
but a gleaner be.

But a work is still before thee—see thou linger
not again;
Separate the chaff thou gleanest, beat it from
among the grain;
Follow after these, my reapers, let thine eye be
on the field,
Gather up the precious handful their abun-
dant wheat-sheaves yield;
Go not hence to glean, but tarry from the morn-
ing until night;
Be thou faithful, thou mayst yet find favor in
thy Master's sight.

HANNAH LLOYD.

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